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THE Scotch Reformation in the sixteenth century is remarkable for an almost complete absence of the dubious and questionable features by which violent revolutions are so often disfigured. Less happy than the English, the Protestants of Scotland had no alternative between an armed resistance to the Government, and the destruction of themselves and their religion; and no body of people who have been driven to such resistance, were ever more temperate in the conduct of it, or more moderate in their use of victory. The problem which they had to solve was a simple one: it was to deliver themselves of a system which, when judged by the fruits of it, was evil throughout, and with which no good man was found any more to sympathize.

Elsewhere in Europe there was some life left in Catholicism; it was a real faith, by which sincere and earnest men were able to direct themselves, and whose consciences it was painful or perilous to wound by over-sweeping measures. In Scotland, it was

dead to the root, a mass of falsehood and corruption; and, having been endured to the last extremity, the one thing to be done with it, when endurance was no longer possible, was to take it utterly away.

So great a work was never executed with slighter loss of human life, or smaller injury to a country. It was achieved by the will of one man, who was the representative of whatever was best and noblest in the people to whom he belonged; and as in itself it was simple and straightforward, so of all great men in history there is not one whose character is more simple and intelligible than that of John Knox. A plain but massive understanding, a courage which nothing could shake, a warm, honest heart, and an intense hatred and scorn of sin; these are the qualities which appear in him; these, and only these. There may have been others, but the occasion did not require them, they were not called into play. The evil which was to be overcome had no strong intellectual defences; it was a tyrannical falsehood, upheld by force; and force of character, rather than breadth or subtlety of thought, was needed to cope with it.

\* *The Life of John Knox.* By Thomas McCrie, D.D.

The struggle, therefore, was an illustration, on a large scale, of the ordinary difficulties of common men; and we might have expected, in consequence, to have found Knox better understood, and better appreciated, than almost any man who has played so large a part in history. There are no moral blemishes which we have to forgive, no difficulties of position to allow for. His conduct throughout was single, consistent, and direct; his character transparent to the most ordinary eye; and it is a curious satire upon modern historians, that ill as great men usually fare in their hands, Knox has fared the worst of all. A disturber of the peace, a bigot, a fanatic—these are the names which have been heaped upon him, with what ludicrous impropriety some one man in a million who had looked into the subject was perhaps aware, but the voices of these units, until very recent times, had little chance of being heard in remonstrance. The million, divided into Whig and Tory, could not afford to recognize the merit of a man who had outraged both traditions. The Tories hated him because he was disobedient to constituted authorities; the Whigs hated him because he was their *bête noire*, an intolerant Protestant; and the historians, ambitious of popularity, have been contented to be the exponents of popular opinion. There are symptoms, however, at the present time, of a general change for the better in such matters. In the collapse of the old political parties, and the increasing childishness of the ecclesiastical, the prejudices of the two last centuries are melting out from us, and we are falling everywhere back upon our common sense. The last fifty years have not past over our heads without leaving a lesson behind them; and we, too, in our way, are throwing off "the bondage of tradition," for better ascertained truths of fact. In contrast with the tradition, Mr. Carlyle has placed Knox by the side of Luther as the Hero Priest; and, more recently, (which is also no inconsiderable indication of the state of public feeling,) a cheap edition of Dr. M'Crie's excellent life of him has been brought out by Mr. Bohn,\* in the belief that there is now sufficient interest in the subject to justify the risk. Let us hope that these are real signs of the growth of a more wholesome temper, and that before any very long time has elapsed, some judgment will have

been arrived at, which will better bear the test of time than that which has hitherto passed current. As far as it goes, M'Crie's book is thoroughly good; it is manly, earnest, and upright; and, in the theological aspect of the subject, it leaves nothing to be desired, except, indeed, a little less polemical asperity. But a history written from a theological point of view, if not incorrect, is necessarily inadequate; and, although the soundness of Dr. M'Crie's understanding has gone far to remedy the unavoidable deficiency, yet the account of John Knox which shall tell us fully and completely what he was, and what place he fills in history, remains to be written.

He was born at Haddington, in the year 1505. His family, though not noble, were solid substantial landowners, who, for several generations, had held estates in Renfrewshire, perhaps under the Earls of Bothwell, whose banner they followed in the field. Their history, like that of other families of the time, is obscure and not important; and of the father of John, nothing is known, except that he fought under the predecessor of the famous Lord Bothwell, probably at Flodden, and other of those confused battles, which answered one high purpose in hardening and steeling the Scotch character, but in all other senses were useless indeed. But it is only by accident that we know so much as this; and even of the first eight and thirty years of the life of his son, which he spent as a quiet, peaceable private person, we are left to gather up what stray hints the after recollections of his friends could supply, and which, indeed, amount to almost nothing. We find that he was at school at Haddington; that he afterwards went to the University of Glasgow, where, being a boy of a weak constitution, and probably his own wishes inclining in the same direction, it was determined to bring him up to be a priest. He distinguished himself in the ordinary way; becoming, among other things, an accomplished logic lecturer; and, at the right age; like most of the other Reformers, he was duly ordained. But what further befell him in this capacity is altogether unknown, and his inward history must be conjectured from what he was when at last he was called out into the world. He must have spent many years in study: for, besides his remarkable knowledge of the Bible, he knew Greek, Latin, and French well; we find in his writings a very sufficient acquaintance with history, Pagan and Christian: he had read Aristotle and Plato, as well as many of the Fathers; in fact, whatever know-

\* Why does not Mr. Bohn republish Knox's own "History of the Reformation" for us in the same form?

ledge was to be obtained out of books concerning men and human things, he had not failed to gather together. But his chief knowledge, and that which made him what he was, was the knowledge not of books, but of the world in which he lived, and the condition of which must have gradually unfolded itself to him as he grew to manhood.

The national traditions of Scotland, which for some centuries held it together in some sort of coherence, in spite of the general turbulence, were broken at the battle of Flodden; the organic life of it as a separate independent nation died there; and the anarchy which followed, during the long minority of James V., resulted in the general moral disintegration of the entire people. The animosity against England threw them into a closer and closer alliance with France, one consequence of which was, that most of the noblemen and gentlemen, after a semi-barbarous boyhood in their fathers' castles, spent a few years in Paris to complete their education, and the pseudo cultivation of the most profligate court in the world, laid on like varnish over so uncouth a preparation, produced, as might have been anticipated, as undesirable specimens of human nature as could easily be met with.

The high ecclesiastics, the bishops and archbishops, being, in almost all cases, the youngest sons, or else the illegitimate sons, of the great nobles, were brought up in the same way, and presented the same features of character, except that a certain smoothness and cunning were added to the compound, which overlaid the fierce sensuality below the surface. Profligate they were to a man; living themselves like feudal chiefs, their mistresses were either scattered at the houses of their retainers, or openly maintained with themselves; and so little shame was attached to such a life, that they brought up their children, acknowledging them as their own, and commonly had them declared legitimate by act of parliament. So high an example was naturally not unfollowed by the inferior clergy. Concubinage was all but universal among them, and, by general custom, the son of the parish priest succeeded to his father's benefice. Enormously wealthy, for half the land of Scotland, in one way or another, belonged to them, of duty as attaching to their position they appear to have had no idea whatsoever; further than that the Masses, for the sins of themselves and the lay lords, were carefully said and paid for. Teaching or preaching there was none; and the more arduous obligations of repentance and practical amendment of life were dispensed with by

the convenient distribution of pardons and absolutions.

For the poor, besides these letters of pardon, the bishops it appears provided letters of cursing, which might or might not be of material benefit to them. "Father," said a village farmer to Friar Airth, one of the earliest reforming preachers, "can you resolve a doubt which has risen among us: What servant will serve a man best on least expense?"—"The good angel," answered the friar, "who makes great service without expense."—"Tush," said the gossip, "we mean no such great matters. What honest man will do greatest service for least expense?" and while the friar was musing, "I see, father," he said, "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men. Know ye not how the bishops serve us husbandmen? will they not give us a letter of cursing for a plack, to curse all that look over our dyke? and that keeps our corn better nor the sleepin' boy that will have three shillin' of fee, a sark, and a pair of shoon in the year?"

Such were the duties of ministers of religion in Scotland in the first half of the sixteenth century; and such was the spiritual atmosphere into which Knox, by his ordination, was introduced. If ever system could be called the mother of ungodliness, this deserved the title. What poor innocent people there may have been in the distant Highland glens, who still, under the old forms, really believed in a just and holy God, only He knows; none such appear upon the surface of history; nothing but evil—evil pure and unadulterated. Nowhere in Europe was the Catholic Church as it was in Scotland. Lying off remote from all eyes, the abuses which elsewhere were incipient, were there full blown, with all their poison fruits ripened upon them. "The Church, the Church," said Dean Annan to Knox, "ye leave us no Church."—"Yes," answered he, "I have read in David of the church of the malignants. *Odi ecclesiam malignantium*; if this church ye will be, I cannot hinder you."

But as long as it continued, it answered too well the purposes of those who profited by it, to permit them to let it be assailed with impunity; and when we say, "profited by it," we do not mean in the gross and worldly sense of profit, but we speak rather of the inward comfort and satisfaction of mind which they derived from it. It is a mistake to suppose that such a religion was a piece of conscious hypocrisy. These priests and bishops, we have no doubt, did really believe that there were such places as Heaven and

Hell, and their religion was the more dear to them in proportion to their sinfulness, because it promised them a sure and easy escape from the penalties of it. By a singular process of thought, which is not uncommon among ourselves, they imagined the value of the Mass to be dependent on the world's belief in it; and the Reformers who called it an idol, were not so much supposed to be denying an eternal truth, as to be spoiling the virtue of a convenient talisman. No wonder, therefore, that they were angry with them; no wonder that they thought any means justifiable to trample out such pernicious enemies of their peace. For a time, the Protestant preachers only made way among the common people, and escaped notice by their obscurity. As the profligacy of the higher clergy increased, however, they attracted more influential listeners; and at last, when one of the Hamiltons came back from Germany, where he had seen Luther, and began himself to preach, the matter grew serious. The Archbishop of Glasgow determined to strike a decisive blow, and, arresting this young nobleman, he burnt him in the Glasgow market-place, on the last of February, 1527. He had hoped that one example would be sufficient, but the event little answered his expectations. "The reek of Mr. Patrick Hamilton," as some one said to him, "infected as many as it did blow upon," and it soon became necessary to establish a regular tribunal of heresy. Of the scenes which took place at the trials, the following is not, perhaps, an average specimen, but that such a thing could have occurred at all, furnishes matter for many curious reflections.

A certain Alexander Ferrier, who had been taken prisoner in a skirmish and had been kept seven years in England, found on his return that "the priest had entertained his wife, and consumed his substance the while." Being over loud in his outcries, he was accused of being a heretic, and was summoned before the bishops: when, instead of pleading to the charges against himself, he repeated his own charges against the priest:—

"And for God's cause," he added, "will ye take wives of your own, that I and others, whose wives ye have abused, may be revenged upon you." Then Bishop Gavin Dunbar, thinking to justify himself before the people, said, "Carle, thou shalt not know my wife." The said Alexander answered, "My lord, ye are too old, but with the grace of God, I shall drink with your daughter before I depart." And thereat was smiling of the best, and loud laughing of some: for the bishop had a daughter, married with Andrew Balfour in the same town. Then, after divers purposes, they

commanded him to burn his bill, and he demanding the cause, said, "Because ye have spoken the articles whereof ye are accused." His answer was, "The muckle devil bear them away that first and last spake them;" and so he took the bill and chewing it, he spit it in Mr. Andrew Oliphant's face, saying, "Now burn it or drown it, whether ye will, ye shall hear no more of me. But I must have somewhat of every one of you to begin my pack again, which a priest and a priest's whore have spent," and so every prelate and rich priest, glad to be rid of his evil tongue, gave him somewhat, and so departed he, for he understood nothing about religion."—*Knox, Hist.* p. 16.

Knox tells the story so dramatically, that he was probably present. He had gone to the trial perhaps, taking his incipient doubts with him, to have them satisfied by high authority. Lists of obnoxious persons, containing several hundred names, were presented to the king, and at one time a sort of consent was extracted from him: but there was a generosity of nature about James which would not let him do wrong for any length of time, and he recalled the permission which he had given before any attempt had been made to execute it. Profligate himself, and indifferent to the profligacy of others, his instincts taught him that it was not for such princes as he was, or such prelates as those of his church, to indulge in persecution; and as long as he lived the sufferings of the Protestants, except at rare intervals, were never very great. The example of England, and the spoliation of the abbey lands now in rapid progress there, forbade the bishops to venture on a quarrel with him, he might so easily be provoked into following a similar course: and for a time they thought it more prudent to suspend their proceedings, and let things take their way.

So the two parties grew on, watching one another's movements; the Reformation spreading faster and faster, but still principally among the commons and the inferior gentlemen; the church growing every day more fruitful in wickedness, and waiting for its opportunity to renew the struggle. The Protestants showed no disposition to resent their past ill treatment; they were contented to stand on their defence, and only wished to be let alone. We are apt to picture them to ourselves as a set of gloomy fanatics, such men as Scott has drawn in Balfour of Burley or Ephraim MacBriar. On close acquaintance, however, they appear as little like fanatics as any set of men ever were. The great thing about which they were anxious was to get rid of sin and reform their lives; and the temper in which they set about it



was quiet, simple, and unobtrusive; a certain broad humorous kindness shows in all their movements, the result of the unconscious strength which was in them; they meddled with no one, and with nothing; the bishops were welcomed to their revenues and their women; they envied them neither the one nor the other; they might hate the sin, but they could pity the sinner; and with their seraglios and their mitres these great, proud men, believing themselves to be the successors of the apostles, were rather objects of compassionate laughter. Naturally they recoiled from their doctrines when they saw the fruits of them, but desirous only to live justly and uprightly themselves, and to teach one another how best to do it, they might fairly claim to be allowed to go on in such a purpose without interference; and those who chose to interfere with them were clearly responsible for any consequences which might ensue.

Lost in their number, and as yet undistinguished among them, was John Knox. Theodore Beza tells us, that early in his life he had drawn on himself the animadversions of the authorities of the University by his lectures; but this is not consistent with his own account of himself, and it is clear that he remained quietly and slowly making up his mind, till within a year of James's death, before he finally left the Catholic church. He must then have been thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, and that he was so long in taking his first step is not easily to be reconciled with the modern theory, that he was an eager and noisy demagogue. Nor, after he had declared himself a Protestant, was there any appearance of a disposition to put himself forward; he settled down to plain quiet work as a private tutor in a gentleman's family. Whoever wishes to understand Knox's character ought seriously to think of this: an ambitious man with talents such as his, does not wait till middle age to show himself. Vanity, fanaticism, impatience of control, these are restless, noisy passions, and a man who was possessed by them would not be found at forty teaching the children of a poor Scotch laird. Whatever be the real account of him, we must not look for it in dispositions such as these. But we are now coming to the time when he was called upon to show what he was.

The death of James was followed by a complication of intrigues, which terminated in the usurpation of the supreme power by Cardinal Beaton, the nominal authority being left to the regent—the foolish, incompetent

Earl of Arran. Cardinal Beaton, who was the ablest, as well as the most profligate of the prelates, had long seen that if the Reformation was to be crushed at all it was time to do it. The persecution had recommenced after the death of the king; but the work was too important to be left in the hands of the hesitating Arran. And Beaton, supported by a legatine authority from Rome, and by the power of the French court, took it into his own hands. The queen-mother attached herself to his party, to give his actions a show of authority; and with law, if possible, and if not, then without law, he determined to do what the interests of the church required. At this crisis, George Wishart, a native Scotchman, who had been persecuted away a few years before by the Bishop of Brechin, and had since resided at Cambridge, reappeared in Scotland, and began to preach. He was by far the most remarkable man who had as yet taken part in the Protestant movement, and Knox at once attached himself to him, and accompanied him on a preaching mission through Lothian, carrying, we find (and this is the first characteristic which we meet with of Knox), a two-handed sword, to protect him from attempts at assassination. They were many weeks out together; Wishart field-preaching, as we should call it, and here is one little incident from among his adventures, which will not be without interest:

"One day he preached for three hours by a dyke on a muir edge, with the multitude about him. In that sermon, God wrought so wonderfully by him, that one of the most wicked men that was in that country, named Lawrence Ranken, Laird of Shiel, was converted. The tears ran from his eyes in such abundance, that all men wondered. His conversion was without hypocrisy, for his life and conversation witnessed it in all time to come."

Surely that is very beautiful: reminding us of other scenes of a like kind fifteen hundred years before: and do not let us think it was noisy rant of doctrine, of theoretic formulas; like its antitype, like all true preaching, it was a preaching of repentance, of purity and righteousness. It is strange, that the great cardinal papal legate, representative of the vicar of Christ, could find nothing better to do with such a man than to kill him; such, however, was what he resolved on doing, and after murder had been tried and had failed, he bribed the Earl of Bothwell to seize him and send him prisoner to St. Andrew's. Wishart was taken by treachery, and knew instantly what was be-

fore him. Knox refused to leave him, and insisted on sharing his fate; but Wishart forced him away. "Nay," he said, "return to your bairns; ane is sufficient for a sacrifice."

It was rapidly ended. He was hurried away, and tried by what the cardinal called form of law, and burnt under the walls of the castle; the cardinal himself, the archbishop of Glasgow, and other prelates, reclining on velvet cushions, in a window, while the execution was proceeded with in the court before their eyes. As the consequences of this action were very serious, it is as well to notice one point about it, one of many—but this one will, for the present, be sufficient. The execution was illegal. The regent had given no warrant to Beaton, or to any other prelate, to proceed against Wishart; to an application for such a warrant, he had indeed returned a direct and positive refusal; and the execution was, therefore, not in a moral sense only, but according to the literal wording of the law, *murder*. The state of the case, in plain terms, was this. A private Scottish subject, for that he was a cardinal and a papal legate made not the slightest difference, was taking upon himself to kill, of his own private motion, another Scottish subject who was obnoxious to him. That the executive government refused to interfere with him in such proceedings, does not alter the character of them; it appears to us, indeed, that by such a refusal, the government itself forfeited the allegiance of the nation; but, at any rate, Beaton was guilty of murder, and whatever punishment is due to such crimes, he must be held to have deserved. It is necessary to keep this in view, if we are to bring our judgment to bear fairly on what followed. When governments are unwilling or unable to enforce the established law, we are thrown back upon those moral instincts on which rightly understood law itself is founded, and those who feel most keenly the horrors of great crimes, are those who, in virtue of that feeling, are the appointed avengers of them. We shall tell the story of what followed in Knox's own words, his very narrative of it having itself been made matter of weighty accusation against him. The cardinal, having some misgivings as to the temper of the people, was hastily fortifying his castle. Wishart had been burnt in the winter; it was now the beginning of summer, and the nights were so short that the workmen never left the walls.

"Early upon Saturday in the morning, the 29th

of May, the gates being open, and the drawbridge let down for receiving of lime and stone, William Kircaldy of Grange, younger, and with him six persons, getting entrance, held purpose with the porter, if my lord cardinal was waking? who answered, 'No,'—and so it was indeed; for he had been busy at his accounts with Mistress Marion Ogilvy that night, who was espied to depart from him by the private postern that morning, and therefore quietness, after the rules of phisic, and a morning's sleep were requisite for my lord. While the said William and the porter talked, and his servants made them look to the work and the workmen, approached Norman Leslie with his company, and because they were no great number, they easily got entrance. They addressed them to the middle of the closs, and immediately came John Leslie somewhat rudely and four persons with him."

Knox goes on to tell how these young men, sixteen in all, seized the castle, turning every one out of it, and by threat of fire, forced the cardinal to open the door of the room where he had barricaded himself; and then he continues:

"The cardinal sat down in a chair, and cried, 'I am a priest—I am a priest, ye will not slay me.' Then John Leslie struck him once or twice, and so did Peter Carmichael. But James Melvin—a man of nature, most gentle, and most modest—perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them, and said, 'This work and judgment of God, although it be secret, yet ought to be done with greater gravity.' And presenting to him the point of his sword, he said, 'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Mr. George Wishart, which albeit the flames of fire consumed before men, yet cries it with a vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved or moveth me to strike thee, but only because thou hast been and remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus and his holy evangel.' And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a sword; and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth, but 'I am a priest—I am a priest—fie, fie, all is gone.'"

"The foulest crime," exclaims Chalmers, "which ever stained a country." \* \* \* "It is very horrid, yet, at the same time, amusing," says Mr. Hume, "to consider the joy, alacrity, and pleasure which Knox discovers in his narrative of it," and so on through all the historians.

"Expectes eadem summo minimoque poetâ,"

even those most favorable to the Reformers,

not venturing upon more than an apologetic disapproval. With the most unaccountable perversity they leave out of sight, or in the shade, the crimes of Beaton; and seeing only that he was put to death by men who had no legal authority to execute him, they can see in their action nothing but an outbreak of ferocity. We cannot waste our time in arguing the question. The estates of Scotland not only passed an amnesty for all parties concerned, but declared that they had deserved well of their country in being true to the laws of it, when the legitimate guardians of the laws forgot their duty; and, surely, any judgment which will consider the matter without temper, will arrive at the same conclusion. As to Mr. Hume's "horror and amusement" at Knox's narrative: if we ask ourselves what a clear-eyed sound-hearted man ought to have felt on such an occasion, we shall feel neither one nor the other. Is the irony so out of place? If such a man, living such a life, and calling himself a priest and a cardinal, be not an object of irony, we do not know what irony is for. Nor can we tell where a man who believes in a just God, could find fitter matter for exultation, than in the punishment which struck down a powerful criminal, whose position appeared to secure him from it.

The regent, who had been careless for Wishart, was eager to revenge Beaton. The little "forlorn hope of the Reformation" was blockaded in the castle; and Knox, who, as Wishart's nearest friend, was open to suspicion, and who is not likely to have concealed his opinion of what had been done, although he had not been made privy to the intention, was before long induced to join them. His life was in danger, and he had thought of retiring into Germany; but the Lord of Ormiston, whose sons were under his care, and who was personally connected with the party in the castle, persuaded him to take refuge there, carrying his pupils with him. Up to this time he had never preached, nor had he thought of preaching; but cast in the front of the battle as he was now, the time was come when he was to know his place, and was to take it. The siege was indefinitely protracted. The castle was strong, and supplies were sent by sea from England. The garrison was strengthened by adventurers, who, for one motive or another, gathered in there, and the regent could make no progress towards reducing them. The town of St. Andrews was generally on their side, and, except when it was

occupied by the regent's soldiers, was open to them to come and go. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Knox was often with his boys in the church, and used to lecture and examine them there. It attracted the notice of the townspeople, who wished to hear more of the words of such a man. The castle party themselves, too, finding that they had no common person among them, joined in the same desire: and as—being a priest—there could be no technical objection to his preaching, by a general consent he was pressed to come forward in the pulpit. The modern associations with the idea of preaching will hardly give us an idea of what it was when the probable end of it was the stake or the gibbet; and although the fear of stake or gibbet was not likely to have influenced Knox, yet the responsibility of the office in his eyes was, at least, as great as the danger of it, and he declined to "thrust himself where he had no vocation." On which there followed a very singular scene in the chapel of the castle. In the eyes of others his power was his vocation, and it was necessary to bring him to a consciousness of what was evident to every one but himself. On Sunday, after the sermon, John Rough, the chaplain, turned to him as he was sitting in the body of the chapel, and calling him by his name, addressed him thus:—

"Brother, ye shall not be offended, albeit, that I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all these that are here present, which is this. In the name of God, and of his son Jesus Christ, and in the name of those that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that ye refuse not this holy vocation; but as ye tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, that ye take upon you the public office and charge of preaching, even as ye look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that he shall multiply his grace with you."

Then, turning to the rest of the assembly, he asked whether he had spoken well. They all answered that he had, and that they approved.

"Whereat, the said John, abashed, burst forth in the most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber. His countenance and behavior from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the public place of preaching, did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart, for no man saw any signs of mirth in him, neither yet had he pleasure to accompany any man many days together."

Again, we ask, is this the ambitious demagogue—the stirrer-up of sedition—the enemy of order and authority? Men have strange ways of accounting for what perplexes them. This was the call of Knox. It may seem a light matter to us, who have learnt to look on preaching as a routine operation in which only by an effort of thought we are able to stimulate an interest in ourselves. To him, as his after history showed, it implied a life-battle with the powers of evil, a stormy tempestuous career, with no prospect of rest before the long rest of the grave.

The remainder of this St. Andrews business is briefly told:—At the end of fifteen months the castle was taken by the French in the name of the regent; and the garrison, with John Knox among them, carried off as prisoners to the galleys, thenceforward the greater number of them to disappear from history. Let us look once more at them before they take their leave. They were very young men, some of them under twenty; but in them, and in that action of theirs, lay the germ of the after Reformation. It was not, as we said, a difference in speculative opinion, like that which now separates sect from sect, which lay at the heart of that great movement; the Scotch intellect was little given to subtlety, and there was nothing of sect or sectarianism in the matter. But as Cardinal Beaton was the embodiment of everything which was most wicked, tyrannical, and evil in the dominant Catholicism, so the conspiracy of these young men to punish him was the antecedent of the revolt of the entire nation against it, when the pollution of its presence could no longer be borne. They had done their part, and for their reward they were swept away into exile, with prospects sufficiently cheerless. They bore their fortune with something more than fortitude, yet again with no stoic grimness or fierceness; but, as far as we can follow them, with an easy, resolute cheerfulness. Attempts were made to force them to hear mass, but with poor effect, for their tongues were saucy, and could not be restrained. When the *Salve Regina* was sung on board the galley, the Scotch prisoners clapt on their bonnets. The story of the painted *Regina* which Knox, or one of them, pitched overboard is well-known. Another story of which we hear less, is still more striking. They had been at sea all night, and Knox, who was weak and ill, was fainting over his oar in the gray of the morning, when James Balfour, as the sun rose, touched his arm, and pointing over the water, asked him if he knew where he was. There was the white church-tower, and the white houses,

gleaming in the early sunlight, and all which was left standing of the Castle of St. Andrews. "I know it," he answered; "yes, I know it. I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I shall not depart this life till my tongue again glorify his Name in that place." Most touching, and most beautiful. We need not believe, as some enthusiastic people believed, that there was anything preternatural in such a conviction. Love, faith, and hope, the great Christian virtues, will account for it. Love kept faith and hope alive in him, and he was sure that the right would prosper, and he hoped that he would live to see it. It is but a poor philosophy which, by comparison of dates and labored evidence that the words were spoken in one year and fulfilled so many years after, would materialize so fine a piece of nature into a barren miracle.

Such were the conspirators of St. Andrews, of whom we now take our leave to follow the fortunes of Knox. He remained in the galleys between three and four years, and was then released at the intercession of the English Government. At that time he was, of course, only known to them as one of the party who had been at the castle; but he was no sooner in England than his value was at once perceived, and employment was found for him. By Edward's own desire he was appointed one of the preachers before the court; and a London rectory was offered to him, which, however, he was obliged to refuse. England, after all, was not the place for him; nor the Church of England, such as, for political reasons, it was necessary to constitute that Church. Indeed he never properly understood the English character. A Church which should seem to have authority, and yet which should be a powerless instrument of the State; a rule of faith apparently decisive and consistent, and yet so little decisive, and so little consistent, that, to Protestants it could speak as Protestant, and to Catholics as Catholic; which should at once be vague, and yet definite; diffident, and yet peremptory; and yet which should satisfy the religious necessities of a serious and earnest people; such a midge-madge as this (as Cecil described it, when, a few years later, it was in the process of reconstruction under his own eye), suited the genius of the English, but to the reformers of other countries it was a hopeless perplexity. John Knox could never find himself at home in it. The "*tolerabiles ineptia*" at which Calvin smiled, to him were not tolerable; and he shrank from identifying himself with so seemingly unreal a system, by ac-



cepting any of its higher offices. The force of his character, however, brought him into constant contact with the ruling powers; and here the extraordinary faculty which he possessed of seeing into men's characters becomes first conspicuous. At no time of his life, as far as we have means of knowing, was he ever mistaken in the nature of the persons with whom he had to deal; and he was not less remarkable for the fearlessness with which he would say what he thought of them. If we wish to find the best account of Edward's ministers, we must go to the surviving fragments of Knox's sermons for it, which were preached in their own presence. His duty as a preacher he supposed to consist, not in delivering homilies against sin in general, but in speaking to this man and to that man, to kings, and queens, and dukes, and earls, of their own sinful acts as they sate below him; and they all quailed before him. We hear much of his power in the pulpit, and this was the secret of it. Never, we suppose, before or since, have the ears of great men grown so hot upon them, or such words been heard in the courts of princes. "I am greatly afraid," he said once, "that Ahitophel is counsellor; and Shebnaah is scribe, controller, and treasurer." And Ahitophel and Shebnaah were both listening to his judgment of them: the first in the person of the then omnipotent Duke of Northumberland; and the second in that of Lord Treasurer Paulet Marquis of Winchester. The force which then must have been in him to have carried such a practice through, he, a poor homeless, friendless exile, without stay or strength, but what was in his own heart, must have been enormous. Nor is it less remarkable that the men whom he so roughly handled were forced to bear with him. Indeed they more than bore with him, for the Duke of Northumberland proposed to make him Bishop of Rochester, and had an interview with him on the subject, which, however, led to no conclusion; the duke having to complain that "he had found Mr. Knox neither grateful nor pleaseable:" the meaning of which was, that Knox, knowing that he was a bad, hollow-hearted man, had very uncourteously told him so. But upheld as he was by the personal regard of the young king, his influence was every day increasing, and it was probably in consequence of this that the further developments of Protestantism, which we know to have been in contemplation at the close of Edward's reign, were resolved upon. It is impossible to say how far such measures could have been carried out success-

fully, but we cannot think that it was for the interest of England that Knox, who had formed his notions of Catholicism from his experience of Scotland, should determine how much or how little of it should be retained in the English polity. Sooner or later it would have involved the country in a civil war, the issue of which, in the critical temper of the rest of Europe, could not have been other than doubtful; and it has been at all times the instinctive tendency of English statesmen to preserve the very utmost of the past which admits of preservation. The *Via Media Anglicana* was a masterpiece of statesmanship, when we consider the emergencies which it was constructed to meet; the very features in it which constitute its imbecility as an enduring establishment, being what especially adapted it to the exigencies of a peculiar crisis. A better scene for Knox's labors was found at Berwick, where he could keep up his communication with Scotland, and where the character of the English more nearly resembled that of his own people. Here he remained two years, and appealed afterwards, with no little pride, to what he had done in reigning in the fierce and lawless border-thieves, and the soldiers of the English garrison, whose wild life made them almost as rough as the borderers themselves. For the time that he was there, he says himself, there was neither outrage nor license in Berwick. But he had no easy work of it, and whenever in his letters he speaks of his life, he calls it his "battle."

At Berwick, nevertheless, he found but a brief resting-place, and on the death of Edward, and the re-establishment of Catholicism, he had to choose whether he would fly again, or remain and die. He was a man too marked and too dangerous to hope for escape, while as an alien he had no relations in England to be offended by his death. In such a state of things we can scarcely wonder that he hesitated. Life was no pleasant place for him. He saw the whole body of the noblemen and gentlemen of England apostatize without an effort; and the Reformation gone, as it seemed, like a dream—Scotland was wholly French—the Queen in Paris, and betrothed to the Dauphin; with the persecution of Protestantism in full progress under the Archbishop of St. Andrews. And though his faith never failed him, the world appeared, for a time, to be given over to evil; martyrs, he thought, were wanted, "and he could never die in a more noble quarrel;" it was better that he should stay where he was, and "end his battle."

In this purpose, however, he was overruled by his friends, who, "partly by admonition, partly by tears, constrained him to obey, and give place to the fury and rage of Satan." He escaped into France, and thence into Germany; and after various adventures, and persecuted from place to place, he found a welcome and a home at last with Calvin, at Geneva. While in England he had been engaged to the daughter of a Mr. Bowes, a gentleman of family in the north, and with Mrs. Bowes, the mother, he now kept up a constant correspondence. These letters are the most complete exhibition of the real nature of Knox which remain to us. We cannot say what general readers will think of them. It will depend upon their notions of what human life is, and what the meaning is of their being placed in this world. It might be thought that, flying for his life into a strange country, without friends and without money, he would say something, in writing to the mother of his intended wife, of the way in which he had fared. She, too, we might fancy, would be glad to know that he was not starving; or, if he was, to know even that, in order that she might contrive some means of helping him. And afterwards, when he had found employment and a home at Geneva, we look for something about his prospects in life, his probable means of maintaining a family, and so on. To any one of ourselves in such a position, these things would be at least of some importance; but they were of none either to him or to his correspondent. The business of life, as they understood it, was to overcome the evil which they found in themselves; and their letters are mutual confessions of shortcomings and temptations. When Knox thinks of England, it is not to regret his friends or his comforts there, but only to reproach himself for neglected opportunities:—

"Some will ask," he writes, "why I did flee—assuredly I cannot tell—but of one thing I am sure, that the fear of death was not the cause of my fleeing. My prayer is that I may be restored to the battle again."

It would not be thought that, after he had dared the anger of the Duke of Northumberland, he could be accused of want of boldness or plainness of speech, and yet, in his own judgment of himself, he had been a mere coward:—

"This day my conscience accuseth me that I spake not so plainly as my duty was to have done, for I ought to have said to the wicked man ex-

pressly by his name, thou shalt die the death; for I find Jeremiah the prophet to have done so, and not only he, but also Elijah, Elisha, Micah, Amos, Daniel, Christ Jesus himself. I accuse none but myself; the love that I did bear to this my wicked carcase, was the chief cause that I was not faithful or fervent enough in that behalf. I had no will to provoke the hatred of men. I would not be seen to proclaim manifest war against the manifest wicked, whereof unfeignedly I ask my God mercy." . . . "And besides this, I was assaulted, yea, infected and corrupted with more gross sins—that is, my wicked nature desired the favor, the estimation, the praise of men. Against which albeit that some time the Spirit of God did move me to fight, and earnestly did stir me—God knoweth I lie not—to sob and lament for those imperfections, yet never ceased they to trouble me, and so privily and craftily that I could not perceive myself to be wounded till vainglory had almost gotten the upper hand."

And again, with still more searching self-reproof:—

"I have sometimes been in that security that I felt not dolor for sin, neither yet displeasure against myself for any iniquity in which I did offend; but rather my vain heart did then flatter myself (I write the truth to my own confusion)—thou hast suffered great trouble for professing Christ's truth; God has done great things for thee, delivering thee from that most cruel bondage. He has placed thee in a most honorable vocation, and thy labors are not without fruit; therefore thou oughtest rejoice and give praises to God. Oh, mother, this was a subtle serpent who could thus pour in venom, I not perceiving it."

God help us all, we say, if this is sin. And yet, if we think of it, is not such self-abnegation the one indispensable necessity for all men, and most of all for a reformer of the world, if his reformation is to be anything except a change of one evil for a worse. Who can judge others who has not judged himself? or who can judge for others while his own small self remains at the bottom of his heart, as the object for which he is mainly concerned? For a reformer there is no sin more fatal; and unless, like St. Paul, he can be glad, if necessary, to be made even "anathema for his brethren," he had better leave reforming alone.

The years which Knox spent at Geneva were, probably, the happiest in his life. Essentially a peace-loving man, as all good men are, he found himself, for the first time, in a sound and wholesome atmosphere. Mrs. Bowes and her daughter, after a time, were able to join him there; and, with a quiet congregation to attend to, and with Calvin for a friend, there was nothing left for him to de-

sire which such a man as he could expect life to yield. "The Geneva Church," he said, "is the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the apostles." And let us observe his reason for saying so. "In other places," he adds, "I confess Christ to be truly preached, but *manners* and religion so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any other place besides." He could have been well contented to have lived out his life at Geneva; as, long after, he looked wistfully back to it, and longed to return and die there. But news from Scotland soon disturbed what was but a short breathing time. The Marian persecution had filled the Lowlands with preachers, and the shifting politics of the time had induced the court to connive at, if not to encourage them. The queen-mother had manœuvred the regency into her own hand, but, in doing so, had offended the Hamiltons, who were the most powerful of the Catholic families; and, at the same time, the union of England and Spain had obliged the French court to temporize with the Huguenots. The Catholic vehemence of the Guises was neutralized by the broader sympathies of Henry the Second, who, it was said, "would shake hands with the devil, if he could gain a purpose by it;" and thus, in France and in Scotland, which was now wholly governed by French influence, the Protestants found everywhere a temporary respite from ill usage. It was a shortlived anomaly; but in Scotland it lasted long enough to turn the scale, and give them an advantage which was never lost again.

At the end of 1555, John Knox ventured to reappear there; and the seed which had been scattered eight years before, he found growing over all the Lowlands. The noble lords now came about him; the old Earl of Argyll, Lord James Stuart, better known after as Earl of Murray, Lord Glencairn, the Erskines, and many others. It was no longer the poor commons and the townspeople; the whole nation appeared to be moving; much latent skepticism, no doubt, being quickened into conversion by the prospect of a share in the abbey-lands; but with abundance of real earnestness as well, which taught Knox what might really be hoped for. Knox himself, to whom, with an unconscious unanimity, they all looked for guidance, proceeded at once to organize them into form, and, as a first step, proposed that an oath should be taken by all who called themselves Protestants, never any more to attend the mass. So serious a step could not be taken without provoking notice; the Hamiltons patched up

their differences with the regent on the spot, and Knox was summoned before the Bishops' Court at Edinburgh to answer for himself. It was just ten years since they had caught Wishart and burned him; but things were changed now, and when Knox appeared in Edinburgh he was followed by a retinue of hundreds of armed gentlemen and noblemen. The bishops shrank from a collision, and did not prefer their charge; and, on the day which had been fixed for his trial, he preached in Edinburgh to the largest Protestant concourse which had ever assembled there. He was not courting rebellion, but so large a majority of the population of Scotland were now on the reforming side, that he felt—and who does not feel with him?—that, in a free country, the lawful rights of the people in a matter touching what they conceived to be their most sacred duty were not to be set aside and trampled upon any more by an illegal and tyrannical power. In the name of the people he now drew up his celebrated petition to the queen regent, begging to be heard in his defence, protesting against the existing ecclesiastical system, and the wickedness which had been engendered by it. It was written firmly but respectfully, and the regent would have acted more wisely if she had considered longer the answer which she made to it. She ran her eye over the pages, and turning to the Archbishop of Glasgow, who was standing near her, she tossed it into his hands, saying, "Will it please you, my lord, to read a pasquil?"

"Madam," wrote Knox, when he heard of it, "if ye no more esteem the admonition of God, nor the cardinals do the scoffing of pasquils, then He shall shortly send you messengers with whom ye shall not be able in that manner to jest."

It is the constant misfortune of governments that they are never able to distinguish the movements of just national anger from the stir of superficial discontent. The sailor knows what to look for when the air is moaning in the shrouds; the fisherman sees the coming tempest in the heaving of the under-roll; but governments can never read the signs of the times, though they are written in fire before their eyes. For the present it was thought better that Knox should leave Scotland while his friends in the meantime organized themselves more firmly. To a grave and serious people civil war is the most desperate of remedies, and by his remaining at this moment it would have been inevitably precipitated. He was no sooner gone than the Archbishop of St. Andrews again sum-

moned him. He was condemned in his absence, and burned in effigy the next day at the market cross. But the people were no longer in the old mood of submission, and to this bonfire they replied with another. "The great idol" of Edinburgh, St. Giles, vanished off his perch in the rood-loft of the High Church, and, after a plunge in the North Loch, the next day was a heap of ashes. The offenders were not forthcoming, and not to be found; and the regent, in high anger, summoned the preachers to answer for them. To secure herself against being a second time baffled as she had been before, by the interference of the people, she put out a proclamation that all persons who had come to Edinburgh without authority should forthwith depart from it. It so happened that "certain faithful of the west," some of Lord Argyle's men, probably, were in the town. They had come in at the news that the preachers were to be tried, and the meaning of this proclamation was perfectly clear to them; so, by way of reply to it, they assembled together, forced their way into presence-chamber, where the queen was in council with the bishops, to complain of such strange entertainment; and not getting such an answer as they desired, one of them said to her, "Madam, we know this is the malice and device of those jeswellis and of that bastard (the Archbishop of St. Andrews) that stands by you; we avow to God we shall make a day of it. They oppress us and our tenants for feeding of their idle bellies. They trouble us and our preachers, and would murder them, and us. Shall we suffer this any more? Nay, madam, it shall not be." "And therewith every man put on his steel bonnet."

When ruling powers have listened to language like this, and answer steel bonnets with smooth speeches and concessions, the one thing left for such rulers is to take themselves away with as much rapidity as they can, for rule they neither do nor can. At this time almost the whole of the nobility, for honest or dishonest reasons, were on the reforming side. The Church, unluckily for itself, was rich: they were poor; and if some of them had no sympathy with Protestantism, they had also ceased to believe that any service which Catholicism could do for them entitled it to half the land in Scotland. It was, consequently, with little or no effect, that the bishops now appealed for protection to the nobles. The Archbishop of St. Andrews sent a long remonstrance to Lord Argyle for maintaining a reforming preacher.

"He preaches against idolatry," Lord Argyle answered coldly. "I remit it to your lordship's conscience if that be heresy. He preaches against adultery and fornication. I remit that to your lordship's conscience." And the archbishop's connection with Lady Gilton being somewhat notorious, it was difficult for him to meet such an answer.

If the question had been left for Scotland to settle for itself, the solution of it would have been rapid and simple. But the regent knew that sooner or later she might count on the support of France; and she believed, with good reason, that if the real power of France was once brought to bear, such resistance as the Scotch could offer to it would be crushed with little difficulty. The marriage of the young queen with the Dauphin, and the subsequent death of Henry, removed the causes which had hitherto prevented her from being supported. The Guises were again omnipotent in Paris, and their ambition, not contented with France and Scotland, extended itself on the death of Mary Tudor to England as well. With the most extravagant notions of England's weakness, and with a belief, which was rather better grounded, that the majority of the people were ill affected to a Protestant sovereign, they conceived that a French army had only to appear over the border with the flag of Mary Stuart displayed, for the same scenes to be enacted over again as had been witnessed six years before; and that Elizabeth would as easily be shaken from the throne as Jane Grey had been. But the success of the blow might depend upon the speed with which it could be struck; and no time was, therefore, to be lost in bringing Scotland to obedience. Accordingly, under one pretence and another, large bodies of troops were carried over, and the queen regent was instructed to temporize and flatter the Protestants into security, till a sufficient number had been assembled to crush them. It is no slight evidence of their good meaning that they should have allowed themselves to be deceived by her, but deceived they certainly were; and except for Knox's letters, with which he incessantly urged them to watchfulness, they might have been deceived fatally. But the clear strong understanding of Knox, far away as he was, saw through the real position of things. There was no one living whose political judgment was more sound than his, and again and again he laid before them their danger and their duty. He saw that the intention was to make Scotland a French province, and how it would



fare then with the Reformation was no difficult question.

"God speaketh to your conscience, therefore," he wrote to the lords, "unless ye be dead with the blind world, that you ought to hazard your lives, be it against kings and emperors, for the deliverance of your brethren. For that cause are ye called princes of the people, and receive of your brethren honor, tribute, and homage—not by reason of your birth and progeny, as most part of men falsely do suppose, but by reason of your office and duty, which is to vindicate and deliver your subjects and brethren from all violence and oppression to the uttermost of your power."

In the meantime time the Church, as a prelude to the energetic measures which were in contemplation, thought it decent to attempt some sort of a reformation within itself. We smile as we look through the articles which were resolved upon by the episcopal conclave. They proposed, we presume, to proceed with moderation, and content themselves with doing a little at a time. No person in future was to hold an ecclesiastical benefice except a priest, such benefices having hitherto furnished a convenient maintenance for illegitimate children. *No kirkman was to nourish his bairn in his own company, but every one was to hold the children of others.* And such bairn was in no case to succeed his father in his benefice. The naïveté of these resolutions disarms our indignation, but we shall scarcely wonder any more at the rise or the speed of Protestantism. On the strength of them, however, or rather on the strength of the French troops, they were now determined to go on with the persecution; Walter Milne, an old man of eighty, was seized and burnt; and although the queen regent affected to deplore the bishops' severity, no one doubted that either she herself or the queen in Paris had directed them to proceed.

Now, therefore, or never, the struggle was to be. Knox left Geneva, with Calvin's blessing, for a country where he was under sentence of death, and where his appearance would be the signal either for the execution of it or for war. Civil war it could scarcely be called,—it would be a war of the Scottish nation against their sovereign supported by a foreign army; but even so, no one knew better than he that armed resistance to a sovereign was the last remedy to which subjects ought to have recourse—a remedy which they are only justified in seeking when to obey man is to disobey God; or to use more human language, when it is no longer possible for them to submit to their sovereign

without sacrificing the highest interests of life. However, such a time he felt was now come. After the specimen which the Catholics had given of their notion of a reformation, to leave the religious teaching of an earnest people in their hands was scarcely better than leaving it to the devil; and if it was impossible to wrest it from them except by rebellion, the crime would lie at the door of those who had made rebellion necessary. Crime, indeed, there always is at such times; and treason is not against person, but against the law of right and justice. If it be treason to resist the authority except in the last extremity, yet when such extremity has arisen, it has arisen through the treason of the authority itself; and, therefore, bad princes, who have obliged their subjects to depose them, are justly punished with the extremest penalties of human justice. That is the naked statement of the law, however widely it may be necessary to qualify it, in its application to life.

On the 2nd of May, 1559, Knox landed in Scotland; crossing over, by a curious coincidence, in the same ship which brought in the new great seal of the kingdom, with the arms of England quartered upon it. The moment was a critical one; for the preachers were all assembled at Perth preparatory to appearing at Stirling on the 10th of the same month, where they were to answer for their lives. Lord Glencairn had reminded the regent of her many promises of toleration; and throwing away the mask at last, she had haughtily answered, that "it became not subjects to burden their princes with promises further than as it pleased them to keep the same." The moment was come she believed when she could crush them altogether, and crush them she would. As soon as the arrival of Knox was known, a price was set upon his head; but he determined to join his brother ministers on the spot and share their fortune. He hurried to Perth, where Lord Glencairn and a few other gentlemen had by that time collected to protect them with some thousand armed followers. The other noblemen were distracted, hesitating, uncertain. Lord James Stuart, and young Lord Argyll, were still with the queen regent, so even as Lord Ruthven, remaining loyal to the last possible moment, and still hoping that the storm might blow over. And the regent still trifled with their credulity as long as they would allow her to impose upon it. Pretending to be afraid of a tumult, she used their influence to prevail upon the preachers to remain where they were, and not to appear on the day fixed for

their trial; and the preachers, acting as they were advised, found themselves outlawed for contumacy. It was on a Sunday that the news was brought them of this proceeding, and the people of Perth, being many of them Protestants, Knox, by the general voice, was called upon to preach. Let us pause for a few moments to look at him. He was now fifty-four years old, undersized, but strongly and nervously formed, and with a long beard falling down to his waist. His features were of the pure Scotch cast; the high cheekbone, arched but massive eyebrow, and broad under jaw; with long full eyes, the *steadiness* of which, if we can trust the pictures of him, must have been painful for a man of weak nerves to look at. The mouth free, the lips slightly parted with the incessant play upon them of that deep power which is properly the sum of all the moral powers of man's nature—the power which we call humor, when it is dealing with venial weakness, and which is bitterest irony and deepest scorn and hatred for wickedness and lies. The general expression is one of repose, but like the repose of the limbs of the Hercules, with a giant's strength traced upon every line of it. Such was the man who was called to fill the pulpit of the High Church of Perth on the 11th of May, 1559. Of the power of his preaching we have many testimonies, that of Randolph, the English ambassador, being the most terse and striking; that "it stirred his heart more than six hundred trumpets braying in his ears." The subject on this occasion was the one all-comprehensive "*mass*," the idolatry of it; and the good people of Perth, never having heard his voice before, we can understand did not readily disperse when he had done. They would naturally form into groups, compare notes and impressions, and hang a long time about the church before leaving it. In the disorder of the town the same church served, it seems, for sermon and for mass; when the first was over the other took its turn: and as Knox had been longer than the priest expected, the latter came in and opened the tabernacle before the congregation were gone. An eager-hearted boy who had been listening to Knox with all his ears, and was possessed by what he had heard, cried out when he saw it, "This is intolerable, that when God has plainly damned idolatry we shall stand by and see it used in despite." The priest in a rage turned and struck him, his temper naturally being at the moment none of the sweetest; and the boy, as boys sometimes do on such occasions, flung a

stone at him in return. Missing the priest he hit the tabernacle, and "did break an image." A small spark is enough when the ground is strewn with gunpowder. In a few moments the whole machinery of the ritual, candles, tabernacle, vestments, crucifixes, images were scattered to all the winds. The fire burnt the faster for the fuel, and from the church the mob poured away to the monasteries in the town. No lives were lost, but before evening they were gutted and in ruins. The endurance of centuries had suddenly given way, and the anger which for all these years had been accumulating, rushed out like some great reservoir which has burst its embankment and swept everything before it. To the Protestant leaders this ebullition of a mob, "the rascal multitude," as even Knox calls it, was as unwelcome as it was welcome to the queen regent. She swore that "she would cut off from Perth man, woman, and child, that she would drive a plough over it and sow it with salt; and she at once marched upon the town to put her threat in execution. The lords met in haste to determine what they should do, but were unable to determine anything; and only Lord Glencairn was bold enough to risk the obloquy of being charged with countenancing sedition. When he found himself alone in the assembly, he declared, that "albeit never a man accompanied him, he would stay with the brethren, for he had rather die with that company than live after them." But his example was not followed; all the others thought it better to remain with the regent, and endeavor, though once already so bitterly deceived by her, to mediate and temporize.

The town people in the meantime had determined to resist to the last extremity, and the regent was rapidly approaching. With a most creditable anxiety to prevent bloodshed, Lord James Stuart and Lord Argyle prevailed on the burgesses to name the conditions on which they would surrender, and when the latter had consented to do so, if the queen would grant an amnesty for the riot, and would engage that Perth should not be obliged to receive a French garrison, they hurried to lay these terms before her. The regent had no objection to purchase a bloodless victory with a promise which she had no intention of observing. Perth opened its gates; and, marching in at the head of her troops, she deliberately violated every article to which she had bound herself. The French soldiers passing along the High-street fired upon the house of an obnoxious citizen, and killed one of his chil-

drén; and with an impolitic parade of perfidy the princess replied only to the complaints of the people, that "she was sorry it was the child and not the father," and she left the offending soldiers as the garrison of the town. Her falsehood was as imprudent as it was abominable. The two noblemen withdrew indignantly from the court, declaring formally that they would not support her in "such manifest tyranny;" and joining themselves openly to Knox, they hastened with him to St. Andrews, where they were presently joined by Lord Ochiltree and Lord Glencairn, and from thence sent out a hasty circular, inviting the gentlemen and lords of Scotland to assemble for the defence of the kingdom. It was still uncertain what support they might expect, and before any support had actually arrived, when Knox hastened to realize the conviction which long ago he had expressed on board the French galley, and to "glorify God" in the pulpit of the Church where "God had first opened his voice." If he had superstitious feelings on the matter we cannot quarrel with him for them; and although it was at the risk of his life, (for a detachment of the French were at Falkland, only twelve miles distant, and the archbishop had sent a message to the lords, "that in case the said John presented himself to the preaching place in his town, he should gar him be saluted with a dozen culverins, whereof the most part should light on his nose,") yet at such a time the boldest policy is always the soundest, and he refused to listen to the remonstrances of his friends. "To delay to preach to-morrow," he said the evening before the day fixed, "unless the body be violently withholden, I cannot of conscience. For in this town and kirk began God first to call me to the dignity of a preacher, and this I cannot conceal, which more than one heard me say when the body was far absent from Scotland, that my assured hope was to preach in St. Andrews before I departed this life." He went straightforward, he preached as he had done at Perth, and with a still more serious effect, for the town council immediately after the sermon voted the abolition of "all monuments of idolatry." The circumstance of the prophecy, and still more the circumstance of their previous knowledge of him, his present position as an outlaw with a price upon his head, the threats of the archbishop with the doubt whether he would attempt to put them in force; all these, added to the power of Knox's own thunder, explain the precipitancy

of the resolutions in the excitement which they must have produced; and the resolutions themselves were immediately carried into effect. *Some one to go first* is half the battle of a revolution, and with such a leader as Knox it is easy to find followers. By the time the regent's troops were under the walls so many thousand knights, gentlemen, and citizens, were in arms to receive them, that they shrank back without venturing a blow, and retired within their intrenchments; and thus within six short weeks, for it was no more since Knox landed, the Reformers were left masters of the field, conquerors in an armed revolt which had not cost a single life of themselves or of their enemies, so overwhelming was the force which the appearance of this one man had summoned into action. We require no better witness of the prostration of the Catholic faith in Scotland, or of the paralysis into which it had sunk.

"And now," wrote Knox to a friend, "the long thirst of my wretched heart is satisfied in abundance. Forty days and more hath my God used my tongue in my native country to the manifestation of His glory. Whatsoever now shall follow as touching my own carcase, His holy name be praised."

The rest of the summer the queen regent was obliged to remain a passive spectator of a burst of popular feeling with which, as long as it was at its height, her power was wholly inadequate to cope, and which she was forced to leave to work its will, till it cooled of itself. . . . That it would and must cool sooner or later, a less shrewd person than Mary of Guise could foresee: feeling of all kinds is in nature transient and exhausting, and the goodness of a cause will not prevent enthusiasm from flagging, or unpaid and unsupported armies from disintegrating. Her turn, therefore, she might safely calculate would come at last; and, in the meantime, there was nothing for it but to sit still, while, by a simultaneous movement over the entire Lowlands, the images were destroyed in the churches, and the monasteries laid in ruins. Not a life was lost, not a person was injured, no private revenge was gratified in the confusion, no private greediness took opportunity to pilfer. Only the entire material of the old faith was washed clean away.

This passionate iconoclasm has been alternately the glory and the reproach of John Knox, who has been considered alike by friends and enemies the author of it. For the purification of the churches there is no

doubt that he was responsible to the full, whatever the responsibility may be which attaches to it,—but the destruction of the religious houses was the spontaneous work of the people, which in the outset he looked upon with mere sorrow and indignation. Like Latimer in England, he had hoped to preserve them for purposes of education and charity; and it was only after a warning which sounded in his ears as if it came from heaven, that he stood aloof, and let the popular anger have its way; they had been nests of profligacy for ages; the earth was weary of their presence upon it; and when the retribution fell, it was not for him to arrest or interfere with it. Scone Abbey, the residence of the Bishop of Murray, was infamous, even in that infamous time, for the vices of its occupants; and the bishop himself having been active in the burning of Walter Milne, had thus provoked and deserved the general hatred. After the French garrison was driven out of Perth, he was invited to appear at the conference of the lords, but, unwilling or afraid to come forward, he blockaded himself in the abbey. A slight thing is enough to give the first impulse to a stone which is ready to fall; the townpeople of Perth and Dundee, having long scores to settle with him and with the brotherhood, caught at the opportunity, and poured out and surrounded him. John Knox, with the provost of Perth and what force they could muster, hurried to the scene to prevent violence, and for a time succeeded; Knox himself we find keeping guard all one night at the granary door: but the mob did not disperse; and prowling ominously round the walls, in default of other weapons, made free use of their tongues. From sharp words to sharp strokes is an almost inevitable transition on such occasions. In the gray of the morning, a *son of the bishop* ran an artisan of Dundee through the body, and in an instant the entire mass of the people dashed upon the gates. The hour of Scone was come. Knox was lifted gently on one side, and in a few minutes the abbey was in a blaze. As he stood watching the destruction, “a poor aged matron,” he tells us, “who was near him, seeing the flame of fire pass up so mightily, and perceiving that many were thereat offended, in plain and sober manner of speaking said, ‘Now I perceive that God’s judgments are just, and that no man is able to save when he will punish. Since my remembrance, this place has been nothing but a den of whoremongers. It is incredible to believe how many wives have been adulterated, and

virgins deflowered by the filthy beasts which have been fostered in this den, but—especially by that wicked man who is called the bishop. If all men knew as much as I, they would praise God, and no man would be offended.’”

Such was the first burst of the Reformation in Scotland; we need not follow the course of it. It was the rising up of a nation, as we have said, against the wickedness which had taken possession of the holiest things and holiest places, to declare in the name of God that such a spectacle should no longer be endured. Of the doctrines of Scotch Protestantism, meaning by that the speculative scheme of Christianity which was held and taught by Knox and the other ministers, we say but little, regarding it as by no means the thing of chiefest importance. Formal theology at its best is no more than a language,—an expression in words of mysteries which the mind of man can never adequately comprehend, and is, therefore, like all other human creations, liable to continual change. In Knox’s own words, “All worldly strength, yea, even in things spiritual, doth decay;” and all languages become in time dead languages, and the meaning of them is only artificially preserved among us. Religion, as these Reformers understood it, (and as all religious men understand it, whatever be their language,) meant this, that the business of man upon earth was to serve Almighty God, not with forms and words, but with an obedient life, to hate all sin, impurity, hypocrisy, and falsehood; and whatever Protestantism may have become after three centuries of establishment, Protestantism at its outset meant a return to this, from formalism, the mother of all wickedness. It were a poor conception, indeed, that so great a quarrel was for the truth or falsehood of a speculative system of theology. Then, indeed, the world gained little by the change; for, if Calvinism was once a motive power to holiness, so, too, was once the mass itself; and if the mass became an idol and a cause of confusion and sin, by a process exactly analogous the theory of vicarious righteousness may now be found in the Welsh valleys producing an identical result. So it is, and so it always will be, as long as any special virtue is supposed to reside in formal outward act, or formal inward theory, irrespective of purity of heart and manliness of life.

The details of the war which followed need not concern us here. The French were reinforced; the Protestants, as had been fore-



seen, broke in pieces at the beginning of the winter; and, reverse following on reverse, there was soon as much despondency as there had been enthusiasm, and they were driven in the end to throw themselves on the protection of Elizabeth, which she was, only with the utmost difficulty, prevailed upon to consent to extend to them. Her English love of order was outraged by their turbulence. Her despotic Tudor blood could not endure the rising of subjects against their sovereign; and, though she *knew* that the right was on their side, it was less easy for her to *feel* it. Knox himself, by his unfortunate "Blast against the Regimen of Women," had made himself personally odious to her; and though she could hardly have failed to see his merit, yet his character would under no circumstances have attracted her affection. Nor had he any skill to deal with such a temper as hers. The diplomatic correspondence with England fell to his conduct; and he began it with a justification of his book, which, right or wrong, he had much better have passed over; he told her that she was to consider herself an exception to a rule, that she reigned by the choice of God, and not by right of inheritance; and he could not have touched a nerve on which she was more sensitive, or challenged a right of which she was more jealous. Nor did Cecil fare any better than his mistress. To him he commenced with rebukes for his "horrible apostasy" in having conformed, under Mary, to the Romish ritual. He was unable to understand the difference in the circumstances of the two kingdoms, or in the characters of the two nations. Cecil was an Englishman—it is at once the explanation of, and the apology for his conduct; but to Knox it was neither the one nor the other. He could only conceive of the Mass as the service of the devil; and the "adiaphorism" of the English was to him no better than atheism. Elizabeth took no notice of the letter to herself; Cecil answered him for her as well as for himself, with quiet and well-timed humor. "*Non est masculus neque femina,*" he wrote, "*omnes enim ut ait Paulus unum sumus in Christo Jesu. Benedictus vir qui confidit in Domino; et erit Dominus fiducia ejus.*" He knew, and the queen knew, however difficult she found it to make the acknowledgment to herself, that the French must not be allowed to triumph in Scotland; and as soon as it became clear that the Protestants could not maintain themselves without assistance it was freely and effectively given.

And now we pass on to the meeting of the  
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estates and the settlement of the new kirk constitution. Mary of Guise was dead; the French were finally driven out, and the queen of Scotland had been so identified with them that, on their defeat, she was left without authority or influence in the country. The estates met as an independent and irresponsible body to act for themselves as they should think good; and the French commissioners had engaged on behalf of the titular queen that she would ratify whatever they should resolve upon. The session opened with a national thanksgiving; and, considering how vast a victory had been gained, and how "manifestly," as Knox conceived, God had fought for the movement, it was natural that he should be sanguine in his expectation of what would now be done by a grateful people. In the enormous revenue of the church he saw a magnificent material, not to salary the new kirk ministers, but to found schools and universities, to endow hospitals and almshouses; in his own broad language, he called it restoring the temple; and perhaps for the moment, he allowed himself to believe that the noble lords of Scotland were as enthusiastic for the good of the people as he was himself. But it was one thing to win the victory, and another to divide the spoil. "Heh, then," said young Maitland of Lethington, "we must forget ourselves now; we mun a' bear the barrow, and build the house of the Lord." Not quite. The ministers should have sufficient stipend, but for the rest they would consider. Nor was this the only disappointment. We have seen that what Knox had chiefly valued in the Genevan reformation was the discipline of morals, which was established along with it. A serious attempt had been made by Calvin to treat sins as civil crimes, to graduate all punishments inflicted by the law, according to the scale of moral culpability; and he had succeeded apparently so well, that the example was pressed upon Scotland; a body of laws was drawn up by Knox, known commonly by the name of the First Book of Discipline, and offered to the private consideration of the lords. So many of them at first subscribed their names to it, that it was formally submitted to debate. But, as Maitland again observed, they had subscribed most of them "*in fide parentum,*" as children were baptized; and "certain persons," Knox tells us, "perceiving their carnal liberty to be somewhat impaired thereby, grudged; insomuch that the name of the Book of Discipline became odious to them. Everything which repugned to their corrupt affections was termed in their mock-

age, 'Devout Imaginations.'\* And yet if there were partial failures, when we consider the necessary imperfection inherent in all human things, and when we remember that the work which actually was done by the estates was the extemporizing in a few weeks a new ecclesiastical, and, in many respects, civil constitution for an entire kingdom, we shall not be disposed to complain of them. It was roughly done, but done sternly and strongly, and the substantial evils were swept utterly away. Of the "Devout Imaginations," so much was actually realized, that laws were passed with punishments annexed to them, against adultery, fornication, and drunkenness, while the mass was prohibited for ever, under penalty, for the first offence, of confiscation; for the second, of banishment; for the third, of death.

Oh! intolerance without excuse! exclaim the modern Liberals; themselves barely emancipated from persecution, the first act of these Protestants is to retaliate with the same odious cruelty; clamoring for the liberty of conscience, they do but supersede one tyranny by another, more narrow and exclusive, &c. This, at bottom, we believe, is the most grievous of all Knox's offences, the one sin never to be forgiven by the enlightened mind of the nineteenth century. Let us see what can be said about it. We do not look for the explanation, with some modern apologists, in the want of reciprocity on the part of the Catholics, in the impossibility of tolerating a creed which is in itself intolerant. In England, the mass was forbidden because it was identified with civil disaffection. In Scotland, it was forbidden because it was supposed to be idolatry, and so to be forbidden by God; the Bible was positive and peremptory; and the Bible was accepted, *bonâ fide*, as the guide of life. The fact is, toleration, in the modern sense, is a phenomenon of modern growth, and the result of a condition of things of very recent existence. We have no toleration for what we believe to be evil, or for what plainly and

obviously leads to evil; God forbid that we should. But as we look round among the sects into which we are divided, and see that good and evil are very equally distributed among us, we learn to speak of our speculative differences, no longer as matters of conscience, but merely as differences of opinion, which do not touch the conscience at all. We experience, as matter of fact, that the holding of this or that opinion is no obstacle to an adequate discharge of public and private duty; that a man may be a Catholic, a Protestant, a Socinian, or a Jew, and yet be an honest man and a good citizen; and we cannot permit the persecution of speculations of which moral evil is not a visible result. This is what we mean by toleration, and three centuries ago it could not exist, because the reason for it did not exist. In England, a Catholic *could not be* a good citizen: in Scotland, he was *not* an honest man. The products of Catholicism there, as the experience of centuries proved, were nothing better than hypocrisy and licentiousness; and, finding in the Bible that "the idolater should die the death," and finding the mass producing the exact fruits which the same Bible connected with idolatry, the Scotch Reformers could as little tolerate Catholics as they could tolerate thieves or murderers. We are, therefore, inclined to dismiss this outcry of intolerance as meaningless and foolish. In the absolute prohibition of the mass lay, when rightly understood, the heart of the entire movement; and, in the surrender of this one point, as they soon experienced to their sorrow, they lost all which they had gained.

So then, in spite of the Maitlands and the Erskines, and the other spoliators of church property, Knox could find matter enough for exultation. "What adulterer," he asks, triumphantly, "what fornicator, what known mass-monger, or pestilent papist, durst have been seen in public in any reformed town within this realm before that the queen arrived?" Work greater than this was never achieved by reformers on the earth. We may well wonder that the arrival of a young lady, hardly twenty years old, should have been able to disintegrate it. We have seen Knox in conflict with many forms of evil: he had now to contend with it under one more aspect, the last, but most dangerous of all.

But one year had passed since Mary Stuart had been queen of France as well as of Scotland, and self-elected queen of England, with the full power of a mighty nation preparing to enforce her right; and now she was com-

\* This well-known expression has been placed by Sir Walter Scott in the mouth of the Earl of Murray. If the mistake were ever so insignificant it would be worth correcting; and it is therefore as well to say that Knox himself is the only authority for the words, and that the description which he gives of the speaker as little agrees with the opinion which he elsewhere expresses of Murray as the words themselves with Murray's general character. There is no evidence, either positive or probable, in favor of Scott's conjecture—if, indeed, it was a conjecture at all, and was more than carelessness.

ing to her own poor inheritance a lonely widow, at the moment when it was flushed with a successful revolt, her influence in France lying buried in her husband's grave, and her claim to England disavowed in her name by her own commissioners: and yet, feeble as she seemed, she was returning with a determined purpose to undo all that had been done; to overthrow the Reformation, to overthrow Elizabeth, and, on the throne of the two kingdoms, lay them both as an offering before the Pope. Elsewhere, in this "Review," we have given our opinion of this remarkable woman, and she will only appear before us here in her relation with the reformers; but the more we examine her history, the more cause we find to wonder at her; and deep as were her crimes, her skill, her enterprise, her iron and dauntless resolution, almost tempt us to forget them.

She never doubted her success; she knew the spell which would enchant the fierce nobles of her country. There was but one man whom, on the eve of her setting out, she confessed that she feared, and that was Knox. He alone, she knew, would be proof against her Armida genius, and if she could once destroy him, she could carry all before her. Nor had she either misjudged her subjects or overrated her own power. Before she had been three years at home, she had organized a powerful party, that were wholly devoted to her, she had broken the Protestant league, and scattered disaffection and distrust among its members. Murray had quarrelled with Knox for her. Argyle was entangled with the Irish rebels. The mass was openly re-established through town and country; and, while the Reformation was melting like snow all over Scotland, the northern English counties were ready, at a signal, to rise in arms against Elizabeth.

The self-restraint which she practised upon herself in order to effect all this is as remarkable as the effect itself which she produced. She pretended, at her return, that all which she desired was the love of her subjects. She would govern as they wished, and do what they wished. For her religion she could not immediately answer: she had been brought up a Catholic, and she could not change her faith like a dress; but she had no thought of interfering with them; and, in return, she modestly requested, what it seemed as if she might have demanded as a right, that for the present she should be allowed the private exercise of the religion of her fathers. How was it possible to refuse a petition so humble? urged, too, as it was, in

the name of conscience by lips so beautiful. Honor, courtesy, loyalty, every knightly feeling forbade it. What was there in a single mass, that the sour ministers, with Knox at the head of them, should make such a noise about it? Ever Murray was the warmest advocate for yielding. Scotland, he said, would be disgraced forever if she was driven away from it on such a plea. It would only be for a little while, and time and persuasion, and above all, the power of the truth, would not fail to do their work upon a mind so tender and so gentle.

And yet, as Knox knew well, a conviction which courtesy could influence, was no longer a sacred one; and to concede a permission to do what the law declared to be a crime, was to condemn the law itself as unjust and tyrannous. "That one mass," he said, "was more fearful to him than the landing of ten thousand men;" he knew, and Mary knew too, that to grant her that one step was to give up the game, and that on the mere ground of political expediency to yield on that point was suicide.

Here is a picture of the way in which things went. At a distance from Holyrood the truth had a better chance of being felt, and the noblemen who were in the country hurried up, "wondrous offended," when they heard of this mass, to know what it meant:—

"So that every man, as he came up, accused them that were before him; but after they had remained a space, they were as quiet as the former; which thing perceived, a zealous and godly man, Robert Campbell, of Kingancleugh, said to Lord Ochiltree, 'My lord, now ye are come, and almost the last, and I perceive by your anger the fire edge is not off you; but I fear that, after the holy water of the court be sprinkled upon you; that ye shall become as temperate here as the rest. I have been here now five days, and I heard every man say at the first, Let us hang the priest; but after they had been twice or thrice in the Abbey, all that fervency passed. I think there is some enchantment whereby men are bewitched.'"

The queen lost no time in measuring her strength against Knox, and looking her real enemy in the face. A week after her landing, she sent for him; and the first of those interviews took place in which he is said to have behaved so brutally. Violence was not her policy; she affected only a wish to see the man of whom she had heard so much, and her brother was present as a blind. We confess ourselves unable to discover the supposed brutality. Knox for many years had been the companion of great lords and

princes; his manner, if that is important, had all the calmness and self-possession which we mean by the word high-breeding; and unless it be the duty of a subject to pretend to agree with his sovereign, whether he really agrees or not, it is difficult to know how he could have conducted himself otherwise than he did. She accused him of disaffection towards her. He said that she should find him dutiful and obedient wherever his conscience would allow him. She complained of the exception, and talked in the Stuart style of the obligation of subjects. He answered by instancing the Jews under the Babylonian princes, and the early Christians under the emperors:—

“‘But they resisted not with the sword,’ she said.

“‘God, madam,’ he replied, ‘had not given them the means.’

“‘Then, you think subjects having power may resist their princes,’ she said.

“‘If the princes exceed their bounds, madam,’ was his answer, ‘and do against that wherefore they should be obeyed, there is no doubt that they may be resisted even by force. For there is neither greater honor nor greater obedience to be given to kings or princes than God has commanded to be given to fathers and mothers; but so it is that the father may be stricken with a frenzy, in which he would slay his own children. Now, madam, if the children arise, join themselves together, apprehend the father, take the sword and other weapons from him, and, finally, bind his hands, and keep him in prison till that his frenzy be overpast—think ye, madam, that the children do any wrong? It is even so with princes that would murder the children of God that are subject unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a mad frenzy, and therefore to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison, till that they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because that it agreeth with the will of God.’”

He had touched the heart of the matter; the queen “stood as it were amazed,” and said nothing for a quarter of an hour. But is there anything disrespectful in this? Surely it was very good advice, which would have saved her life if she had followed it; and, for the manner, it would have been more disrespectful if, because he was speaking to a woman, he had diluted his solemn convictions with soft and unmeaning phrases. “He is not afraid,” some of the courtiers whispered as he passed out. “Why,” he answered, “should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman fear me? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and have not been afraid above measure.” Dr. M’Crie has

spoil this by inventing “a sarcastic scowl!” for him on this occasion. Men like Knox do not “scowl sarcastically,” except in novels, and Dr. M’Crie was forgetting himself. We can only conjecture what the queen thought of Knox. Tears, as we know, were her resource, and we have heard enough and too much of these; but they answered their purpose with her brother. “Mr. Knox hath spoken with the queen,” Randolph writes to Cecil, “and he made her weep, as well you know there be of that sex that will do that for anger as for grief; though in this the Lord James will disagree with me.” Of her, Knox said on the day of the interview, “In communication with her I espied such craft, as I have not found in such age. If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God, and against his truth, my judgment faileth me.” But, for the time, he was alone in this judgment; he could neither prevent the first concession of the mass, nor could he afterwards have it recalled, even when the results began to show themselves. And let us acknowledge that no set of gentlemen were ever placed in a harder position than this Council of Scotland; it is more easy to refuse a request which is backed by sword and cannon, than when it is in the lips of a young and beautiful princess; and their compliance cost them dear enough without the hard opinion of posterity. But it was from no insensibility of nature that Knox was so loud in his opposition; it was because evil was evil, let the persuasive force be what it would; and the old story that the soundest principle is the soundest policy, was witnessed to once more by thirteen years of crime and misery, due, all of it, to that one mistake.

But there were forces deeper than human will, and stronger than human error, on the side of the Protestants. In their language we should say God fought for them; in our own, that the laws by which he governs the world would have their way; and that the inherent connection of Catholicism, in those the last days of its power, with evil, was forced again to manifest itself. Even at the outset, in its claim for toleration, unconsciously it confessed its nature. When the municipal law was read according to custom at the Market Cross at Edinburgh, that “no adulterer, fornicator, or obstinate papist that corrupted the people, be found after forty-eight hours’ notice within the precincts of the town,” the council who had ordered it were deposed by command of the court, and a counter-proclamation issued, “That the town



should be patent to all the queen's lieges." And so, says Knox, "the devil got freedom again, whereas before he durst not have been seen in daylight upon the common street." How it came to pass that the Roman Catholic religion had come to be attended with such companions, why it was then so fruitful in iniquity, when once it had been the faith of saints, and when in our own day the professors of it (in this country) are at least as respectable as those of any other communion, are questions curious enough, but which would lead us far from our present subject; the fact itself is matter of pure experience. The cause perhaps was, briefly, that it was not a religion at all; with the ignorant it was a superstition; with the queen and the ecclesiastics it was the deadliest of misbeliefs; they had been brought to conceive that in itself it was a cause so excellent, that the advocacy and defence of it would be accepted of Heaven in lieu of every other virtue.

The court set the example of profligacy. Mary's own conduct was at first only ambiguous; but her French relations profited by the recovered freedom of what Knox calls the devil. The good people of Edinburgh were scandalized with shameful brothel riots, and not Catherine de Medicis herself presided over a circle of young ladies and gentlemen more questionable than those which filled the galleries of Holyrood. From the courtiers the scandal extended to herself, and in two years two of her lovers had already died upon the scaffold under very doubtful circumstances. Even more offensive and impolitic was the gala with which she celebrated the massacre of Vassy, the first of that infernal catalogue of crimes by which the French annals of those years are made infamous, and at last she joined the league which was to execute the Tridentine decrees, and extirpate Protestantism. Knox, from his pulpit, in St. Giles's, week after week, denounced these things; but the knights of the holy war were all wandering enchanted in the Armida forest, and refused to listen to him; and the people, though they lay beyond the circle of the charm, were, as yet, unable to interfere. Yet, in Knox, the fire which Mary dreaded was still kept alive, and she left no means untried to extinguish it. She threatened him, she cajoled him, sending for him again and again. Once she thought she had caught him, and he was summoned before the council to answer for one of his addresses, but it was all in vain. No weapon formed against him prospered. "What are you," she said

another time, "in this commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same, madam," he answered; "and albeit neither earl nor baron, yet God has made me, how abject soever in your eyes, a profitable member within the same." If no one else would speak the truth, the truth was not to remain unspoken, and should be spoken by him. After one of these interviews we find him falling into very unusual society. He had been told to wait in the anteroom, and being out of favor at court, "he stood in the chamber, although it was crowded with people who knew him, as one whom men had never seen." So, perceiving some of the young palace ladies sitting there, in their gorgeous apparel, like a gentleman as he was, he began to "forge talking" with them. Perhaps it will again be thought brutal in him to have frightened these delicate beauties, by suggesting unpleasant recollections. All depends on the way he did it; and if he did it like himself, there was no reason why, once in their lives, they should not listen to a few words of reason:—

"Oh, fair ladies," he said to them, "how pleasing were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not, and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targetting, pearls, nor precious stones."

This was no homily or admonition escaped out of a sermon, but a pure piece of genuine feeling right out from Knox's heart. The sight of the poor pretty creatures affected him. Very likely he could not help it.

So, however, matters went on growing worse and worse, till the Darnley marriage, the culminating point of Mary's career. Hitherto, as if by enchantment, she had succeeded in everything which she had attempted. The north of England was all at her devotion; with her own subjects her will had become all but omnipotent. The kirk party among the commons were firm among themselves; but the statesmen and the noblemen had deserted their cause, and they were now preparing to endure a persecution which they would be unable to resist. The Earl of Murray, whose eyes at last were opened, knowing that Darnley had been chosen by his sister as a prelude to an invasion of England, had opposed the marriage with all his power; and well it would have been for her if she

had listened to him. But Murray utterly failed. He called on his old party to support him, but it was all gone—broken in pieces by his own weakness, and by others' faults; and he had to fly for his life over the borders.

The Darnley marriage, however, which appeared so full of promise, was the one irretrievable step which ruined everything, and we can easily understand how it came to be so. Mary married for a political object, but she had over-calculated her powers of endurance, and though she must have known Darnley to be a fool, she had not counted on his being an unmanageable one. If he would have been passive in her hands—if he could have had the discretion not to see her vices, and would have been contented with so much favor as she was pleased to show him—all would have gone well; but he was foolish enough to resent and revenge his disgrace, and then to implore her to forgive him for having revenged it; and although her anger might have spared him, her contempt could not. There is no occasion for us to enter again upon that story. It is enough that, having brought her cause to the very crisis of success by a skill and perseverance without parallel in history, she flung it away with as unexampled a recklessness, and, instead of being the successful champion of her faith, she became its dishonor and its shame.

At the time of the murder, and during the months which followed it, Knox was in England; he returned, however, immediately on the flight of Bothwell, and was one of the council which sat to determine what should be done with the queen. It has been repeatedly stated that, in the course which was ultimately taken, the lords violated promises which they made to her before her surrender; but there is no reason for thinking so. The condition of a more lenient treatment was a definite engagement to abandon her husband; and, so far from consenting to abandon him, she declared to the last that "she would follow him in a linen kirtle round the world." But if the imprisonment at Lochleven appears to some amiable persons so inhuman and so barbarous, there was a party who regarded that measure as culpable leniency. Knox, with the ministers of the kirk, demanded that she should be brought to an open trial, and that, if she were found guilty of her husband's murder, she should be punished as any private person would be who committed the same crime. We have found hitherto that

when there was a difference of opinion between him and the other statesmen, the event appeared to show that he, and not they, had been right;—right in the plain, common-sense, human view;—and the same continues to hold on the present occasion.

We are most of us agreed that the enormity of crimes increases in the ratio of the rank of the offender; that when persons whom the commonwealth has intrusted with station and power, commit murder and adultery, their guilt is as much greater in itself, as the injury to society is greater from the effects of their example. But to acknowledge this in words, and yet to say that when sovereigns are the offenders sovereigns must be left to God, and may not be punished by man, is equivalent to claiming for them exemption from punishment altogether, and, in fact, to denying the divine government of the world. God does not work miracles to punish sinners; he punishes the sins of men by the hands of men. It is the law of the earth, as the whole human history from the beginning of time witnesses. Not the sovereign prince or princess, but the law of Almighty God is supreme in this world; and wherever God gives the power to execute it, we may be sure that it is His will that those who hold the power are to use it. If there is to be mercy anywhere for offenders, if any human beings at all are to be exempted from penalties, the exceptions are to be looked for at the other extreme of the scale, among the poor and the ignorant, who have never had means of knowing better.

If, therefore, Mary Stuart was guilty, we cannot but think that Knox knew best how to deal with her; and if the evidence, which really convinced all Scotland and England at the time that guilty she was, had been publicly, formally, and judicially brought forward, it would have been to the large advantage both of herself and the world that then was, and of all after generations. She, if then she had ascended the scaffold, would have been spared seventeen more years of crime. Scotland would have been spared a miserable civil war, of which the mercy that was shown her was the cause; and the world that came after would have been spared the waste of much unprofitable sympathy, and a controversy already three centuries long, which shows no sign of ending. It is one thing, we are well aware, to state in this hard, naked way, what ought to have been done; and quite another to have done it. Perhaps no action was ever demanded of any body of men which required more moral courage.

But for all that Knox was right. In the Bible, which was the canon of his life, he found no occasion for believing that kings and queens were, *ex officio*, either exempted from committing sins, or exempted from being punished for them. He saw in Mary a conspirator against the cause which he knew to be the cause of truth and justice, and he saw her visited, as it were, with penal blindness, staggering headlong into crime as the necessary and retributive consequence. For centuries these poor Scotch had endured these adulteries, and murders, and fornications, and they had risen up, at the risk of their lives, and purged them away; and here was a woman, who had availed herself of her position as their queen, "to set the devil free again," and become herself high priestess in his temple. With what justice could any offender be punished more, if she were allowed to escape? Escape, indeed, she did not. Vengeance fell, at last, on all who were concerned in that accursed business. Bothwell died mad in a foreign prison; the Archbishop of St. Andrews was hanged; Maitland escaped the executioner by poison; and Mary herself was still more sternly punished, by being allowed to go on, heaping crime on crime, till she, too, ended on the scaffold. But instead of accusing Knox of ferocity and hardness of heart, we will rather say that he only, and those who felt with him and followed him, understood what was required alike by the majesty of justice and the real interests of the world.

The worst, however, was now over: the cause of the Catholics was disgraced beyond recovery: the queen was dethroned and powerless; and the reformers were once more able to go forward with their work. Even so, they were obliged to content themselves with less than they desired; possibly they had been over sanguine from the first, and had persuaded themselves that more fruit might be gathered out of man's nature, than man's nature has been found capable of yielding; but it seemed as if the queen had flung a spell over the country from which, even after she was gone, it could not recover. Her name, as long as she was alive, was a rallying cry for disaffection, and those who were proof against temptation from her, took little pains to resist temptation from their own selfishness. The Earl of Morton, one of the most conspicuous professors of Protestantism, disgraced it with his profligacy; and many more disgraced it by their avarice. The abbey lands were too little for their large digestions. The office

of bishops had been abolished in the church, but the maintenance of them, as an institution, was convenient for personal purposes; the noble lords nominating some friend or kinsman to the sees as they fell vacant, who, without duties and without ordination, received the revenues and paid them over to their patrons, accepting such salary in return as was considered sufficient for their creditable service.

Yet if there was shadow there was more sunshine, and quite enough to make Knox's heart glad at last. The Earl of Murray was invited by the estates to undertake the regency; and this itself is a proof that they were sound at heart, for without doubt he was the best and the ablest man among them. The illegitimate son of James the Fifth, whatever virtue was left in the Stuart blood, had been given to him to compensate for his share in it, and while he was very young he had drawn the attention of the French and English courts, as a person of note and promise.

After remaining loyal as long as loyalty was possible to the queen-mother, he attached himself as we saw to John Knox, and became the most powerful leader of the Reformation. Bribes and threats were made use of to detach him from it, but equally without effect; even a cardinal's red hat was offered him by Catherine if he would sell his soul for it. But for such a distinction he had as little ambition as Knox himself could have had, and his only mistake arose from a cause for which we can scarcely blame his understanding, while it showed the nobleness of his heart; he believed too well, and he hoped too much of his father's daughter, and his affection for her made him blind. For her he quarrelled with his best friends; he defended her mass, and was for years her truest and most faithful servant; and she rewarded his affection with hatred, and his fidelity with plots for his murder. Whatever uprightness was seen in the first years of her administration was his work, for which she little thanked him; and the Scotch people, even while they deplored the position in which he had placed himself, yet could not refuse him their love for it. When he saw at last the course to which she had surrendered herself, he withdrew in shame from the court; he had no share in her deposition; he left Scotland after the murder, only returning to it when he was invited to take upon himself the regency and the guardianship of his nephew; and he came back saddened into a truer knowledge of mankind,

and a determination to do his duty, cost him what it would. He could be no stranger to what the world would say of him. He knew that those who had tried already to murder him, would make their plots surer, and their daggers sharper now—but he dared it all, and the happiest three years which Scotland had known were those of his government. The thieves of the Border were held down; the barons were awed or coerced into respect for property and life, and the memory of those golden years lived long in the admiring regret of less favored times. Even the Book of Discipline, though it could not be passed in its fulness, yet became law in many of its most important provisions. Among others let us look at the punishment which was decreed against fornicators:—

“On the first offence they are to pay eighty pounds (Scots), or be committed to prison for eight days, and there fed only upon bread and the smallest beer. They are afterwards, on the next market-day, to be placed in some conspicuous situation, whence they may easily be seen by every one, there to remain from ten o'clock till twelve, with their heads uncovered and bound with rings of iron. For the second offence, the penalty is one hundred and thirty pounds, or sixteen days' imprisonment, on bread and water; their heads to be shaved, and themselves to be exposed as before. For the third offence, two hundred pounds, or forty-eight days' imprisonment; and then, after having been three times dipped in deep water, to be banished the town or parish.”

We talk of the progress of the species, and we are vain of our supposed advance in the virtues of civilized humanity, but no such wholesome horror of sensuality is displayed among ourselves. We shall perhaps insist that this law was a dead letter, that it could not have been enforced, and that to enact laws which are above the working level of morality, is to bring law itself into disrespect. But there is reason to think, that it was not altogether a dead letter, and there was a special provision that “gryt men offending in syk crimes should receive the same as the pure;” under which one noble lady at least actually suffered, though for a different offence.

But nations, it will be said, cannot be governed in this way, and for the present, such is the “hardness of our hearts,” it is unfortunately true that they cannot. Hereafter, perhaps, if progress is anything but a name, more may admit of being done with human nature; but while we remain at our

present level, any such high demands upon it are likely to turn out failures. In the meantime, however, if by the grace of the upper powers, sufficient virtue has been found in a body of people to endure such a law for however brief periods, we suppose that such periods are the light points in the history of mankind: and achievements like this of Murray's among the best and noblest which man has been permitted to accomplish.

It is not a little touching to find that Knox, when the country was at last in the right hands, thought now of leaving it, and of going back to end his days in peace at Geneva. He had fought the fight, he had finished the work which was given to him to do; it was imperfect, but with the given materials, more could not be done; and as it had been by no choosing of his own that so great a part had fallen to him, so now when it seemed played out, and his presence no longer necessary, he would gladly surrender a position in itself so little welcome to him.

“God comfort that little flock,” he wrote about this time, “among whom I lived with quietness of conscience, and contentment of heart; and amongst whom I would be content to end my days, if so it might stand with God's good pleasure. For seeing it hath pleased His Majesty above all men's expectation to prosper the work, for the performing whereof I left that company, I would even as gladly return to them, as ever I was glad to be delivered from the rage of mine enemies.”

Surely we should put away our notion of the ferocious fanatic with the utmost speed. The heart of Knox was full of loving and tender affections. He could not, as he said himself, “bear to see his own bairns greet when his hand chastised them.”

If he had then gone back to Geneva, and heard no more of Scotland; or if he had died at the time at which he thought of going, he might have passed away, like Simeon, with a *Nunc dimittis Domine*, believing that the salvation of his country was really come. So, however, it was not to be. Four more years were still before him: years of fresh sorrows, crimes, and calamities. His place, to the last, was in the battle, and he was to die upon the field; and if rest was in store for him, he was to find it elsewhere, and not in the thing which we call life—

Τῆς οἰδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ καρθάνειν  
Τὸ καρθάνειν δὲ ζῆν.

The why and the how is all mystery. Our



business is with the fact as we find it, which wise men accept nobly, and do not quarrel with it.

The flight of Mary from Lochleven was the signal for the re opening the civil war. If she had been taken at Langside she would have been immediately executed; but by her escape into England, and by the uncertainty of Elizabeth's policy respecting her, she was able to recall the act by which she had abdicated her crown, and reassert her right as sovereign, with the countenance, as it appeared in Scotland, of the English queen. Her being allowed an ambassador in London, and Elizabeth's refusal to confirm her deposition, led all parties to believe that before long, there would be an active interference in her favor: and the hope, if it was no more, was sufficient to keep the elements of discord from being extinguished. As long as Murray was alive it was unable to break out into flame, but more dangerously, and at last fatally for him, it took the form of private conspiracy to take him off by assassination. John Knox, in the bitterness of his heart, blamed Elizabeth for Murray's death. He had never understood or liked her, and when her own ministers were unable to realize the difficulty of dealing with Mary, when even they, after the share of the latter in the rising of the north was discovered, were ready to crush the "bosom serpent" as they called her, without further scruple, it was not likely that he would forgive the protection which had cost his country its truest servant. Perhaps when we think of the bitterness with which Elizabeth's memory has been assailed on account of this wretched woman, even after the provocation of seventeen more years of wickedness, we can better appreciate her hesitation. Knox demanded that she should be delivered up to justice; and for the peace of Scotland, and of England, too, it would have been well had his demand been acceded to. Many a crime would have been spared, and many a head would have laid down on an unbloody pillow, which was sliced away by the executioner's axe in that bad cause; and yet there are few of our readers who will not smile at the novel paradox, that Elizabeth treated Mary Stuart with too much leniency. Elizabeth, perhaps, felt for herself, that "in respect of justice, few of us could 'scape damnation,'"

"And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice."

When the rule of right is absolute, at all haz-

ards—even at the hazard of our good name—we must obey it. But beyond all expressed rules or codes lies that large debateable land of equity which the imperfection of human understandings can never map into formulæ, and where the heart alone can feel its way. That other formula, "the idolater shall die the death," if it could have been universally applied, as Knox believed it to be of universal application, would at the moment at which he uttered it have destroyed Francis Xavier.

Yet, again, let us not condemn Knox. It was that fixed intensity of purpose which alone sustained him in those stormy waters; and he may rightly have demanded what Elizabeth might not rightly concede. His prayer on the murder of the Regent is finely characteristic of him. It was probably extempore, and taken down in note by some one who heard it:—

"Oh Lord, what shall we add to the former petitions we know not; yet alas, oh Lord, our conscience bears us record that we are unworthy that thou shouldst continue thy graces to us by reason of our horrible ingratitude. In our extreme miseries we called, and thou in the multitude of thy mercies heard us. And first thou delivered us from the tyranny of merciless strangers, next from the bondage of idolatry, and last from the yoke of that wretched woman, the mother of all mischief. And in her place thou didst erect her son, and to supply his infancy thou didst appoint a regent endued with such graces as the devil himself cannot accuse or justly convict him, this only excepted, that foolish pity did so far prevail in him concerning execution and punishment which thou commandedst to have been executed upon her and her complices, the murderers of her husband. Oh Lord, in what misery and confusion found he this realm. To what rest and quietness suddenly by his labors he brought the same all estates, but specially the poor commons, can witness. Thy image, Lord, did so clearly shine in that personage, that the devil, and the wicked to whom he is prince, could not abide it; and so to punish our sins and ingratitude, who did not rightly esteem so precious a gift, thou hast permitted him to fall, to our great grief, into the hands of cruel and traitorous murderers. He is at rest, oh Lord, and we are left in extreme misery.

"If thy mercy prevent us not, we cannot escape just condemnation, for that Scotland has spared and England has maintained the life of that most wicked woman. Oppose thy power, oh Lord, to the pride of that cruel murderer of her awn husband; confound her faction and their subtle enterprises, and let them and the world know that thou art a God that can deprehend the wise in their own wisdom, and the proud in the imagination of their wicked hearts. Lord, retain us that call upon thee in thy true fear. Give

thou strength to us to fight our battle; yea, Lord, to fight it lawfully, and to end our lives in the sanctification of thy holy name."

In 1570 he was struck with paralysis; he recovered partially, and lived for two more years, but they were years so deplorable that even his heart grew weary and sick within him, and he longed to be gone out of the world. As before, he was the one centre of life round which the ever-flagging energies of the Protestants rallied; but by the necessity of the time, which could not be resisted, the lead of the party fell to one or other of the great noblemen who were small credit to it, and who were following worldly objects under a mask of sanctity. The first regent who succeeded Murray was Darnley's father, the Earl of Lennox; then he too was murdered, and the Earl of Mar came, and the Earl of Morton, with their *tulchan* bishops; the country tearing itself in pieces, and they unwilling to commit themselves to peremptory action, lest Elizabeth (as they expected that she would) should restore Mary, and if they had gone too far in opposition to her they might find it impossible to obtain their pardon. Once more in this distracted time Knox stood out alone, broken with age and sickness, and deserted even by the assembly of the kirk, to brave the storm, and again to conquer in it. He had been required to pray for the queen.

"I pray not for her as queen," he said, "for queen to me she is not; and I am not a man of law that has my tongue to sell for silver or the favor of the world. And for what I have spoke against the adultery and the murder, when I am taught by God's word that the reproof of sin is an evil thing I shall do as God's word commands me. But unto that time, which will not be till the morn after doomsday, and not then, I hold the sentence given by God to his prophets Jeremy and Ezekiel, to stand for a perpetual law, which, with God's assistance, I follow to my life's end."

Not the least painful feature of the present state of things was the disruption of friendships which had stood through all the years of previous trial. The most important leaders of the Marian party were now Maitland of Lethington, and Sir William Kircaldy, both of whom belonged to the first reformers of the revolution, and one of whom we saw long ago among the exiles of St. Andrews; but times were changed, or they were changed, and they were now the bitterest enemies of all for which then they risked life and good name. It was probably Maitland who, feeling the same anxiety to

silence Knox as Mary had felt, took the opportunity of his disagreement with the assembly to prefer a series of anonymous charges against him. He was accused, among other things, of having been a traitor to his country, and of having betrayed Scotland to the English; and we can almost pardon the accusation, for the answer which it drew from him:—

"What I have been to my country," he said, "albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the age to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiting all men that has anything to oppose against me, that he will do it so plainly as I make myself and all my doings manifest to the world; for to me it seems a thing most unreasonable, that in this my decrepit age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows and *Howlettes*, that dare not abide the light."

It is to the lasting disgrace of Sir William Kircaldy, otherwise a not ignoble man, that, commanding the Castle of Edinburgh as he did, he permitted an attempt which was now made to murder Knox to pass by without inquiry or punishment; and that when the citizens applied for permission to form a bodyguard about his house, he refused to grant it. To save his country the shame of a second attempt which might be successful, the old man was obliged, the year before he died, feeble and broken as he was, to leave his house and take shelter in St. Andrews. For himself it was in every way trying; but sunny lights are thrown upon his retirement there by the affectionate reminiscences of a student, young Melville, who was then at the college, and who used to see him and hear him talk and preach continually.

"He ludgit," we are told, "down in the Abbey beside our college; he wad sometimes come in and repose him in our college-yard, and call us scholars unto him, and bless us, and exhort us to know God and his work in our country, and stand by the gude cause, to use our time well, and learn the gude instruction."

But the sermons, of course, were the great thing. We remember Randolph's expression of the six hundred trumpets, and we can readily fancy the eager crowding of these boys to listen to him.

"I heard him teach the prophecies of Daniel that summer and winter," says Melville. "I haid my pen and my little baik, and tuk away sic things as I could comprehend. In the opening up of his text he was moderate, the space of half an hour; but when he entered into application he made me so to grewe and tremble, that I could

not hold a pen to write. He was very weak. I saw him every day of his doctrine go hulle and fear, with a furring of masticks about his neck, a staff in one hand, and godly Richard Ballenden (Bannatyne), his servant, holding up the other oxtar, from the Abbey to the parish kirk, and he the said Richard, and another servant, lifted him up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entry; but ere he had done with his sermon he was sae active and vigorous that he was lyke to ding the pulpit in blads, and fly out of it."

If this description should lead any person to suppose that his sermons contained what is called rant, we can only desire him to read the one specimen which is left us, and for which he was summoned as being unusually violent. Of that sermon, we should say, that words more full of deep clear insight into human life, were never uttered in a pulpit. It is all which pulpit eloquence, properly so called, is not, full of powerful understanding and broad masculine sense; and the emotion of it, the real emotion of a real heart. *Doctrine*, in the modern sense, we suspect was very little heard in Knox's sermons; any more than vague denunciations of abstract wickedness. He aimed his arrows right down upon wicked acts, and the wicked doers of them, present or not present, sovereign or subject; and our Exeter Hall friends would have had to complain of a lamentable deficiency of "gospel truth."

After thirteen months' absence, a truce between the contending parties enabled Knox to return to Edinburgh. The summer of 1572 was drawing to its close, and his life was ebbing away from him with the falling year. He attempted once to preach in his old church, but the effort was too great for him; he desired his people to choose some one to fill his place, and had taken his last leave of them, when at the beginning of September the news came of the Bartholomew massacre. If even now, with three centuries rolling between us and that horrible night, our blood still chills in us at the name of it, it is easy to feel what it must have been when it was the latest birth of time; and nowhere, except in France itself, was the shock of it felt as it was in Scotland. The associations of centuries had bound the two countries together in ties of more than common alliance; and between the Scotch Protestants and the Huguenots, there were further connections of the closest and warmest attachment. They had fought for the same cause and against the same persecutors; they had stood by each other in their common trials; and in 1559, Condé and Coligni had saved Scotland by distracting the attention

of the Guises at home. Community of interest had led to personal intimacies and friendships, and in time of danger such links are stronger than those of blood—so that thousands of the Paris victims were dearer than brothers to the Lowland Protestants. One cry of horror rose all over Scotland. The contending parties forgot their animosities; even the Catholics let fall their arms in shame, and the flagging energies of Knox rallied back once more, to hurl across the Channel the execrations of a nation whom a crime so monstrous had for a moment reunited. The Tolbooth was fitted up for the occasion, and the voice of the dying hero was heard for the last time in its thunder, denouncing the vengeance of Heaven on the contrivers of that accursed deed.

But this was the last blow to him. "He was weary of the world, as the world was weary of him." There was nothing now for him to do; and the world at its best, even without massacres of St. Bartholomew, is not so sweet a place, that men like him care to linger in it longer than necessary. A few days before he died, feeling what was coming, in a quiet simple way he set his house in order and made his few preparations. We find him paying his servants' wages, telling them these were the last which they would ever receive from him, and so giving them each twenty shillings over. Two friends come in to dine with him, not knowing of his illness, and "for their cause he came to the table, and caused pierce an hogged of wine which was in the cellar, and willed them send for the same as long as it lasted, for that he would not tarry till it was drunken."

As the news got abroad, the world, in the world's way, came crowding with their anxieties and inquiries. Among the rest came the Earl of Morton, then just declared regent; and from his bed the old man spoke words to him which, years after, on the scaffold, Lord Morton remembered with bitter tears. One by one they came and went. As the last went out, he turned to Campbell of Braid, who would not leave him—

"Ilk ane," he said, "bids me gude night, but when will ye do it? I have been greatly behaudin and indebted to you, whilk I can never be able to recompense you. But I commit you to One who is able to do it, that is to the eternal God."

The curtain is drawing down; it is time that we drop it altogether. He had taken leave of the world, and only the few

dear ones of his own family now remained with him for a last sacred parting on the shore of the great ocean of eternity. The evening before he died, he was asked how he felt. He said he had been sorely tempted by Satan, "and when" he saw he could not prevail, he tempted me to have trusted in myself, or to have boasted of myself; but I repulsed him with this sentence—*Quid habes quod non accepisti*." It was the last stroke of his "long struggle," the one business of life for him and all of us—the struggle with self. The language may have withered into formal theology, but the truth is green for ever.

On Monday, the twenty-fourth of November, he got up in the morning, and partially dressed himself, but feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain; "It is na painful pain," he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle."

His wife sate by him with the Bible open on her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth of the first of Corinthians. He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time, I commend my spirit, soul, and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for the moment. Towards evening he lay still for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, whilk was the longer, because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over, the physician asked him if he had heard anything. "Aye," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard, and I praise God for that heavenly sound."

"Suddenly thereafter he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out, 'Now it is come!' Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, 'Now, sir, the time that ye have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which ofttime ye have shewn to us, of our Saviour Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign,' and so he lifted up his hand; and incontinent thereafter, rendered up the spirit, and slept away without any pain."

In such sacred stillness, the strong spirit which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God. What he had been to those who were gathered about his death-bed,

they did not require to be taught by losing him. What he had been to his country, "Albeit," in his own words, "that unthankful age would not know," the after ages have experienced, if they have not confessed. His work is not to be measured by the surface changes of ecclesiastical establishments, or the substitution for the idolatry of the mass of a more subtle idolatry of formulæ. Religion with him was a thing not of forms and words, but of obedience and righteous life; and his one prayer was, that God would grant to him and all mankind "the whole and perfect hatred of sin." His power was rather over the innermost heart of his country, and we should look for the traces of it among the keystones of our own national greatness. Little as Elizabeth knew it, that one man was among the pillars on which her throne was held standing in the hour of its danger, when the tempest of rebellion and invasion which had gathered over her passed away without breaking. We complain of the hard destructiveness of these old reformers, and contrast complacently our modern "progressive improvement" with their intolerant iconoclasm, and we are like the agriculturalists of a long settled country who should feed their vanity by measuring the crops which they can raise against those raised by their ancestors, forgetting that it was these last who rooted the forests off the ground, and laid the soil open to the seed.

The real work of the world is done by men of the Knox and Cromwell stamp. It is they who, when the old forms are worn away and will serve no longer, fuse again the rusted metal of humanity, and mould it afresh; and, by and by, when they are past away, and the metal is now cold, and can be approached without danger to limb or skin, appear the enlightened liberals with file and sand-paper, and scour off the outer roughness of the casting, and say—See what a beautiful statue we have made. Such a thing it was when we found it, and now its surface is like a mirror, we can see our own faces in every part of it.

But it is time to have done. We had intended to have said something of Knox's writings, but for the present our limits are run out. We will leave him now with the brief epitaph which Morton spoke as he stood beside his grave: "There lies one who never feared the face of mortal man."



From the Westminster Review.

## BALZAC AND HIS WRITINGS.\*

IN the last act of Soulié's "Closérie des Genêts," (an amputation from which, with comic excrescences, was played at the Adelphi, under the title of the "Willow Copse,") the following dialogue takes place between two of the principal characters:—

"*Montéclain.* Have you read M. de Balzac?"

"*Léona.* I should not be a woman if I did not know all his delightful works by heart."

"*Montéclain.* In that case you must remember his 'Histoire des Treize'?"

"*Léona.* Indeed I do remember it. It interested me exceedingly."

The "Histoire des Treize" is a most exciting narrative, founded upon a compact between thirteen "great-hearted gentlemen," who have sworn to avenge society of certain injuries, the authors of which it is impossible to reach by the ordinary legal means. We never admired it so much as Léona appears to have done, and we have no pretensions to knowing more than half a dozen of "Balzac's delightful works by heart;" but after allowing for the exaggeration peculiar to the theatre, and further, for the exaggeration generally found in the expressions of ladies in real life, we have no hesitation in saying that Léona's admiration for the author of the "Comédie Humaine," was and is equalled by that of the most educated women in France. A few years ago, the most popular thing in Paris after M. de Balzac himself, was M. de Balzac's cane; portraits and caricatures of the former were in all the print-shops, and Madame de Girardin's clever novel suggested by the latter, was in all the libraries. Now that Balzac's features are beginning to be forgotten, and that his diamond-headed cane has become a relic, his popularity is attested by the numerous forms in which his works are produced, and the variety of other works of which his

own form the basis. Since 1850, the year in which literature was deprived of the author who has depicted with the greatest success the morals and manners of the first half of the nineteenth century, the works composing his "Comédie Humaine" have been given to the public in two different illustrated editions; his plays have been published in a complete form; his "Mercadet" has been produced amidst universal applause; two or three biographical and critical sketches of him have appeared; a book devoted to his female characters, and another containing his maxims and reflections have been brought out, and numerous pieces, founded upon narratives by him, have been represented at various theatres.

"In the provinces," wrote Sainte Beuve, a few years since, "M. de Balzac has met with the most lively enthusiasm. There are numbers of women living there whose secret he has divined, who make a profession of loving him, who discourse continually on his genius, and who endeavor, pen in hand, to vary and embroider, in their turn, the inexhaustible theme of these charming sketches, 'La Femme de trente ans,' 'La Femme malheureuse,' 'La Femme abandonnée.'" In St. Petersburg, where he is said to have been invited by the Court, he was scarcely less popular than in Paris. It was there that a lady, hearing Balzac was in the room, is said to have dropped a glass of water through emotion. In Venice, it was once the fashion to represent Balzac's characters in drawing-rooms, and "during an entire season," says the critic above mentioned, "nothing but Rastignacs, Duchesses de Langeais, and Duchesses de Maufrigneuse could be seen." Germain sent letters entreating the author to continue his "Illusions perdues" without delay; and one notary wrote from a distant and uncivilized part of France to request that M. de Balzac would make the members of his profession appear in a more engaging light than that in which they had hitherto been represented.

1. *Honoré de Balzac: Essai sur l'Homme et sur l'Œuvre.* Par Armand Baschet. Avec Notes Historiques par Champfleury.

2. *Vie de H. de Balzac.* Par Desnoiresterres.

In spite of Balzac's long and continued popularity on the continent, only two of his productions have been translated into English. One of these, "*La Grande Bretèche*," is an episode in one of his novels where it is introduced as a tale of horror, in order to dismay a lady whose conduct has been supposed to offer some analogy to that of the heroine of the said episode. Powerfully written and terrible as it undoubtedly is, this episode, when viewed by itself, is like a diamond taken out of its setting. It appeared in one of the annuals, and the author's name was not attached to it. The comedy of "*Mercadet*" also, cut down from five acts to three by M. Dennery, has had an English physiognomy given to it, and has been acted, with great success, at the Lyceum. How it happens that not one of Balzac's novels—not even "*Eugénie Grandet*," nor the "*Recherches de l'absolu*," both of which are not only irreproachable as to the morality of the details, but have the additional advantage of being master-pieces—how it happens that neither of these has been translated into English, we can only explain by the supposition that the publishers of translations imagine the public cares for nothing more elevated than Eugene Sue, or more decent than Paul de Kock. Without possessing the slightest affection for paradoxes, we think we can prove that the popularity of French novelists in England, is in inverse proportion to their literary merits. If we judge by the number of his works (!) translated, we find that high-minded and conscientious artist, Paul de Kock, occupying the first place in popularity, although there are forcible reasons—the extended sale which the "*Mysteries*" and the "*Wandering Jew*" met with—for assigning the post of honor to the pure and gentle Eugene Sue. Next comes Dumas, proving, by his own case alone, the truth of our theory, inasmuch as only one volume of his "*Impressions de Voyage*," and scarcely any of his carefully-written novels have been translated, whereas most of his violently unnatural romances, without ever having been written in French, have nevertheless been "*done into English*." Very few of George Sand's works have been translated, and only two of Merimée's. Lastly, not one of Balzac's novels has ever been presented in an English dress,—which, according to our theory, would prove M. de Balzac to have been the greatest of French novelists, a conclusion to which a careful perusal of his works had already led us.

In Balzac's "*Mémoires de deux jeunes*

Mariées," one of the heroines mentions what was undoubtedly true at the time, viz., that out of all the novels and romances in circulation, the only ones worth reading are "*Corinne*," and Benjamin Constant's "*Adolphe*." In "*Corinne*," however, the characters are mere shadows, and, moreover, unnatural shadows; and in Benjamin Constant's admirable tale, Adolphe and Eléonore, are quite without individuality. The only pictures of manners existing in France, when Balzac was preparing to make his *début*, were "*Gil Blas*" (if we can apply the term picture to a panorama) and "*Manon Lescaut*." In "*Gil Blas*," the fact of all the characters being knaves, with the exception of a select few who are fools, and the entire absence of sentiment and passion, render it, on the whole, an untrue picture of human life, in spite of the knowledge of mankind exhibited in almost every page; while the frequent interruption of the story by the introduction of episodes more or less interesting, renders it tedious, in spite of the variety of the incidents and the wit of the narrative. Absence of passion is certainly not the fault of "*Manon Lescaut*," and although the constant recurrence of the same situation makes it resemble a beautiful duet, in which the same motive is too frequently repeated, it was, perhaps, the truest picture of human life existing in France anno Domini 1830. The country which, in less than twenty years, has produced Balzac and George Sand, Nodier, Mérimée, Jules Sandeau, and Alphonse Karr, Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and Alfred de Vigny, can afford to admit this undeniable truth,—that it possessed no more than the germ of a literature of fiction until nearly the middle of the present century.

The influence of the French Academy, which, while endeavoring to preserve the language of France, has nearly stifled its literature by sacrificing all other principles of art to the heroic and the classical (otherwise the conventional), can alone explain the existence of Scudéry and the celebrity of Florian; and the attack on conventionality in the drama, which was commenced by Victor Hugo during the Restoration, had for its indirect effect a reform in the novel, as it notoriously aided that which has since taken place in painting. In England, where Providence has spared us the infliction of an Academy, and where the standard of taste has always been so low that thinkers have been able, ever since the dark ages, to express their thoughts in any form which they have chosen to select—in England the literary

warfare of the romanticists against the classicists, or, in other words, of those who would be flogged at no school against a school of pedants, can scarcely be comprehended. The petition of certain French dramatists to the Academy, praying that means might be taken for preventing the representation of plays written by Hugo, Dumas, and all such innovators, is as inexplicable to us as the opposition to Géricault, who had the audacity to paint modern subjects as they occurred in modern times, and who could not be persuaded to represent a French hussar in the costume of a Roman gladiator. When the directors of the Louvre purchased Géricault's "Wreck of the Medusa," they intended to cut out the heads, in order to use them as studies for the pupils! (*vide* "Memoirs of A. Dumas;") and the obstacles which were constantly thrown in the path of Victor Hugo, show that more than one person connected with the production of his plays, would gladly have marred their general effect in an analogous manner. Yet this painter, who is so great a poet, and this poet who is so great a painter, have been the salvation of French art and French literature, by driving away the more or less successful imitators of those who have themselves, with more or less success, imitated the classics.

The reform in art, to which the name of romanticism has been given—a name which has never been accepted by its chiefs—by abolishing the conventional models, led naturally enough to the adoption of real and natural models, and to the exact imitation of nature. "Art," says one of Balzac's literary heroes, "is nature concentrated." Those who copy from nature, and, above all, from modern nature, and the nature which surrounds them at every instant, were destined to receive from the champions of conventionality the appellation of "realists,"—this "realism" being in fact only a continuation or branch of what had before been absurdly styled "romanticism." The head of this realist school was Honoré de Balzac; and we shall see, from the history of his life and from an examination of some of his principal works, in the order in which they appeared, that it was many years even before he understood the true bent of his genius and the destinies of the modern French novel.

Honoré de Balzac was born on the 16th March, 1799, at Tours, the birth-place of Rabelais, Descartes, and Paul Louis Courier; and it is at this town that the scene of some of his most admirable productions is laid. Madame de Mortsauf lived in a valley of

Touraine; the "Grenadière," to which Madame de Willemsens retired broken-hearted, is at Tours, in a spot which those who have read the exquisite tale fancy they must have seen; the carefully-finished picture of the jealousies and manœuvres of small people in a small town, with the effect of the same upon an amiable but weak-minded curate, represents the society of Tours; and it was at Tours that Gaudissart, the illustrious bagman, failed in his daring attempt to make the lunatic take a year's subscription to the "Globe" newspaper. Balzac always possessed the same affection for the "Turkey of France" which many of his favorite characters are made to exhibit: in the prefatory letter to the "Lys dans la Vallée" Felix de Vandenesse, writing to Natalie de Mannerville, says, "I do not love Touraine as much as I love you, but if Touraine did not exist I should die."

At seven years of age, Honoré was sent to the college of Vendôme, where he is said, by M. Desnoiresterres, to have been remarkable for his inattention to ordinary studies, and his affection for "Louis Lambert," whose story M. Desnoiresterres appears to regard as a piece of actual biography. Similar mistakes have been made several times since the days of Defoe, and must be looked upon as complimentary to the *realizing* power of an author, although they say little for the discrimination of the reader who falls into such an error. M. Armand Baschet, from whose excellent memoir we shall borrow the few important facts connected with a life which was purely literary, mentions that Balzac, when at school, wrote a "Traité de la Volonté," which one of the masters discovered, and, as a matter of course, burned. The "human will," as the readers of Balzac will remember, was the subject to which Raphael, in the "Peau de Chagrin," devoted his two years' study, which ended in an essay intended to form the "necessary complement to the works of Mesmer, Gall, and Lavater."

Having taken his degree of bachelor of arts, Honoré studied law, and at the same time attended the lectures at the Sorbonne and the College of France with the greatest punctuality. At the age of nineteen he entered the office of a solicitor, and of course discovered that the profession was an intolerable one. A year afterwards he attempted to reduce himself to the proportions of a notary's clerk, without any sort of success. The crisis, as the newspapers say, was now at hand.

The scene is laid in the Rue du Temple.

M. de Balzac père, his wife, his daughter, and his son Honoré, are discovered seated in their drawing-room. The father is walking up and down the room in an agitated manner, the ladies are executing some fancy work of the period, and the son is turning over the leaves of a book, and wishing he was not clerk to a notary. M. de Balzac père pauses in his promenade, and asks his son abruptly, what profession he intends definitively to adopt. M. de Balzac fils replies, that he wishes to become an author (*a laugh*). The scene ends with the exit of M. de Balzac fils, who hires the traditional garret of authorship at No. 7, Rue des Lesdiguières, close to the library of the Arsenal, and writes a tragedy. This tragedy—the inevitable prelude to almost all literary labors—is read to the Balzac family, and submitted by its chief to M. Andrieux. M. Andrieux declares that the author is incapable even of attaining mediocrity, and Honoré de Balzac is looked upon as a sublieutenant named Napoleon was looked upon at Valence, when a lady refused her consent to his marriage with her daughter, because the young artillery officer appeared to have no chance of getting on in the world!

The Rue des Lesdiguières appears to have been to Balzac what the Rue de Cluny was to the aforesaid Raphael, when he lived on a franc a day, and concealed his five-franc pieces for the opposite reason to that which makes the miser hide his treasures, and lest he should be tempted to change one of them before its time. "This," says M. Baschet, "was the solitary period of his existence. He saw no one, made long walks, studied the quarter, worked much, and ate little." In 1822, M. de Balzac commenced his practical studies as a novelist, and produced in the course of four years some thirty or forty volumes, signed Horace Saint Aubin, Viellerglé, and Lord R'hône (an anagram of Honoré). These productions, which were looked upon by Balzac as mere exercises, were written in collaboration with two or more writers, who have preserved their original obscurity. The first work was sold for 200 francs, the second for 400, the third for 800, and the fourth for 1200, the payments being made in bills. About this period, Balzac must have been attacked by the severe illness, the recovery from which he ascribes, in the dedication of the "*Lys dans la Vallée*," to the care and skill of Dr. Nacquart. "I studied seven years," said M. de Balzac to M. Champfleury, "before learning what the French language really was. When

quite young I had an illness, of which nineteen persons out of twenty die. I was cured, and commenced writing the whole of the day. I wrote seven novels, simply as exercises. One to learn dialogue, one for description, one for the grouping of the characters, one for the composition, &c. I wrote them in collaboration; some of them, however, are entirely my own, I do not know which. I do not recognize them." M. de Balzac said, that after these studies and these bad novels, he began to disbelieve in the French language "so little known in France."

In 1826, M. de Balzac went into partnership with a M. Barbier, as a printer. A one-volume edition of La Fontaine, and another of Molière, had been previously brought out by him, and it was in hopes of regaining the fifteen thousand francs which he borrowed and lost in the speculation, that he started the printing-office. The printing-office turning out a failure, Balzac resolved to get back from the publishers and printers the money which he had lost by printing and publishing; and in 1827, produced the "*Dernier Chouan*," the first book to which he affixed his real name; and the only contribution towards the twenty-two works which were to have composed the "*Scènes de la Vie Militaire*." The "*Dernier Chouan*" is written in imitation of Walter Scott, and many of the remarks which D'Arthez makes to Lucien de Rubempré, à propos of his "*Archer de Charles IX.*," upon which his reputation at Paris is to depend (*vide* "*Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris*"), may be applied to it.

In 1829, M. de Girardin, who was then editor of the "*Mode*," inserted in that periodical a tale by M. de Balzac, entitled "*El Verdugo*." This is a story of a Spanish noble family, which is concerned in a treacherous plot to massacre a French garrison. The whole family is sentenced to death, but the life of the heir to the title is at length spared, upon condition that he will do the office of executioner upon the remaining members, which he is ultimately forced to do by the peremptory command of his father. Although the tale exhibits great narrative power, the general effect of it is one of unmitigated horror, and it certainly belongs to Horace Saint Aubin rather than to Honoré de Balzac.

In 1830, Balzac published the "*Physiology of Marriage*," (*Physiologie du Mariage, ou Méditations de philosophie éclectique sur le bonheur et le malheur conjugal, publiée par*



*un jeune célibataire.*) This work met with the greatest success, and the authorship (for it was published anonymously) was variously attributed to an old man of fashion grown cynical, an old *roué* of a physician, and other sexagenarians. No one could believe that it had been written by a man of thirty, until the man of thirty, in consequence of repeated misrepresentations as to the authorship and the habits and character of the author, felt it necessary to come forward and avow himself. The only work we can compare the "Philosophy of Marriage" with is the "Marriage Bed," by Defoe, to which, as regards the division of the subject, and in some other particulars, it bears a considerable resemblance. Defoe has treated his subject much too coarsely for his book to be considered readable in the present day; but the objection to Balzac's work relates not so much to impropriety in the details, as to the grave, scientific manner in which he affects to regard the most trivial matters connected with husbands and wives, and to the tone of irony which pervades his entire work, and which, for those who understand him, constitutes its greatest charm. M. Jules Janin, the author of the "Ane Mort," and other unpopular atrocities which seem to have been written by a bewildered butcher, with a skewer dipped in blood, declared that the "Physiology" was "infernal." Numerous journalists of virtue misquoted Balzac, in order to prove that he disbelieved in the existence of a single virtuous woman; and our own "Quarterly Review" denounced him as a writer, who, amongst other things, "referred us to Rousseau as the standard and text-book of public morals." The passage in which Balzac refers to Rousseau is as follows: "*Ouvrez Rousseau, car il ne s'agit d'aucune question de morale publique dont il n'ait d'avance indiqué la PORTEE.*" To render the word *portée* by either "standard" or "text-book," is certainly a "free" translation. The fact is, Balzac had a far more elevated notion of virtue than those who have attacked him. He knew how to distinguish between virtue and "the homage which vice pays to virtue," and, admiring it profoundly, found it, like all things worthy of profound admiration, exceedingly rare. "A virtuous woman," says the author of the "Physiology," "has in her heart a fibre more or less than other women; she is stupid or sublime." Indeed, it is not the wives, but the husbands, against whom the book in question is directed. "The faults of the wives are so many acts of accusation

against the egotism, heedlessness, and worthlessness of the husbands," says the "*Jeune Célibitaire.*" And again, "conjugal happiness proceeds from a perfect concord between the souls of the husband and wife. Hence it results that, in order to be happy, the husband must conform to certain rules of honor and delicacy. If his happiness is to consist in being loved, he must himself love sincerely, and nothing can resist a genuine passion. . . . It is as absurd to pretend that it is impossible to love the same woman always, as it would be to say that a celebrated musician requires several violins to execute a piece of music, and to create an enchanting melody."

In the preface to the first edition of the "*Peau de Chagrin*," Balzac states, that in the "Physiology" he had made an attempt to revive the literature of the eighteenth century. This preface has been suppressed in the subsequent editions, but the author declares in it (as far as we can remember his words), that "unless we return to the literature of our ancestors, a deluge of barbarians, and the burning of our libraries, are the only things which can save us, and enable us to recommence the eternal circle in which the human mind appears to go round." He then explains that the public had declared itself unable to sympathize any longer with the heroes and heroines of consumption, and that it was beginning to feel the bad effects of the literature of blood, fire and rapine, so flourishing immediately before the appearance of the "*Peau de Chagrin*," which was written with the avowed purpose of anatomizing and exposing French society as it existed immediately after the Revolution of 1830. "Your mean costumes, your unsuccessful revolutions, your shop-keeping politicians, your religion dead, your powers paralyzed, your kings on half-pay—are these so fine," he asks, "that you would have them transfigured? No," he continues, "I can only laugh at you (*il n'y a qu'à se moquer*); that is the only literature possible in an expiring state of society." The "*Peau de Chagrin*," contained the most brilliant descriptions which its author had yet produced, as the "Physiology" exhibited some of his best analytical writing. The conversation at the banquet, where artists, writers, musicians, bankers, doctors, are all talking together about the most opposite subjects, is represented with consummate art, and in a manner perfectly novel.

Balzac did not exhibit the profound knowledge of human life which has since distin-

guished him, until 1833, between which year and 1835 he published the "Médecin de Campagne," "Eugénie Grandet," and the "Père Goriot." The "Père Goriot," powerfully and brilliantly as it is written, must be looked upon as belonging to Balzac's "second manner," and as decidedly wanting in character when compared with the three master-pieces which we have just mentioned.

The author was thirty-five when "Eugénie Grandet," and the "Scènes de la vie de Province," first appeared—the age of Goldsmith when he published the "Vicar of Wakefield," and of Fielding when he published "Joseph Andrews." He was twenty-five years younger than Richardson when he wrote "Clarissa;" twelve years younger than Rousseau when he brought out the "Nouvelle Héloïse;" and nearly the age of Thackeray when he produced "Vanity Fair." It was fashionable for some time with critics to speak of "Eugénie Grandet," as Balzac's *chef d'œuvre*, as if he had only written one; and many years afterwards the author complained in a preface that an attempt had been made to disparage his other works by bestowing an inordinate amount of praise upon the one in question, which, nevertheless, he said (and with evident delight), the critics had been unable to force upon the public (!) whereas, the "Médecin de Campagne" had reached a fourth edition. The well-known comparison of Balzac to the Dutch painters is only just so far as regards the truthfulness with which he has depicted interiors, and the habits of some homely characters; it is unjust so far as regards his exquisite female characters, (how very Dutch the *Femme de trente ans*, Lady Brandon, Esther, Pauline, Fédora, and Honorine!) and is stupidly untrue with respect to his landscapes of Touraine, and the sad poetry of the final scene in the "Lys dans la Vallée."

If we except the three heads of criticism, Gustave Planche, Philariète Chasles, and Sainte Beuve, Balzac may be said to have had all the reviewers of France against him. He retaliated with Lousteau the *feuilletoniste*, the "Muse du Département," and the "Grand Homme de Province à Paris." We remember in London, the frenzy with which the inferior weekly newspapers received the chapters of "Pendennis," in which certain striking features and very probable characters connected with the English press were portrayed; but the effect of the terribly exact picture of literary life in Paris which the "Grand Homme de Province à Paris" contained, was such as to make every journalist

turn his pen into a *stiletto*, in order to convince Balzac of the truly Dutch nature of his brilliant and poetical genius.

The principal characteristic of Balzac's novels is, nevertheless, their reality. They differ from the French novels which preceded them, not only in the truthfulness of the characters, but also in the simple and natural motives of the intrigue which, of course, has its origin in the hearts of the characters. In Balzac's novels, love—a comparatively unimportant affair in modern society—was no longer recognized as the one sole dramatic agent, and a sweeping reform was effected in the terrible last chapter, when the good used to be gathered together and respectably married, while the bad were cast out into single-lived perdition. Balzac's object was to do for the nineteenth century that which Rétif de la Bretonne had announced his intention of doing for the eighteenth, under the title of "Monuments du Costume physique et moral de la fin du 18<sup>me</sup> siècle." This Rétif—who wrote one novel on the subject of his separation from his wife, and another on the occasion of his daughter's marrying without his consent (he called this "sacrificing himself to the good of his fellow-citizens")—never carried out his promise with respect to the 18th century in general, and we are not aware that he even had the honor of suggesting the "Comédie Humaine" to Balzac.

The "Comédie Humaine" contains pictures of every kind of society existing in France during the first half of the nineteenth century, whether literary, political, commercial, military, ecclesiastical, or rural. Of the different *scènes* into which the work is divided, the "Scènes de la vie de Province" exhibit most sentiment; the "Scènes de la vie Parisienne" most brilliancy; and "Les Paysans" in the "Scènes de la vie de Campagne," a rugged truthfulness which had never before been shown in France in connection with the peasant, who, according to Boucher, Florian, and others, drove with a crook of barley-sugar his milk-white lambs, decorated with ribbons of azure.

Balzac, in spite of the animosity of the press, was always admired by the greatest men of the day; and in the dedications of various volumes of the "Comédie Humaine," he has recorded his friendship for Nodier, Lamartine, Théophile Gautier, Heine, George Sand, Delacroix, Rossini, and Victor Hugo.

With regard to works not included in the "Comédie Humaine," we will only call at-

tention to the "Enfant Maudit," an exquisite tale of the 15th century, the details of which are a sufficient reply to those ignorant persons who fancy that Balzac could only draw the society and scenes by which he was surrounded. As for the inferiority of his plays to his novels, we attribute their want of success to his having cultivated description at the expense of dialogue, which he never employs for the sake of telling a story; and the actual scenery, costumes, and properties of the theatre must, of course, have been common-place, compared to what they would have been in a novel by Balzac.

It is Balzac's *forte* to illustrate his characters by the accumulation of a number of little incidents, each of which adds something to the individuality of the personages: so that, although in the first instance we recognize them from the author's description of their personal appearance, their habits, the scenes by which they are surrounded, even their parentage, and the manner in which they have been educated, we are at last rendered perfectly familiar and even intimate with them, by hearing the words placed in their mouths, and witnessing their every-day actions. He never proceeds in any other manner with those characters which he has most carefully drawn: Felix and Monsieur and Madame de Mortsauf, in the "Lys dans la Vallée;" the Chevalier de Valois in the "Vieille Fille;" Ursule Mirouet, the charming young girl who has been adopted by an old doctor, and educated by an old priest; Despleins, whom anatomy and analysis have rendered skeptical, but who founds a mass for the soul of the pious Auvergnat who assisted him when he was a penniless student; Mademoiselle Rogron, the vulgar and jealous old maid, who persecutes little Pierrette to death under pretence of behaving like an aunt; all the Grandet family and all the Claes family are produced, entirely or in part, by the method in question.

In consequence of the number of petty incidents introduced with great effect by Balzac throughout most of his novels, it has been said of him, as it has been said of Richardson, Defoe, and other writers who delighted in details, that "he knew how to invest the most ordinary occurrences with interest"—the fact being that the occurrences in question have neither more nor less interest than they can derive from the characters of the persons to whom they are represented as happening. Pierrette, striking her head against the side of the door after she has been sent prematurely to bed by Mademoi-

selle Rogron, calls forth more sympathy than the report of an accident on the Eastern Counties' Railway; and the first indication of Madame de Mortsauf's illness affects us more than the list of "the number of deaths during the week ending," &c., for an almost indefinite period. Balzac himself says that, for suggestiveness, the two fatal lines, "Yesterday evening a young woman threw herself from the Pont Neuf into the Seine," can never be equalled, but at the same time there can be no doubt but that Madame du Bruel would have been more seriously affected by hearing that La Palferine had gone without his dinner, and that Honorine's husband would have been more hurt by hearing that his wife had passed a sleepless night.

On the other hand, Balzac has been accused of giving an unnatural degree of importance to details, of recording trivialities, of describing interiors with the precision of an appraiser, of tiring the reader by histories of the ancestors (and even of the heraldic bearings and quarterings of the ancestors) of some of his characters, of indulging in disquisitions on the manners of the inhabitants, natural and mineral productions, morality, state of trade, &c., of the places in which he lays his scenes. To which it may be replied, that the arrangement or disarrangement of the furniture of a room sometimes expresses the character of the owner more clearly than his or her own physiognomy would do; and that a child brought up in an old castle would differ from another child who had always lived in a modern fashionable mansion, while neither of them would entirely resemble a third child who had been continually shut up in a puritanical parlor of the Richardsonian pattern, although all three might originally have possessed almost identical dispositions; that an inventory may in itself be both comic and poetical (as Balzac's annotated catalogue of the objects in the celebrated curiosity-shop of the "Peau de Chagrin" sufficiently proves), and that, in certain cases (as in the last scene of the first part of "Ursule Mirouet," in which a young man enters the room where his father died, for the first time since his death); the said "inventory" is as unavoidable as the presence of scenery on the stage in a modern drama. With regard to the long family histories which are occasionally introduced, they are frequently necessary, in order to prepare the reader for one of those events of which the explanation might appear unnatural if offered after the occurrence, although it may be simple enough as contained in the introduction to the story. Sometimes, too, these in-

introductions serve to give probability to a character which, although true in nature, is not of a kind met with every day. "The characters of a novel," says Balzac, "must be more logical than those of history. The latter want to have life given them—the former have lived. The existence of these requires no proof, however unnatural their actions may appear; while the existence of the others must be supported by unanimous consent." The strange character of the husband of the provincial blue-stocking, in the "Muse du Département," has been accounted for in an introduction of such length, that those who are not aware of the utility of all Balzac's details, might be tempted to skip it.

The system of details, moreover, gives great reality to the characters. "I was born in the year 1632," says an old friend, "in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards at York, from whence he married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreuznaer, but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called—nay, we call ourselves, and write our name, Crusoe, and so my companions always called me." It is of course impossible to disbelieve in the existence of a man who tells you where his father and mother lived, and that his real name was Kreuznaer, although "by the usual corruption of words in England he is called Crusoe!"

Many French critics have affected to look upon the detailing and realizing system of Balzac as significant of the decay of art in France, (the decay of an art which, before Balzac wrote, did not exist there!) They will tell you, that the great harvest having been made, the detail school is composed only of gleaners, and that the statue is disappearing before the daguerreotype. Realism is confounded with materialism by writers who have never been able to distinguish between classicism and conventionalism, and is represented as being the art of copying external nature with correctness, when analysis of human character and motives, and the observation of mental phenomena, form the very foundation of the system.

It is not even true, however, that the novel descends to details of character and incident in proportion as it gets older, or Thackeray, the representative of the English novel in the present day, would be more circumstan-

tial than Defoe, and more minute than Richardson. In fact, critics can no more lay down general rules which are not liable to be upset at any moment by the appearance of a man of genius, than politicians can establish a constitution which does not in itself contain the elements of a revolution. To complain of Balzac's details, which formed part of his system, is to object to his existence as a novelist. It has often been asked why "Clarissa Harlowe" was written in letters, and Richardson has replied that he wrote it in letters, perhaps because he had previously written a novel in letters, which had proved a success; perhaps because he was not able to write narrative; and probably, because the mode which he had chosen suited him better than any other. Those who are not satisfied with Richardson's explanation resemble the critic in Balzac's "Grand Homme de Province à Paris." Lucien is astonished at the rapidity with which the critic has disposed of a book of travels in Egypt. "I have discovered eleven faults of French in it," says the *feuilletoniste*, "and I shall tell the author, that, although he can read hieroglyphics, he can't write his own language. After that, I shall say, that instead of troubling himself about Egyptian art, he should have devoted his attention to the question of trade, and shall end with a flourish about the Levant, and the commerce of France." "And if he had devoted himself to the commercial question?" inquires Lucien. "Then," replies the *feuilletoniste*, "I should have told him that he had better have occupied himself with art."

Balzac's description in detail of Madame de Mortsauf's voice has been often quoted as an instance of the abuse of the system; "Sa façon de dire les terminaisons en *i* faisait croire à quelque chant d'oiseau, le *ch* prononcé par elle était comme une caresse, et la manière dont elle attaquait les *t* accusait le despotisme du cœur. Elle étendait ainsi sans le savoir le sens des mots, et vous entraînait l'âme dans un monde immense." It appears to us that this description of certain sounds of the voice has the singular merit of suggesting the voice itself. An "idealist," or "classicist," could only have qualified Madame de Mortsauf's voice as "silvery," "liquid," or by some other adjective which may be applied to a thousand different voices; but Balzac, mentioning the sounds which were especially beautiful in her utterance, gives as clear a notion of her mode of speaking, as a description of the airs she was in the habit of executing, and of the notes which she possessed in greatest perfection,



would give of her singing. Many persons will doubtless be unable to understand this description of sound, as others, who are entirely without pictorial faculties, may fail to appreciate the descriptions of scenery in the exquisite novel from which we have extracted the above. M. Henry Mürger, who follows in the same school as Balzac, and who is a faithful observer of the society around him, has understood this description of Madame de Mortsauf's voice, as he proves by a passage in one of his "*Scènes de la vie de Jeunesse*."\* In another tale in the same collection, (*Madame Olympe*,) he has imitated the forms of Balzac with more fidelity than was necessary, the consequence being a stiffness, which is entirely absent from the volume generally.

M. Champfleury, to whom we are indebted for the interesting conversations with M. de Balzac appended to M. Baschet's memoir, is the author of several volumes of tales, and is an acknowledged disciple of Balzac's. "That which I see," says M. Champfleury,

\* "*As tu remarqué avec quelle douceur elle dit certains mots—mon ami par exemple, et vois tu,*" &c.—"*Les Amours d'Olivier.*"

"enters into my head, descends into my pen, and becomes that which I have seen." This, however, only describes a portion of the method of Balzac, who, after observing one fact and one character, arrived at the truth with regard to a thousand others by means of an analogical process, which will always remain a mystery to those who are unable to exercise it. Balzac must frequently have perceived a whole character from a few words or a single incident, as a *clairvoyante* possessing a letter, or a lock of hair, is supposed to be instantly acquainted with everything relating to the person to whom they belong; or as Shakspeare, with only the Italian *novelli* and Plutarch's Lives, imagined the manners and customs of Italy and Greece. M. Champfleury's last work, "*Les Aventures de Mlle. Mariette*," is advertised as belonging to "*Pécolo réaliste la plus avancée*;" and a classical critic has threatened the author of that interesting book with the vengeance of the government, in case he should realize any further projects of realism. Let us hope that the re-establishment of the guillotine, which was talked of some time ago, had no connection with the terrible threat of the classical critic.

THE CHILDREN OF GREAT POETS.—It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child without reflecting sadly on the fates of other families of our greatest poets. Shakspeare and Milton each died without a son, but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakspeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child, a daughter, a girl of some five or six years at her father's death. She died unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquhar left two girls dependent on the friendship of his friend Wilkes, the actor, who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the Government; and having long outlived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children, one of two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts of Abbotsford and Waverley are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue! The poet of the "*Faerie Queene*" lost a child

when very young, by fire, when the rebels burned his house in Ireland. Some of the poets had sons and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's son, of Dryden's sons, of the sons of Burns, of Allan Ramsay's son, of Dr. Young's son, of Campbell's son, of Moore's son, and of Shelley's son. Ben Jonson survived all his children. Some—and those among the greatest—died unmarried; Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thomson, Cowper, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith. Mr. Rogers still lives—single. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them. Lady Lovelace has left three children—two sons and a daughter. Her mother is still alive, to see perhaps with a softened spirit the shade of the father beside the early grave of his only child. Ada's looks in her later years—years of suffering, borne with gentle and womanly fortitude—have been happily caught by Mr. Henry Phillips—whose father's pencil has preserved to us the best likeness of Ada's father.—*Athenæum*.

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## THE BOCARME TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. WARD.

THE awful interest created, between two and three years ago, in England, France, and Belgium, by the trial of the Comte and Comtesse Bocarmé for the murder of the Comtesse's ill-starred brother Gustave Fougnyes, —cannot be forgotten.

Within the last few weeks, Madame Bocarmé has again been brought before the public, by an appeal of Monsieur Baugnies to the Civil Tribune of Tournay, on behalf of this woman's children, who, from the reckless extravagance of their mother, must, in default of such legal help, eventually be left penniless. "Ill-gotten, ill-spent," says the old proverb, and, according to Monsieur Baugnies' showing, and some experience which I have to offer of my own, touching Madame Bocarmé, the reader may judge how aptly she has illustrated the maxim.

Monsieur Baugnies declared that the "Comtesse had, by her habits of extravagance and luxury, ruined the estate of her husband; and that since she had inherited the property of her murdered brother, she had frequented the most fashionable places, putting herself prominently forward, having carriages and valuable horses, extensive apartments, &c., and dissipating the property she had inherited so rapidly that she had raised by mortgage and otherwise, between October, 1851 and 1852, 84,000 francs on the property which came to her by her brother's death. With a view to preserve her children from ruin, Monsieur Baugnies had determined to apply for a civil interdiction," &c., &c., &c.

This suit was now instituted on account of the rumored marriage of the Comtesse with some one bold enough to mate with such a companion. It will be remembered, that by her evidence her husband was guillotined for the murder of his brother-in-law, of which murder she had been the aider and abettor, and, by her own showing, stimulator.

It was during the month of October, 1851, that I happened to be an inhabitant of the

same house at Brussels with Madame Bocarmé, and, although such propinquity was not of my own choosing, I could not help taking a certain interest in observing, as opportunities offered, the various points in the character of such a person. As notoriety, no matter how glaring, was evidently her passion, I felt no compunction in "taking notes," and since it is not improbable that she may again appear as the heroine of a dark romance, I do not hesitate to "print them."

One morning, then, my landlady professed herself to be somewhat mystified by the visit of a *femme de chambre*, who came to hire the spare apartments of her house for a widow, whose name she hesitated to impart. Next day, a hired carriage drove to the door, and there descended from it the "widow" and her female attendant. The "widow's" bonnet was of transparent material, placed far back on the head; bands of brown hair were widely parted off a bold forehead, and a pair of wild eyes flashed from under heavy lids; the nose was nondescript, the wide nostrils indicated scorn, the large mouth was sensual, the chin elevated with an air of vulgar pride, and there was a sneer upon the lips; the throat was bare,—and the arms were scarcely covered by the loose ruffled sleeves; in a word, the chief characteristic of this woman's *abroad* was audacity. She swept into the passage, scanned its lofty altitude with affected disdain, and mounted the stairs in silence. The door of the sitting-room at her disposal was thrown open; the apartments were more luxuriously, and even more comfortably, furnished than those in Brussels lodging-houses generally are—but the "draperies did not please her;" "the sofa was not so soft as she desired;" "the street, though *comme il faut*, was triste;" in short, "all was very inferior to what she had been accustomed to in her *château*,"—and "Who were the other inhabitants of the house?"

"An English officer and his wife," was the landlady's reply.

Madame Bocarmé turned down her lip.

She descended below: observed that she must send to her château for her *batterie de cuisine*; owned to a fancy for taking her lunch and breakfast in her kitchen—but as this is a Belgian fashion, it went for nothing, —and proposed adding sundry elegancies to the apartments. She perambulated the whole house, and would have taken her choice of rooms, without reference to our convenience, had she been permitted; and I confess that when, subsequently, we learned who had stalked through our dwelling, I felt very much as if a dark angel had swooped down and over-shadowed the place with its awful presence.

In a week her bargain concluded, and her trunks arrived with no name on the address. "Liege" and "Cologne" indicated their route.

Soon after came an *avocat*, inquiring for Madame Visart:

"Madame Bocarmé you mean, I suppose," said the Belgian landlady, with a mischievous smile, for she had discovered the name of her new lodger.

The trial of the Comtesse and her husband, filling a thick volume, is one of the most extraordinary in the annals of the *Causes Célèbres*. It took place at Mons, in Belgium, in 1851, and thousands assembled to judge of the "judicial drama."

For a drama, a tragic one it was. There was a dead silence in the court on the opening of the first scene, as the President desired that "Lydie Fougnyes"\* should come forward.

"Lydie" appeared alone and unsupported in the doorway: her step was assured, her toilette carefully arranged—black satin (Maria Manning's favorite material), forming her robe—and on her head rested a small crape bonnet, adorned with a wreath of white roses; her face was veiled.

Then was summoned Hippolite Visart de Bocarmé. Husband and wife were desired to seat themselves; a gendarme placed himself between them.

Nothing but the lowered voice and fidgety movement of the well-gloved hands with the folds of her embroidered handkerchief betrayed emotion on the part of the Comtesse; the Comte seemed stupefied.

The charge against them was read; the

names of the *hundred and one* witnesses! were next proclaimed. The examination of Lydie opened the trial.

One or two interrogatories between the president and the prisoner will afford a specimen of the manner in which she was permitted to prejudice the court against her unfortunate husband:—

*Question*.—"What have been Visart de Bocarmé's occupations since his marriage?"

*Answer*.—"He has spent eighteen or twenty thousand francs in experiments in agriculture, in bees, and——," the end of the sentence is better omitted.

*Question*.—"He was then a *roué*?"

*Answer*.—"Yes, he has squandered much money, &c."

Then came questions about poisonous plants; and the wife told how she had been "*made*, by dint of blows and threats," to open a correspondence with a chemist at Ghent, under a false name. Next, she dropped insinuations of quarrels between the old Comte Bocarmé and his son, of sorrowful interpositions by the mother, and finally admitted the share she herself had had—involuntarily she protested—in preparing the nicotine to "settle Gustave," her lame brother.

For months before the murder, were the wretched pair engaged in concocting the fatal draught, taking it in turns to rise at night and visit the cauldron in which the potion was transmuting from tobacco to nicotine. The woman had to pass her sleeping children on her fiendish errand, which she accomplished with inconceivable coolness and deliberation, watching the temperature of the contents of the brazen vessel by means of a thermometer.

Now and then a laugh disturbed the evidence—laughter elicited by allusions to poisoned cats and ducks on which Comte Bocarmé had experimentalized for the edification of his wife, before "settling Gustave."

The unfortunate Gustave's heritage of a few thousand francs had long excited the greedy cupidity of the Bocarmés. The comtesse had received her fortune under the will of her father, a retired grocer, but, like all unprincipled and selfish people, the false pride of her husband and herself had led them to expenses beyond their means.

The patrimony of this poor cripple being the thing they coveted, husband and wife went hand-in-hand in bringing their dark design to an issue. As the details were unfolded at the trial, it must have become clear to the audience, that Madame Bocarmé was

\* It is customary in Belgium for the wife to retain her maiden name.

not a person to be swayed by any will but her own; Lady Macbeth might as well attempt to make her audience believe that she was the victim of her husband's ambition, as this Comtesse persuade common sense to accept her excuses on this plea. It was shown that she had entered with zest into the experiments on poisoned animals; had listened with horrid interest to the report made by the medical man, whom the comte had questioned respecting Gustave's health; and that, ere she received her brother at the table, where he was invited to be poisoned, she had made the necessary arrangements for getting her governess and servants out of the house; then the coachman was sent one way, the children and their nurses another, and the train being laid, madame made her toilette for dinner!

Business had been made the excuse for the invitation. The brother and sister had been at issue for months on the subject of Gustave's intended marriage with a Mademoiselle Dudzèle, for his chance of an early death would avail the Bocarmés nothing if once married; and, although Madame Bocarmé had essayed to defame Mademoiselle Dudzèle, Gustave was resolved to espouse her, and by his declaration sealed his doom.

On the 20th of November, the victim came to breakfast and pass the day at the Château Betrimont. He sat part of the morning with his sister, wandered into the garden, and watched the children at play, and "seemed gay and happy." One of his little nieces wove him a garland of autumnal flowers!—it was found after the murder "crushed and faded!" And thus the day wore on till dinner time.

"Infirm of purpose," the wretched Comte had been up before dawn, wandering about the old chateau, while madame was sleeping. She rose at her usual hour, nine o'clock.

After dinner, the three relatives drew round the stoves, and "sat chatting amicably together!" When the gloom of an autumn twilight settled on the room, Emerance, the maid, proposed to bring in the lamp, as usual, but was forbidden. It seems the exact moment for the deed had never been fixed on, but the Comtesse had set every wheel in motion, and now the sword of fate hung by a slender hair over the victim's head.

Gustave rose to go; the Comte went out to order the young man's cabriolet; the coachman was absent, but, contrary to calculation, soon returned. While the Comte was in the stables, Madame Bocarmé gave

her brother a document to read, and he hobbled across the room to the stove, having in vain asked for lights. At this moment the Comte entered.

In this part of the evidence, the comtesse committed herself by a series of contradictions; the facts at length elicited were, that "as the Comte returned from the stables, she went to order lights, and that, as she was leaving the room, she heard a fall, and the snapping of a stick—a crutch breaking—and heard Gustave say ——" Alas! almost the last word that passed the wretched victim's lip was an oath! She heard the cry for mercy, too, "Pardon, Hippolite, pardon!" But she hurried out of the room as soon as she saw her brother down, with her husband's grasp upon him! There was one more cry of "Oh, save me!"

It rang through the house in its death agony; the servants rushed from the kitchen and upper rooms, and saw their mistress stealing along the passage, like an evil spirit. Madame Bocarmé tried to evade them, but one of them swore to recognizing "the rustle of the satin robe," and exclaimed, "Ah, there is madame!"

By this time the cries in the dining-room had become but stifled moans, and, ere long, all was nearly over with Gustave.

Justine, one of the servants, rushed up to the nursery, and told her fears to Emerance: "You are young and fearful," said Emerance, and left the room to fetch the children's supper, which Justine had forgotten in her alarm.

A frightful vision waylaid Emerance. At the door of his chamber stood the Comte, pale as death, with great drops of perspiration and gout of blood pouring down his face, and a wound upon his brow; his trembling hands refused to do their office, he could not open the door, and his knees trembled under him.

Emerance passed on, and met her mistress with a bowl of water in her hand; Madame Bocarmé ordered the maid back to the nursery, and began speaking to her husband in a low voice. In five minutes, Madame Bocarmé followed her servant to the nursery, and sitting calmly down, took one of her innocent children in her lap; her presence of mind never deserted her for a moment. On hearing her husband's agitated voice, she put the child down, and hurried to him.

How different was it with the miserable Comte! He had given Gilles, the coachman, the most incoherent orders about the cabriolet, had sluiced the face of the corpse with



vinegar, and was now wandering about the house asking wildly for "Help for Gustave, who was ill!"

Emerance accompanied her master into the dining-room; Madame Bocarmé followed. The latter had the grace to shrink, or pretend to shrink back, on the threshold of the fatal scene; "Heaven!" exclaimed this blasphemer, "what is the matter with my brother?"

The Comte was wiping away the vinegar from the dead man's face. The idea of Gustave being in a fit was kept up by the Comte; the humane waiting-woman chafed the cold palms; a muscular movement led her to fancy life was returning:

"Yes! yes!" cried Comte Bocarmé, "go on, Emerance: see, he comes to himself;" so saying, he, as well as the Comtesse, quitted the room.

Emerance must have had good courage: left alone with the body, she held the candle over it, and saw the stamp of death at once upon the distorted features. Comte Bocarmé, restless and wavering, returned just as she had finished her examination.

"He is quite dead," said Emerance.

"What shall we do with his body?" cried the Comte. They sent for Gilles, the coachman, who testified to having found his master pale, and wan, and trembling. He could only stammer out, "Ta—a—ke this corpse to Emerance's room."

The guilty pair, leaving the murdered man to the care of the servants, retired to their apartment, and Madame Bocarmé, who had never been on happy terms with her husband, now addressed him by the most endearing epithets.

"The Comte," said the witness, "was deadly sick during the night, and Madame had a cup of cocoa made, which she took at midnight!"

The bold, bad woman's presence of mind remained unshaken; between her husband's fits of retching she sipped her cocoa, and issued her orders "to have the corpse washed with vinegar," and "to put on it a coarse shirt. Be sure," said she to Emerance, "not to take a fine one!"

She burned some of the victim's clothes, too, and his crutches, saying she could not bear to see them; and, so soon as Monsieur Bocarmé revived, took him into the library, and burned such letters as she thought might commit them. The books of chemistry, too, she destroyed; hid the crucible and remnants of tobacco, and, in the course of the morning, "desired her maid to go and tell

those coquines (rogues), Madame and Mademoiselle Dudzéle, that Gustave was dead!"

She next tried to school the servants as to the testimony they would be called upon to give: then the doctor was sent for, who at once pronounced the case to be one of poison; and no sooner were the wretched pair accused of the murder, than the Comtesse turned upon her miserable partner. Her brother despatched, she resolved on acquiring his property by offering her evidence, and thus condemning her weak-minded husband to death.

The evidence on the trial proved the guilt of both, and the spectators breathlessly awaited the decision of the jury.

The scene will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The day had closed in, the court blazed with gas, and ranged along the white and lofty walls were the officers of the court, the gendarmes, and the judge in his scarlet robe, the most conspicuous figure of all; but the eyes of the crowd were fixed on the two beings, who were to inscribe, in bloody characters, on the list of criminals, an ancient name.

A bell rang; silence fell upon the court.

"Visart Bocarmé," said the president.

Hope shone on the Comte's face; many women burst into tears.

"Lydie Fougnyes," was next called.

Not the least emotion was visible on her face. "This stoicism," says the record, "surprised and afflicted the audience."

The fatal "yes," of the jury failed to shake the calm of the Comte's features; but at the "no," which decided the safety of his wife, an expression of happiness gleamed across them, and he cast a glance of unutterable tenderness towards the author of his ruin.

Meanwhile she had sat motionless, not a gesture betrayed anxiety.

"I declare," said the president, "that the accused, Lydie Fougnyes, is acquitted of the charge brought against her. Lydie Fougnyes," a dead pause, "you may descend."

And Madame Bocarme did descend, and left the court, attended by the director of the prison.

As she passed out, her husband cast another look of tenderness upon her, "his eyes sought hers," but there was no responsive glance; she never even turned towards him.

He had been humanely placed so that she should not pass him by!

Then he was condemned to die!

Comte Bocarme appealed, but King Leopold refused to listen; the untappy man's position was aggravated by suspense, caused

by his sovereign's absence from Belgium. His majesty, it will be remembered, was visiting his royal niece during the brilliant and eventful season of 1851.

It was said that an extreme repugnance to execute a woman had led to the acquittal of Madame Bocarme; but her husband, knowing her guilt, clung to the hope of some amelioration of his own punishment; besides, he was a noble, and strong interest was used in his favor.

But whatever may have been pleaded, the king was inflexible; the fate of the Comtesse had been decided by the law, and the decree went forth that the Comte was to pay the penalty for both. King Leopold signed the death-warrant, and the Bishop of Cincinnati, an American prelate, who happened to be at Mons when the document arrived, hastened to the prison to receive the "penitent's confession."

Penitent! alas! the miserable Comte had received the fatal news with rage and despair. No reply to his appeal arriving for some time, he had permitted himself to rest on hope, and, on the eve of the intelligence, passed many hours in calm repose. On the 18th of September, the Procureur-du-Roi accompanied the director of the prison of Mons to the Comte's cell, to announce the terrible order for the execution on the morrow. The prisoner must have exhibited some signs of a violent disposition during his incarceration; for, before imparting the fatal news, the director signed to the keeper of the cell to invest him with the strait-waistcoat. The fearful truth struck the wretched man at once; he burst forth with angry remonstrances, and frenzied protestations of innocence, crying aloud with almost incoherent vehemence, "It was not I!—it was not I!—what have I done?—oh, what have I done? No, no! not I!—but—but—it was—it was my wife!"

And then he dwelt upon the pardons bestowed upon many criminals more guilty than he.

In this hour of agony and dismay, the calm and dignified Abbé Descamps, robed in his canonicals, entered the cell. He implored the Comte to submit to the laws of his country with resignation, and succeeded in leading him to gentler thoughts; the wretched creature complained bitterly, however, of the neglect of his friends. His mother had even passed through Mons on her way to Milan without seeing him, while his wife had been living at the Hotel de l'Aigle d'Or; and doubtless some busy fiend had told him

that, on the day after her liberation and his condemnation, she had joined in the excitement of the *fête* of the patron of Mons, St. Wandru! But he had seen her for the last time when she had passed out free from the judicial court—free in body, but not in mind!

Has she yet bent under the heavy load of guilt with which she has cumbered herself?

During that dismal day Comte Bocarmé "confessed" several times to the Bishop of Cincinnati, but still clung to the notion that the extreme sentence of the law would not be carried into effect; at times his bitter feelings recurred, and despite his respect, or apparent respect for the Bishop and Dean, he would glare upon the priest who visited him, with a scowl of rage and defiance.

He must have had some woful secrets to unfold; for, ere he made his confession to the Bishop of Cincinnati, he insisted on the Dean of Mons keeping the jailers apart lest they should overhear him.

At length he was told that the scaffold had been prepared, and he then endeavored to bribe his jailers with a promise of thirty thousand francs, provided they would assist him to escape. Poor wretch! they knew he could never pay them, but they got credit for devotion to their duty.\*

The weary hours passed on, varied by recriminations, prayers, bribes and tears; the Comte scarcely slept, and at dawn of day rose to assist at the mass offered up by the Bishop; he partook of the sacrament with the Sisters of Charity who attended the prison, and then heard low mass.

While this last was going on, a lady entered the porch of the chapel, and the prisoner paused in his devotions, to ask if the lady was his wife.

Alas, no! Lydie had no sympathy for her victim, for so we think he may with some justice be called.

These religious ceremonies over, the last scene of the dark drama rose. The officers of the law entered; the Comte shuddered, and asked for a moment's leisure. He then expressed his regrets for his past vehemence,

\* It was said, and I have every reason to believe it, that the Comtesse had by bribes obtained many luxuries for herself while in jail, a good bed, confectionery, pastry, and wine. These had been her consolations during the time of the trial; and we were told of the bitter wrath exhibited by the wife of one of the jail functionaries when, on calling on Madame Bocarmé at Brussels, she was told that the Comtesse was engaged, and could not see her. I forbear to add all that was mentioned to us of this scene.

and submitted quietly to the operation of the "condemned toilet," frequently imploring his assistants to see that everything should be done to prevent unnecessary delay.

A throng lined the streets of the old city as the funeral cortège proceeded to the Grande Place, the principal square of all Belgium towns: "But," says the document from which I take this account, "to the credit of the Montois be it spoken, three-fourths of the spectators were strangers; and few laborers laid aside the work of the day to gaze upon the disgusting spectacle."

The miserable Comte had earnestly thanked all officials, ecclesiastical, civil, and military ere quitting the prison forever, for the kindness he had received during his incarceration; and thus having, as he hoped, made his peace with God and man, he embraced the Bishop and the Dean, mounted the scaffold with a steady step and resolute countenance, and, unsupported, stood for an instant to take one parting glance upon the world he was leaving,—his eye passing rapidly from the upturned faces before him to the glittering axe which hung above.

They had taken off his tartaan dressing-gown; and his bared shoulders bespoke that the hour of doom had come.

It was a bright morning; not a sound stirred the air; the faces were all fixed on one point; the cross was lifted to the lips of the wretched man; the Bishop and the Dean prostrated themselves, and prayed aloud for mercy; a sharp noise broke the death-like silence; the multitude uttered, as with one voice, a cry of terror; and in a deluge of blood the head of Comte Bocarmé fell into the chasm prepared to receive it.

Then the *grand bourdon* clanged out.\*

We think the closing paragraph of the report deeply affecting:—"The body of Comte Bocarmé, not having been claimed by any of his family, has been interred in the cemetery."

So perished the victim of an evil education, and an ill-suited marriage.

Madame Bocarmé had the grace to quit her apartments at the Hotel de l'Aigle d'Or in the Grande Place, before the scaffold was erected for her husband. From Belgium she retired to a temporary residence on the

Rhine, and after passing three months *incognito*, reappeared in Brussels in a jaunty bonnet and flaunting ruffles!

There is something fearfully interesting in watching the phases through which the mind of such a woman passes in the daily walks of life; and although I did not seek opportunities of meeting Madame Bocarmé during our *sejour* under the same roof, there were certain signs and evidences of her humor open to all the occupants of our mutual abode.

The first time I saw her was through an open door; a lamp on the table illuminated her features, and she was smiling on her boy, the little Gonzales, a manly young rebel, who pinched the maids, and even locked them up when he desired to escape from their control.

She had a taste for flowers, and filled the landing-place with fuchsias, and roses, heliotropes, and geraniums; but when "possessed," as we used to term it, the continued peal of her bell, her shrill angry call for her maid, and her mode of slamming the doors—that everlasting resource and safety-valve for a violent woman—announced her mood to her neighbors.

She went to mass daily, attended by her maid, and took an airing every fine afternoon in an open carriage, driven by Gilles. The two little girls would sometimes call out, "Gilles, Gilles!" from the open windows, and by degrees a crowd would gather round to see the exit of the notorious Comtesse, whose residence in Brussels soon became well known,—a fact which was a serious annoyance to me, since I was occasionally mistaken for her; and one day, if report spoke truth, narrowly escaped being stoned!

Madame Bocarmé evidently exulted in the notoriety she had so terribly obtained; ascended the steps of her open carriage leisurely, with an insolent stare at the mob; and would sometimes send for cushions or shawls, as though she desired to give the starers time to gaze, and then drive off with a sneer.

I used to think it fearful at hush of midnight to hear the voice of the Comtesse repeating her aves and litanies aloud, her maid joining in from time to time; this over, the waiting woman withdrew, and the rush-light, regularly prepared, told of dread, of gloom, and loneliness in those hours when the pulses of the world are still.

During Madame Bocarmé's absence from Brussels for some days, I had an opportunity of seeing her apartments, which my landlady was anxious I should recommend to some new occupant. The sitting-room was litter-

\* The *grand bourdon* is a huge bell in most of the Flemish belfries, which is only struck on particular occasions; it is the death-knell of criminals. The moment it booms through the town, the inhabitants pause in their walk or occupations, and you may hear voices in the streets and in the houses calling to each other, "*Le grand bourdon!*" "the great bell! do you hear the great bell!"

ed with working and writing materials,\* the bed remained as its tenant had left it; the pillow-case was richly embroidered with the cipher, L. B., and the coronet above; and at the side of the bed hung a little shrine with its tiny fountain of holy water, and the image of the Virgin! It was doubtless before this shrine that the Comtesse repeated her aves and litanies, which sounded so distinctly through the house at midnight. Her rosary lay near her looking-glass.

Reports were circulated of property left her by an Englishman who had died at Paris, and a crowd of lawyers one day filled Madame Bocarme's drawing-room. These must have been the men sent for to arrange the mortgage affair, of which Mons. Baugnies complains, and it is natural to suppose that the tale of the Englishman's will was an invention of the intriguing woman. She had even then a lover in her toils; and her conduct soon became so insolent and reckless, that had she not resolved on quitting the house, we must have done so.

She hired the apartments formerly occupied by the Spanish Ambassador. On the morning of her departure, as the carriage drove up, the throng gathered to see her issue from the doorway. As she came out, she cast her usual look of defiance around, and, having seated herself with her two little girls, sent her maid back for something which had probably been left in the house on purpose. On the re-appearance of the servant, some words were whispered to her by Madame Bocarme, upon which the maid, addressing Gilles in French, and in a tone that all might hear, desired him "not to hurry, as Madame would be happy to remain as long as the crowd desired to stare at her."

"Drive on, Gilles," exclaimed the landlady, a demi-Italian, with a flashing eye; "if your mistress chooses to be stoned, I don't wish my windows to be broken."

The landlady shut the door in haste, and when evening fell, made the following arrangements in the sitting-room vacated by the Comtesse.

In the centre of the apartment she placed a table; on this she laid a fair linen napkin, and on the napkin put a small bronze crucifix, with a lighted taper on either side of it;

\* Madame Bocarme had essayed authorship, and I am in possession of some extracts from her novel, the scene whereof is laid in England. The work was entitled *The History of Miss Adeline Helney*; but the specimens that fell by accident into my hands are not worthy of transcription; altho the secretary of the *Société des Sciences* pronounced "a benevolent judgment upon the MS."

after these preparations, she threw open the doors and windows, "in order," as she told me, "that the house might be exorcised of the evil spirit."

A strong moral may be drawn from the story of the life of the Comtesse Bocarme, the leading feature of whose character, from her childhood, was ambition; her play-fellows, in ridicule of the airs she assumed, nicknamed her "the little duchess;" and on her return from the convent of St. Andre, at Tournay, where she had been educated, she passed her time in reading the novels of George Sand, and other authors whose productions suited her sensual tastes and indolent habits.

Lydie was superstitious; she dreamed one night that she was a comtesse, and it has been said, that she consulted a fortune-teller, who showed her a tall fair young man, of ancient and noble family, on the sea, and homeward bound.

This was Comte Hippolite Visart de Bocarme, on his way from Java, where his father had long lived as "Inspecteur-Général,"—agent—on the Marquis de Chateler's estate.

The unfortunate Hippolite was born at sea in a hurricane; from his birth he was feeble, and the privations incidental to the voyage produced convulsions, the effects of which, by the showing of his mother, "hung upon him through life." The sketch given by the old Comtesse Bocarme of her son is too long to quote, but forms a melancholy episode in this romance of real life; it tells of life in exile—for, through pecuniary difficulties, his father had been compelled to retire to South America; of days passed in great solitary forests on sporting exhibitions; of fever and ague accruing from these expeditions; of nights spent in study, and of his rejection of the principles of religion; of great suffering and almost death, from successive fits of illness.

The poor lady had tried in vain to unite her son to some virtuous woman; but in an ill-fated moment he met with Lydie, fixed his affections on her, and they were married. They took up their abode at the ancient family Chateau de Bitremont.

Bitremont was a princely residence in the days of Louis XIV., and had been the scene of many a fray during the Brabantian civil wars. It is a lonely place, moated, and with a draw-bridge, which, it is said, the Bocarmes were wont to raise when creditors were troublesome!

Anne Radcliffe would have made much of



such a locality. A few modern rooms were occupied by the family; the more ancient part [is] cumbered with defaced sculptures, faded hangings, rickety cabinets, and crazy tables. The great billiard-room is void, but the chapel has not been utterly despoiled; emblazoned arms adorn the walls, and the image of the Virgin, richly dight in lace and silver, stands on the altar. No one, however, can tell when the chapel was last used.

All without is still and dreary; swans sail upon the green bosom of the stagnant moat, but plunge below the waters at the sound of human voices; at night the nightingale pours her wail through the deep woods, and all the day long, a flock of black pigeons wheel round and round the towers that mark the oldest portion of the building. Its distance from any public thoroughfare makes the Chateau Bitremont a truly desolate and silent place. To complete the romance attached to the history of the old chateau, it has its ghostly legend, which tells of "one of the lords of Bitremont, who came back

from the Holy Land with his head under his arm, like St. Denis, and appeared yearly on All Saints' Eve, in an insulated pavilion in the grounds."

I had frequent opportunities of seeing Madame Bocarmé, but I own "the rustle of her dress," made me shudder: I never could shake off the idea of the fratricide stealing through the long corridors of the chateau at midnight, to watch the foaming decoction in the brazen cauldron!

It is remarkable that the family motto of the Bocarmés is, "I protect the weak!"

On the 8th of December, 1851, the sale of effects took place at the chateau, and great was the surprise of the persons assembled there, to see Madame Bocarmé enter undismayed, to "assist at the auction," by bidding for all the best articles of furniture; and at the close of the day she retired to rest in her old apartments.

And now, what may we expect to hear of her next: will it be matrimony, or murder, or both?

REMARKABLE TRIAL IN GREECE.—The trial of an ecclesiastic has just taken place, which has created a great sensation. A monk of Andros, a certain Theophilus Cairis, was a man of great erudition, and at one time generally respected; and after having figured, like many other priests, in the Greek revolution, received the President Capodistria with a sermon on his duties as chief of the state, which won him great admiration both for his courage and eloquence. He then set off to travel all over Europe, collecting money to establish a college in his native island of Andros; and on his return the order of the Saviour was conferred upon him, for his zeal, by King Otho, which he subsequently declined, dedicating himself entirely to the establishment of his school, the fame of which, augmenting every day, soon drew an immense concourse of all classes and ages. Soon, however, it began to be rumored that the religious principles taught by Cairis were far from orthodox; and the holy synod, at length, taking the alarm, sent for the monk, to submit him to an examination, and finding that his answers were evasive, he was required to sign the Nicene creed, which he refused to do. This man who thus imposed on unsuspecting persons by his ecclesiastical dress was, in fact, a deist,

and made the school the propaganda of his doctrines. His school was shut up, but as he still continued to propagate his opinions, he was confined, according to the ecclesiastical rule, to his monastery. Some years afterwards he was liberated, on condition of leaving the country for a time. He then went to England, and published a philosophical work, a catechism, and a book of prayer, in which the Christian religion is quite set aside, and which, by an unaccountable caprice, are written in the Doric dialect of ancient Greece. After this he returned to Greece, where he proceeded to disseminate these works, either personally or through some few disciples whom he had succeeded in making. But as this came under the penal act, he was summoned before the assize court at Syria, where, among other things, he declared that he had seen in the heavens a star of singular brightness, on which was written "Worship God, and God alone." The accusation that he taught and spread a religion not recognized by the state having been proved, he was condemned to two years' imprisonment, and nine years under the inspection of the police; and two of his adherents were at the same time condemned to half this sentence.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## HERMAN MELVILLE.

THE Muses, it was once alleged by Christopher North, have but scantily patronized seafaring verse: they have neglected ship-building, and deserted the dockyard,—though in Homer's days they kept a private yacht, of which he was captain. "But their attempts to re-establish anything like a club, these two thousand years or so, have miserably failed; and they have never quite recovered their nerves since the loss of poor Falconer, and their disappointment at the ingratitude shown to Dibdin." And Sir Kit adds, that though they do indeed now and then talk of the "deep blue sea," and occasionally, perhaps, skim over it like sea-plovers, yet they avoid the quarter-deck and all its discipline, and decline the dedication of the cat-o'-nine-tails, in spite of their number.

By them, nevertheless, must have been inspired—in fitful and irregular afflatus—some of the prose-poetry of Herman Melville's sea-romances. Ocean breezes blow from his tales of Atlantic and Pacific cruises. Instead of landsman's gray goose quill, he seems to have plucked a quill from skimming curlew, or to have snatched it, a fearful joy, from hovering albatross, if not from the wings of the wind itself. The superstition of life on the waves has no abler interpreter, unequal and undisciplined as he is—that superstition almost inevitably engendered among men who live, as it has been said, "under a solemn sense of eternal danger, one inch only of plank (often worm-eaten) between themselves and the grave; and who see for ever one wilderness of waters."\* His intimacy with the sights and sounds of that wilderness, almost entitles him to the reversion of the mystic "blue cloak" of Keats's submarine graybeard, in which

—every ocean form

Was woven with a black distinctness; storm,  
And calm, and whispering, and hideous roar  
Were emblem'd in the woof; with every shape  
That skins, or dives, or sleeps 'twixt cape and  
cape.†

\* Thomas de Quincey.

† "Endymion," Book III.

A landsman, somewhere observes Mr. Tuckerman, can have no conception of the fondness a ship may inspire, before he listens, on a moonlight night, amid the lonely sea, to the details of her build and workings, unfolded by a complacent tar. Moonlight and midseas are much, and a complacent tar is something; but we "calculate" a landsman can get some conception of the true-blue enthusiasm in question, and even become slightly inoculated with it in his own *terra firma* person, under the tuition of a Herman Melville. This graphic narrator assures us, and there needs no additional witness to make the assurance doubly sure, that his sea adventures have often served, when spun as a yarn, not only to relieve the weariness of many a night-watch, but to excite the warmest sympathies of his shipmates. Not that we vouch for the fact of his having experienced the adventures in literal truth, or even of being the pet of the fo'castle as yarn-spinner extraordinary. But we do recognize in him and in his narratives (the earlier ones, at least) a "capital" fund of even untold "interest," and so richly veined a nugget of the *ben trovato* as to "take the shine out of" many a golden *vero*. Readers there are, who, having been enchanted by a perusal of "Typee" and "Omoo," have turned again and rent the author, when they heard a surmise, or an assertion, that his tales were more or less imagination. Others there are, and we are of them, whose enjoyment of the history was little affected by a suspicion of the kind during perusal (which few can evade), or an affirmation of it afterwards. "And if a little more romantic than truth may warrant, it will be no harm," is Miles Coverdale's morality, when projecting a chronicle of life at Blithedale. Miles *a raison*.

Life in the Marquesas Islands!—how attractive the theme in capable hands! And here it was treated by a man "out of the ordinary," who had contrived, as Tennyson sings,

To burst all links of habit—there to wander far  
away,

On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,

Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise,—

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

"The Marquesas! what strange visions of outlandish things," exclaims Tommo himself, "does the very name spirit up! Lovely hours—cannibal banquets—groves of coconuts—coral reefs—tattooed chiefs, and bamboo temples; sunny valleys planted with bread-fruit trees—carved canoes dancing on the flashing blue waters—savage woodlands guarded by horrible idols—heathenish rites and human sacrifices." And then the zest with which Tommo and Toby, having deserted the ship, plunge into the midst of these oddly-assorted charms—cutting themselves a path through cane-brakes—living day by day on a stinted table-spoonful of 'a hash of soaked bread and bits of tobacco'—shivering the livelong night under drenching rain—traversing a fearful series of dark chasms, separated by sharp-crested perpendicular ridges—leaping from precipices above to palm-tree below—and then their entrance into the Typee valley, and introduction to King Mehevi, and initiation into Typee manners, and willy-nilly experience of Typee hospitality. Memorable is the portrait-gallery of the natives: Mehevi, towering with royal dignity above his faithful commons; Marnoo, that all influential Polynesian Apollo, whose tattooing was the best specimen of the Fine Arts, in that region, and whose eloquence wielded at will that fierce anthropophagic *demos*; Marheyo, paternal and warm-hearted old savage, a time-stricken giant—and his wife, Tinor, genuine busybody, most notable and exacting of housewives, but no termagant or shrew for all that; and their admirable son, Kory-Kory—his face tattooed with such a host of pictured birds and fishes, that he resembled a pictorial museum of natural history, or an illuminated copy of Goldsmith's "Animated Nature"—and whose devotion to the stranger no time could wither nor custom stale. And poor Fayaway, olive-cheeked nymph, with sweet blue eyes of placid yet unfathomable depth, a child of nature with easy unstudied graces, breathing from infancy an atmosphere of perpetual summer—whom, deserted by the roving Tommo, we are led to compare (to his prejudice)

with Frederika forsaken by Goethe—an episode in the many-sided Baron's life which we have not yet come to regard so tolerantly as Mr. Carlyle.

"Omoo," the Rover, keeps up the spirit of "Typee" in a new form. Nothing can be livelier than the sketches of ship and ship's company. "Brave *Little Jule*, plump *Little Jule*," a very witch at sailing, despite her crazy rigging and rotten bulwarks—blow high, blow low, always ready for the breeze, and making you forget her patched sails and blistered hull when she was dashing the waves from her prow, and prancing, and pawing the sea—flying before the wind—rolling now and then, to be sure, but in very playfulness—with spars erect, looking right up into the wind's eye, the pride of her crew; albeit they had their misgivings that this playful craft, like some vivacious old mortal all at once sinking into a decline, might, some dark night, spring a leak, and carry them all to the bottom. The Captain, or "Miss Guy,"—essentially a cockney, and no more meant for the sea than a hair-dresser. The bluff mate, John Jermin, with his squinting eye, and rakishly-twisted nose, and gray ringleted bullet head, and generally pugnacious looks, but with a heart as big as a bullock—obstreperous in his cups, and always for having a fight, but loved as a brother by the very men he flogged, for his irresistibly good-natured way of knocking them down. The ship's carpenter, "Chips," ironically styled "Beauty" on strict *lucus à non lucendo* principles—as ugly in temper as in visage. Bung, the cooper, a man after a bar-keeper's own heart; who, when he felt, as he said, "just about right," was characterized by a free lurch in his gait, a queer way of hitching up his waistbands, and looking unnecessarily steady at you when speaking. Bembo, the harpooner, a dark, moody savage—none of your effeminate barbarians, but a shaggy-browed, glaring-eyed, crisp-haired fellow, under whose swart, tattooed skin the muscles worked like steel rods. Rope Yarn, or Roney, the poor distraught land-lubber—a forlorn, stunted, hook-visaged creature, erst a journeyman baker in Holborn, with a soft and underdone heart, whom a kind word made a fool of. And, best of all, Doctor Long Ghost, a six-feet tower of bones, who quotes Virgil, talks of Hobbes of Malmesbury, and repeats poetry by the canto, especially "*Hudibras*;" and who sings mellow old songs, in a voice so round and racy, the real juice of sound; and who has seen the world from so many angles, the acute of

civilization and the obtuse of savagedom; and who is as inventive as he is incurable in the matter of practical jokes—all effervescent with animal spirits and tricky good-humor. Of the Tahiti folks, Captain Bob is an amusing personage, a corpulent giant, of three-alderman-power in gormandizing feats, and so are Po-po and his family, and the irreverently-ridiculed court of Queen Pomare. It is uncomfortable to be assured in the preface, that "in every statement connected with missionary operations, a strict adherence to facts has, of course, been scrupulously observed"—and the satirist's rather flippant air in treating this subject makes his protestation not unnecessary, that "nothing but an earnest desire for truth and good has led him to touch upon it at all." Nevertheless, there is mournful emphasis in these revelations of *mickonaree* progress—and too much reason to accept the tenor of his remarks as correct, and to bewail the inapplicability to modern missionaries in general, of Wordsworth's lines,

Rich conquest waits them :—the tempestuous sea  
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high,  
These good men humble by a few bare words,  
And calm with awe of God's divinity.

For does not even so unexceptionable a pillar of orthodoxy as Sir Archibald Alison, express doubt as to the promise of Missions, in relation to any but European ethnology? affirming, indeed,\* that had Christianity been adapted to man in his rude and primeval state, it would have been revealed at an earlier period, and would have appeared in the age of Moses, not in that of Caesar :—a dogmatic assertion, by the way, highly characteristic of the somewhat peremptory baronet, and not very harmonious, either in letter or spirit, with the broad text on which world-wide missionary enterprise is founded, and for which Sir Archibald must surely have an *ethnic* gloss of his own private interpretation : *Προφύετες; μαρτυροῦσιν πάντα ταῖς αἰών.*

But to Mr. Melville. And in a new, and not improved aspect. *Exit* Omoo; *enter* Mardi. And the cry is, *Heu! quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Alas, how changed from him,  
This vein of Ercles, and this soul of whim—

changed enough to threaten an *excant omnes* of his quondam admirers. The first part of

\* See "Alison's History of Europe" (New Series), vol. I., p. 74.

"Mardi" is worthy of its antecedents; but too soon we are hurried whither we would not, and subjected to the caprices, *velut ægri somnia*, of one who, of malice aforethought,

Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum—

the last clause signifying that he bores us with his "sea of troubles," and provokes us to take arms against, and (if possible) by opposing, end them. Yet do some prefer his new shade of marine blue, and exult in this his "sea-change into something rich and strange." And the author of "Nile Notes" defines "Mardi," as a whole, to be unrhymed poetry, rhythmical and measured—the swell of its sentences having a low, lapping cadence, like the dip of the sun-stilled, Pacific waves, and sometimes the grave music of Bacon's Essays! Thou wert right, O Howadji, to add, "Who but an American could have written them." Alas, Cis-Atlantic criticism compared them to Foote's "What, no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber,"—with the wedding concomitants of the Picinnies and Great Panjandrum and gun-powderheeled terpsichorics—Foote being, moreover, preferred to Melville, on the score of superiority in sense, diversion, and brevity. Nevertheless, subsequent productions have proved the author of "Mardi" to plume himself on his craze, and love to have it so. And what will he do in the end thereof?

In tone and taste "Redburn" was an improvement upon "Mardi," but was as deficient as the latter was overfraught with romance and adventure. Whether fiction or fact, this narrative of the first voyage of Wellingborough Redburn,\* a New York merchant's son, as sailor-boy in a merchant-vessel, is even prosy, bald, and eventless; and would be dull beyond redemption, as a story, were not the author gifted with a scrutinizing gaze, and a habit of taking notes as well as "prenting" them, which ensures his readers against absolute common-place. It is true, he more than once plunges into episodic extravaganzas—such as the gambling-house frenzy of Harry Bolton—but these are, in effect, the dullest of all his moods; and tend to produce, what surely they are inspired by, blue devils. Nor is he over chary of introducing the repulsive,—notwithstanding his disclaimer, "Such is the fastidiousness

\* The hero himself is a sort of amalgam of Percival Keene and Peter Simple—the keenness strangely antedating the simplicity.



of some readers, that, many times, they must lose the most striking incidents in a narrative like mine:—"for not only some, but most readers, are too fastidious to enjoy such scenes as that of the starving, dying mother and children in a Liverpool cellar, and that of the dead mariner, from whose lips darted out, when the light touched them, "threads of greenish fire, like a forked tongue," till the cadaverous face was "crawled over by a swarm of worm-like flames"—a hideous picture, as deserving of a letter of remonstrance on æsthetic grounds, as Mr. Dickens' spontaneous combustion case (Krook) on physical.† Apart from these exceptions, the experiences of Redburn during his "first voyage" are singularly free from excitement, and even incident. We have one or two "marine views" happily done, though not in the artist's very happiest style. The picture of a wreck may be referred to—that of a dismantled, water-logged schooner, that had been drifting about for weeks; her bulwarks all but gone—the bare stanchions, or posts, left standing here and there, splitting in two the waves which broke clear over the deck—her open main-hatchway yawning in to view every time she rolled in the trough of the sea, and submerged again, with a rushing, gurgling sound of many waters; the relic of a jacket nailed atop of the broken mainmast, for a signal; and, sad, stern sight—most strange and most unnatural—"three dark, green, grassy objects," lashed, and leaning over sideways against the taffrail—slowly swaying with every roll, but otherwise motionless! There is a spirited sketch, too, of the sailor-boy's first ascent to "loose the main-skysail"—not daring to look down, but keeping his eyes glued to the shrouds—panting and breathing hard before he is half-way up—reaching the "Jacob's ladder," and at last, to his own amazement, finding himself hanging on the skysail yard, holding on tight and main to the mast, and curling his feet round the rigging, as if they were another pair of hands; thence gazing at length, mute and awe-stricken, on the dark midnight sea beneath, which looks like a great, black gulf, hemmed in all round by beetling black cliffs—the ship below, seeming like a long, narrow plank in the water—the boy above, seeming in utter loneliness to tread the swart night clouds, and every second expecting to find himself falling—falling—falling, as he used to feel when

the nightmare was on him. Redburn managed his first ascent deftly, and describes it admirably. Sir Nathaniel, indeed, never has been sedentary *à la vortex* on a main skysail; but he is pretty sure, from these presents, that Mr. Melville *has*. Equally sure, in his own case, is Sir N., that *had* he attained that giddy eminence, not only should he have expected to find himself falling—falling—falling, but would have found himself, or been found, fallen; which Redburn was *not*. Gallant boy—clear-headed, light-hearted, fast-handed, nimble-footed!—he deserved to reach the top of the tree, and, having reached, to enjoy the sweet peril, like blossom that hangs on the bough: and that in time he did come to enjoy it we find from his record of the wild delirium there is about it—the fine rushing of the blood about the heart—the glad thrilling and throbbing of the whole system, to find yourself tossed up at every pitch into the clouds of a stormy sky, and hovering like a judgment angel between heaven and earth; both hands free, with one foot in the rigging, and one somewhere behind you in the air.

The crew, again, are sketched by a true draughtsman—though one misses the breadth and finish of his corresponding descriptions in "Omoo." There is Captain Riga, all soft-sawed ashore, all vinegar and mustard at sea—a gay Lothario of all inexperienced, sea-going youths, from the capital or the country—who condoles and sympathizes with them in dock, but whom they will not know again when he gets out of sight of land, and mounts his cast-off clothes, and adjusts his character to the shabbiness of his coat, and holds the perplexed lads a little better than his boots, and will no more think of addressing them than of invoking wooden Donald, the figure-head at the ship's bows. There is Jackson—a meagre, consumptive, overbearing bully—squinting, broken-nosed, rheumatic—the weakest body and strongest will on board—"one glance of whose squinting eye was as good as a knock-down, for it was the most subtle, deep, infernal-looking eye ever lodged in a human head," and must have once belonged to a wolf, or starved tiger,—no oculist could ever "turn out a glass eye half so cold, and snaky, and deadly"—fit symbol of a man who, "though he could not read a word, was spontaneously an atheist," and who, during the long night-watches, would enter into arguments to prove that there was nothing to be believed, or loved, or worth living for, but everything to be hated, in the wide world:

\* "Redburn," vol. ii., ch. 27.

† See G. H. Lewes's Two Letters.

in short, "a Cain afloat; branded on his yellow brow with some inscrutable curse; and going about corrupting and searing every heart that beat near him." There is Jack Blunt, the "Irish Cockney," with his round face like a walrus, and his stumpy figure like a porpoise standing on end—full of dreams and marine romance—singing songs about susceptible mermaids—and holding fast a comfortable creed that all sailors are saved, having plenty of squalls here below, but fair weather aloft. There is Larry, the whaleman, or "blubber-boiler," ever extolling the delights of the free and easy Indian Ocean, and deprecating civilized life, or, as he styles it, "snivelization," which has "spiled him complete, when he might have been a great man in Madagasky." There is Dutch Max, stolid and seemingly respectable, but a systematic bi-(if not poly-)gamist. And there is the black cook, serious, metaphysical, "and given to talk about original sin"—sitting all Sunday morning over boiling his pots, and reading grease-spotted good books; yet tempted to use some bad language occasionally, when the sea dashes into his stove, of cold, wet, stormy mornings. And, to conclude, there is the steward, a dandy mulatto, yclept Lavender; formerly a barber in West-Broadway, and still redolent of Cologne water and relics of his stock-in-trade there—a sentimental dandy, fond of reading "Charlotte Temple," and carrying a lock of frizzled hair in his waistcoat pocket, which he volunteers to show you, with his handkerchief to his eyes. Mr. Melville is perfectly *au fait* in nautical characterization of this kind, and as thoroughly rapid when essaying revelations of English aristocratic life, and rhapsodies about Italian organ-boys, whose broken English resembles a mixture of "the potent wine of Oporto with some delicious syrup," and who discourse transcendently and ravishingly about their mission, and impel the author to affirm that a Jew's-harp hath power to awaken all the fairies in our soul, and make them dance there, "as on a moonlit sward of violets;" and that there is no humblest thing with music in it, not a fife, not a negro-fiddle, that is not to be revered\* as much as the grandest organ that ever rolled its flood-tide of harmony down a cathedral nave! What will Mr. Melville think of our taste, when we own to a delight in the cathedral organ, but also to an incurable irreverence towards street organ, vagrant fiddle, and perambula-

tory fife?—against which we have a habit of shutting the window, and retiring to a back room. That we are *moved* by their concord of sweet sounds, we allow; but it is to a wish that they would "move on," and sometimes to a mental invocation of the police. Whence, possibly, Mr. Melville will infer, on Shakspearian authority, that we are met only for

\* Treason, stratagems, and spoils;

and will demand, *quoad* our critical taste,

Let no such man be trusted.

Next came "White Jacket; or, the World in a Man-of-War." The hero's *soubriquet* is derived from his—shirt, or "white duck frock," his only wrap-rascal—a garment patched with old socks and old trouser-legs, bedarned and bequilted till stiff as King James's cotton-stuffed and dagger-proof doublet—provided, moreover, with a great variety of pockets, pantries, clothes-presses, and cupboards, and "several unseen recesses behind the arras,"—insomuch, exclaims the proud, glad owner, "that my jacket, like an old castle, was full of winding stairs, and mysterious closets, crypts, and cabinets; and like a confidential writing desk, abounded in snug little out-of-the-way lairs and hiding-places, for the storage of valuables." The adventures of the adventurous proprietor of this encyclopædic togo, this cheap magazine of a coat, are detailed with that eager vivacity, and sometimes that unlicensed extravagance, which are characteristic of the scribe. Some of the sea-pictures are worthy of his highest mood—when a fine imagination over-rides and represses the chaos of a wanton fancy. Give him to describe a storm on the wide waters—the gallant ship laboring for life and against hope—the gigantic masts snapping almost under the strain of the top-sails—the ship's bell dismally tolling, and this at mark midnight—the rampant billows curling their crests in triumph—the gale flattening the mariners against the rigging as they toil upwards, while a hurricane of slanting sleet and hail pelts them in savage wrath: and he will thrill us quiet landmen who dwell at home at ease.

For so successful a trader in "marine stores" as Mr. Melville, "The Whale" seemed a speculation every way big with promise. From such a master of his harpoon might have been expected a prodigious hit. There was about blubber and spermaceti something unctuously suggestive, with him for whaleman. And his three volumes entitled "The

\* No parallel passage is that fine saying of Sir Thomas Browne in "Religio Medici," ii., 9.

Whale" undoubtedly contain much vigorous description, much wild power, many striking details. But the effect is distressingly marred throughout by an extravagant treatment of the subject. The style is maniacal—mad as a March hare—mowing, gibbering, screaming, like an incurable Bedlamite, reckless of keeper or straight-waistcoat. Now it vaults on stilts, and performs *Bombastes Furioso* with contortions of figure, and straining strides, and swashbuckler fustian, far beyond *Pistol* in that Ancient's happiest mood. Now it is seized with spasms, acute and convulsive enough to excite bewilderment in all beholders. When he pleases, Mr. Melville can be so lucid, straightforward, hearty, and unaffected, and displays so unmistakable a shrewdness, and satirical sense of the ridiculous, that it is hard to suppose that he can have indited the rhodomontade to which we allude. Surely the man is a Doppelgänger—a dual number incarnate (singular though he be, in and out of all conscience):—surely he is two single gentlemen rolled into one, but retaining their respective idiosyncrasies—the one sensible, sagacious, observant, graphic, and producing admirable matter—the other maundering, drivelling, subject to paroxysms, cramps, and total collapse, and penning exceeding many pages of unaccountable "bosh." So that in tackling every new chapter, one is disposed to question it beforehand, "Under which king, Bezonian?"—the sane or the insane; the constitutional and legitimate, or the absolute and usurping? Writing of Leviathan, he exclaims, "Unconsciously my chirography expands into placard capitals. Give me a condor's quill!" Give me Vesuvius' crater for an inkstand! Friends, hold my arms!" Oh that his friends had obeyed that summons! They might have saved society from a huge dose of hyperbolic slang, maudlin sentimentalism, and tragi-comic bubble and squeak.

His Yankeeisms are plentiful as blackberries. "I am tormented," quoth he, "with an everlasting itch for things remote." Remote, too frequently, from good taste, good manners, and good sense. We need not pause at such expressions as "looking a sort of diabolically funny;"—"beefsteaks done rare;"—"a speechlessly quick chaotic bundling of a man into eternity;"—"bidding adieu to circumspect life, to exist only in a delirious throb." But why wax fast and furious in a thousand such paragraphs as these:—"In landlessness alone resides the highest truth, indefinite as the Almighty. . . . Take

heart, take heart, O Bulkington! Bear thee grimly, demi-god! Up from the spray of thy ocean-perishing—straight up, leaps thy apotheosis!"—"Thou [*scil.* Spirit of Equality] great God! who didst not refuse to the swart convict, Bunyan, the pale, poetic pearl; Thou who didst clothe with doubly hammered leaves of finest gold the stumped and paupered arm of old Cervantes; Thou who didst pick up Andrew Jackson from the pebbles; who didst hurl him upon a war-horse; who didst thunder him higher than a throne!"—"If such a furious trope may stand, his [Capt. Ahab's] special lunacy stormed his genial sanity, and carried it, and turned all its concentrated cannon upon its own mad mark . . . then it was, that his torn body and gashed soul bled into one another; and so interfusing made him mad."—"And the miser-merman, Wisdom, revealed [to a diving negro] his hoarded heaps; and among the joyous, heartless, ever-juvenile eternities, Pip saw the multitudinous, God-omnipresent, coral insects, that out of the firmament of waters heaved the colossal orbs. He saw God's foot upon the treadle of the loom, and spoke it; and therefore his shipmates called him mad."

The story itself is a strange, wild, furious thing—about Captain Ahab's vow of revenge against one Moby Dick. And who is Moby Dick? A fellow of a whale, who has made free with the captain's leg; so that the captain now stumps on ivory, and goes circumnavigating the globe in quest of the old offender, and raves by the hour in a lingo borrowed from Rabelais, Carlyle, Emerson, newspapers transcendental and transatlantic, and the magnificent poems of our Christmas pantomimes. Captain Ahab is introduced with prodigious efforts at preparation; and there is really no lack of rude power and character about his presentment—spoiled, however, by the Cambyzes' vein in which he dissipates his vigor. His portrait is striking—looking "like a man cut away from the stake, when the fire has over-runningly wasted all the limbs without consuming them, or taking away one particle from their compacted aged robustness"—a man with a brow gaunt and ribbed, like the black sand beach after some stormy tide has been gnawing it, without being able to drag the firm thing from its place. Ever since his fell encounter with Moby Dick, this impassioned veteran has cherished a wild vindictiveness against the whale, frantically identifying with him not only all his bodily woes, but all his feelings of exasperation—

so that the White Whale swims before him "as the monomaniac incarnation of all those malicious agencies which some deep men feel eating in them, till they are left living on with half a heart and half a lung." The amiable cannibal Queequeg occasions some stirring and some humorous scenes, and is probably the most reasonable and cultivated creature of the ship's company. Starbuck and Stubb are both tiresome, in different ways. The book is rich with facts connected with the natural history of the whale, and the whole art and process of whaling; and with spirited descriptions of that process, which betray an intense straining at effect. The climax of the three days' chase after Moby Dick is highly wrought and sternly exciting—but the catastrophe, in its whirl of waters and fancies, resembles one of Tur-

ner's later nebulous transgressions in *gamboge*.

Speaking of the passengers on board Redburn's ship *Highlander*, Mr. Melville significantly and curtly observes, "As for the ladies, I have nothing to say concerning them; for ladies are like creeds; if you cannot speak well of them, say nothing." He will pardon us for including in this somewhat arbitrary classification of forms of beauty and forms of faith, his own, last, and worst production, "*Pierre*; or, the Ambiguities."

O author of "*Typee*" and "*Omoo*," we admire so cordially the proven capacity of your pen, that we entreat you to doff the "non-natural sense" of your late lucubrations—to put off your worsen self—and to do your better, real self, that justice which its "potentiality" deserves.

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Translated from the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

## AMPERE IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE journey from New York to Philadelphia is made in half a day, partly by railroad and partly by steamboat. Throughout the whole extent of the United States, there is no other mode of travel. The extent of railroads in the Union is almost equal to that of all others in the world. It is estimated that at the present time nearly 27,000 miles of railway have been constructed upon the globe, which laid in a straight line would extend around the earth. Of this whole extent of railway, the United States has about 12,000 miles, twice that of Great Britain, and five times that of France. This extent has doubled in four years. The traveller, Sir Basil Hall, affirmed in 1825, that it would be impossible to construct railroads in the United States, because of the great distances. In France, about the same time, some doubted the applicability of steam to those ways of communication which were at first made for the transportation of coal, and upon which vehicles drawn by horses have been replaced by cars running at the rate of 90 miles an hour. It may be that similar triumphs are reserved to electro-magnetism, which some are now attempting to substitute for

steam. Meanwhile, the electric telegraph is making a wonderful use of this newly discovered power. There are now in the United States 15,000 miles of telegraphic wires.

I found my travelling companions very social and agreeable. As I have been accused of partiality in this respect, I quote the words of an English traveller desirous of demonstrating the advantages which Canada possesses in consequence of its union with the mother country, and complacently contrasts its prosperity with that of the United States. This traveller certainly cannot be suspected of partiality in their favor. "A well-bred American," says Mr. Tremenhoe, "ever manifests the greatest kindness and cordiality to a stranger, upon the least recommendation and even without recommendation, in the chance meetings of hotel life or in travelling. I have always found every one disposed to answer all inquiries, and eagerly embracing every opportunity of performing acts of courtesy and politeness." How shall we reconcile this testimony with the accusations of so many other travellers against the good manners of the Americans? This difference, think, may be attributed to two causes:



Mr. Tremenheere has fewer prejudices against this country than many of his countrymen, and has travelled there more recently.

I expected to find Philadelphia entirely different from New York. I had anticipated a quiet city, with a Quaker air; but the uniform activity of the Americans gives a similarity of appearance to all the great centres of population. Philadelphia is no longer the city of Penn. The Quakers ceased to be dominant at the time of the Revolution. Certain portions of the city, however, have a more quiet and more *ancient* aspect than New York. There is no street so commanding as Broadway; in no part is there an appearance of so great activity, still it prevails to a very great extent in the principal streets. Philadelphia is a manufacturing city, and New York a commercial city; they are Birmingham and Liverpool.

For a long time Philadelphia had the ascendancy of New York; but the day that Jackson vetoed the United States Bank was fatal to its prosperity. The commercial superiority of New York is established by the Erie Canal, which pours into its markets the rich products of the West, in addition to the various railroads which are in operation. Philadelphia is projecting and preparing greater facilities of communication with the valley of the Ohio, and establishing a line of trans-atlantic steamers, which will turn the tide of European emigration to its advantage. This emulation is ardent. The superiority of New York is the night-mare of the Pennsylvanians, who are reluctant to concede that it is the first city in the Union, and doubt the results of the last census, which gives to the rival city a greater population than that of Philadelphia.

The weather was cold and stormy on my arrival. In the public gardens I saw gray squirrels sporting upon the dark branches of the naked trees. I perceived that there had been built for them little houses among the branches. There is in this benevolence to animals something which recalls Penn. These poor squirrels have not always been so well treated; as they were destructive to the grain, a price was set upon their heads during the last century. The government expended 8,000 pounds for their extermination.

I like to go to the theatre the first day of my arrival in a city, and while listening to the actors, I observe the people; besides, it is a rest. After the fatigue of travelling, I do not feel disposed to endure that other fatigue which conversation in a foreign language with strangers produces. They were playing at

the Philadelphia theatre the translation of the *Tyrant of Padua*, by Victor Hugo. A remnant of Quaker prudery, not allowing them to give the heroine the name of *courtezan*, she was styled upon the placard as an actress, which destroys the whole meaning of the play, and shows at the same time that the condition of the theatre here is considered as something profane. The actress representing *Tisbé* was neither *Mlle. Rachel* nor *Mme. Dorval*; her acting appeared to me violent and immodest. All the modesty was expended upon the placard. The theatre closed with a scene in which I thought I perceived some traits of American character, especially in the part enacted by a servant, who performed only with his head, saying to his master: "Why will you write upon this table rather than upon that?" I only fear lest this little comedy, which seems to me so American, should be a translation of some French ballad.

If Boston was witness to the first contests for independence, it was at Philadelphia that the first Congress assembled, one year before the armed struggle commenced, that Congress of which Lord Chatham said: "With whatever admiration the free States of antiquity inspire me, I am forced to acknowledge, that for solidity of reasoning, penetration of mind, wisdom of conduct, the American assembly yields to none within the memory of man;" that Congress, in which Christopher Gadsden answered, Roman-like, those who expressed the fear that the English could easily destroy all the maritime cities of North America: "Mr. President, our maritime cities are made of wood and bricks. If they are destroyed, we have clay and forests to rebuild them; but if the liberties of our country are destroyed, where shall we find materials to repair them?" The second Congress which chose Washington as Commander-in-Chief, and proclaimed independence, also convened at Philadelphia. There may still be found the hall in which this declaration was made, and the original manuscript of this glorious proclamation, signed by the founders of American liberty. It was here that John Adams, a northern man, chivalrously proposed Washington, of Virginia, for the Supreme command.

In the place which recalls so great an event, we cannot forbear to glance at the causes which led to it. The enfranchisement of the English colonies of America was not, strictly speaking, a revolution. It was a separation. Each colony, in becoming independent, was a republic in almost every thing but in name.

It had a governor and two assemblies ; it still had a governor and two assemblies, and continued to govern itself as formerly. There was scarcely a change of name, still less of things. The State of Rhode Island had, until 1826, for a constitution the charter granted to it by the crown of England. America, in separating herself from the Metropolis, was like one vessel parting from another, and continuing to pursue the same course, and to perform the same movements. The independent colonies even experienced some difficulty in submitting to the power of Congress, which in some respects was more burdensome than the distant and contested authority of the English government.

Not only did the colonies under the monarchy possess republican institutions, but, what was still more desirable, they had had the opportunity to develop among them the republican spirit. With the exception of some wars with the Indians, and some expeditions against the French, who maintained in their commercial and agricultural existence an energy which might become advantageous in the struggle for independence, the history of the English colonies was composed almost wholly of disputes with the ministers and parliament, or with the governors sent from England. It was a gradual contest ; like that of the commons of the middle age against the feudal lords, or of the Italian republics against the emperors. There were insurrections—that of Virginia under Bacon, who burned the new capital, Jamestown, as the Russians burned Moscow ; the conspiracy of Birkenhead, attempted in the same province by some of the veterans of Cromwell ; there were demagogues, who zealously supported the cause of the people and afterwards perished abandoned by them, as Sayer at New York, under William 3d. But what was always dominant was legal resistance, the obstinate support of a written law, of a charter, the art of eluding or of wearying tyranny, and, although submitting to it, the determination to oppose it. These controversies, these reclamations, this persevering opposition, which was continually changing its form, and, when one place failed, appeared in another, which contended without passion yet without weakness, protesting ever, yielding sometimes, never renouncing, were like a patient war, a siege slow but sure, and terminated by the Declaration of Independence, prepared for more than a century.

This memorable struggle for freedom was gradually evolved by the natural development of the principles of liberty, brought to

America by the colonists of New England. They contained nothing theoretical or abstract : it was always practice, and never philosophy. I am mistaken, one attempt was made by a philosopher to create a constitution : I refer to the constitution prepared by Locke for Virginia, in which, proceeding after the manner of the 18th century by combinations drawn from his own mind and not from the actual condition of the people, he had conceived the idea of giving to Virginia a feudal organization. This constitution, the Utopia of a wise mind, but at that time chimerical, after having for several years been the occasion of despair to those upon whom it had been imposed, disappeared at length, with its margraves and princes.

The city of Penn, which possesses the glory of proclaiming the independence of the United States, has moreover exerted a particular influence over the new republic. The Quakers, with Penn as their leader, are the true founders of religious toleration in a country of which it must ever be one of the sources of its strength and glory, and whence it can never depart, either from episcopal Virginia or puritan New England. Toleration was established almost simultaneously in three different places, in this county where the law was equally intolerant to the churchmen of the South and the dissenters of the North. Religious liberty was proclaimed in the colony of Rhode Island, to the great offence of the puritans, by Roger Williams, a generous, though extravagant sectarian, who declared that the state had no right to persecute for religious opinion, and at the same time refused to attend divine service with his own family, because he judged them unregenerate ; thus combining the greatest toleration with the strictest *separatism*. In Maryland, a Catholic Irishman, Lord Baltimore, also established liberty of belief. Catholicism, instructed by persecution and enlightened by the spirit of modern times, gave a noble example, which Protestantism ought to have followed, instead of banishing the Catholics from Maryland, where the toleration of Catholics had offered them a place of refuge. From these two examples may be seen how difficult it is to free religious liberty, even among its warmest advocates, and those who have enjoyed its benefits, from habits of intolerance and persecution.

A sect which originated in the excesses of a mad fanaticism, but which, in the progress of events, became modified in its character, the Quakers, had the glory of giving preva-

lence in a great colony to the principle of toleration which they had but seldom enjoyed. At first they insulted ministers in their pulpits, and the Quakeresses appeared naked in the assembly of the faithful in order to express the humility of the church; but the time of these excesses was past. Recovered from these extravagances, into which an immoderate zeal had precipitated their first apostles, the Quakers, directed by Penn, earnestly professed toleration and a horror of blood. They persecuted no one, and, surrounded by savage nations, they alone of the American colonists never took up arms, and indeed never found it necessary to do so. There may still be seen in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia the spot where stood the elm, under which Penn had that famous interview with the Indians, during which he seated himself on the ground in accordance with their custom, shared their repast, and ended by running, leaping like them, and even surpassing them in these exercises.

This peaceful sect has had, however, its internal dissensions. It is divided between those who have faithfully adhered to the independence of their church, recognizing no other authority than that of individual inspiration, and those whose doctrines approach nearer to the English Church, of which their ancestors were the bitter opponents. At present the Quakers have no peculiarities except their use of the expressions *thee* and *thou*, and the fashion of their hats.

The sect of the Mormons is at the present time attracting much attention on account of its eccentricities and its progress. Accused of opinions the most subversive of family interests, it has rapidly developed itself during the past few years, and enjoyed a constantly increasing prosperity. It is known that the sect of Mormons has been founded within a few years by an impostor named J. Smith, who pretended to have discovered tablets of gold, on which was written the new law, but who found, it is asserted, his religion ready made in a manuscript romance, which came by chance into his possession. This Smith was assassinated in one of the insurrections which the Mormons provoke against them wherever they establish themselves. These insurrections were doubtless wrong; but it is surely a bad sign for a new religion to excite such hostility in a country where every shade of belief may be indulged without obstacle. All the while pursued, and ever withdrawing from the persecutions of the people incensed against them, the Mormons established themselves upon the upper Mississippi. There

they constructed a temple of considerable dimensions, and of peculiar architecture. Besieged, they defended themselves until the completion of their temple, and then withdrew from their enemies. Driving their herds across the plains, they stopped at length upon the banks of the Salt Lake, where they have formed an organized community, which prospers by their industry and agriculture. These strange people have their railroads and improved machinery; their population is rapidly increasing through the success of their proselyting agents in London, Liverpool, and even in Paris; they will have in a few years a sufficient population to form a state of their territory, and they will then be represented in the Senate and Congress of the United States.

Here a difficulty will present itself. It appears that the Mormons entertain views relative to marriage quite at variance with those of Christian people. The chiefs seem to enjoy, in this respect, privileges not unlike the ancient patriarchal customs of the East. It would hardly seem possible, that in a new country, peopled by immigration, there should be a sufficient number of females for the general prevalence of polygamy; still it is an indisputable fact, that, under one name or another, it exists to a certain extent among the Mormons. If I may rely upon the statement of a journal, which I was reading not long since, one of their principal functionaries had appeared, accompanied by his sixteen wives. The privilege of polygamy, it is said, is reserved for the saints, by whom are meant those who are believed to be inspired, and control the other Mormons.

—Utah, the country which the Mormons inhabit, being still only a territory, their magistrates are appointed by the federal government. It seems they have recently manifested some dissatisfaction in this respect, by sending back the judges appointed by Congress. The Saints, on this occasion, uttered very severe language against the Gentiles, as they designate the other inhabitants of the United States, and in general all who are not Mormons. They seem to resemble, in many respects, the Jews, of whom they are the pretended descendants. They have the same antipathy for all the rest of the human race—the same desire of gain—the same unity among themselves. Mr. Kane, who accompanied them some time during their flight, was much affected by the tenderness which they manifested towards each other, and the care they took of the aged and feeble. He

relates the history of a young Mormon, who was sick, and almost dying, who desired to be conveyed in a wagon across the desert, in order to join his brethren before his death. After his sight failed, the woman who attended him desired him to stop. "No," he answered, "I can no longer see my brethren, but I wish to hear them once more."

I have read the sacred book of the Mormons, and I must confess that I have not found there the strange morality which has been imputed to them. It is an imitation, or rather a parody, of the Old Testament, a recital in verse, and in weak biblical style, of the migration of their ancestors, under different chiefs, one of whom was Mormon, from Palestine to America, where the new law was to be fully revealed by J. Smith. I am inclined to believe, that the idea that America ought to possess a religion and revelation of her own, in order to be independent of the old world, and in no way indebted to it, has especially contributed to the progress of Mormonism in the United States.

The Mormon bible was written for the Americans. The theory of the right of the majority to rule, is there expressed by one of the chiefs of the chosen tribe:—"It is not often that the voice of the people desires anything opposed to the general good; but it not unfrequently happens that the minority desires what is not good; therefore, you will enact a law to conduct your affairs in accordance with the will of the people." Hence it is evident, that however different may be their views upon other points, the Mormons are indoctrinated with the idea of the infallibility of the majority, and the presumptive error of the minority—a doctrine less objectionable, where the multitude are educated, as in the United States,—but which always may result in using might instead of right. Pascal said, in speaking of a vote upon ecclesiastic matters, "it is easier to find monks than reasons."

There are evidently polemic sentiments in this book, which do no honor to the toleration of the Mormons. A certain person advocated the opinion of the Universalists, respecting the final salvation of all men, and was hung for preaching this doctrine. It is evident that the Mormons would not, like the Quakers, have established religious toleration in America.

The Mormons will doubtless, in time, divest themselves of the hostile and unsocial disposition which has every where caused them to be disliked and repulsed. The Ana-

baptists, of bloody memory, whose leader had twelve wives, whom he obliged to dance around the dead body of one of their number, decapitated by his own hands,—the Anabaptists of Leyden have become Baptists, and are distinguished at the present day for the innocence of their manners, and the peaceful zeal of their apostles. The Quakers began by abandoning themselves to the strangest excesses, and by exciting as much opposition as the Mormons, but for a long time they have given no offence to any one. I imagine that it will eventuate with the new sects as with the Anabaptists and Quakers; in this country, if individual liberty begets and encourages extraordinary opinions, the general good sense and the universal interest will induce them to modify whatever is offensive to the community.

Certain passages may be found in the Mormon bible evidently imitations of the Gospel; and Mormon declares himself a disciple of Jesus Christ. "And behold I have written all this upon the tablets of gold, which I have made with my own hands; and behold I am called Mormon, after the name of the country where was established the first church after the transgression; and behold I am a disciple of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." The religion of the Mormons seems to be a Judaic Christianity, rather than anything else. Their obnoxious practices do not appear to form an essential part of their belief, and it is probable that necessary association with the other States of the Union will modify them. The Quakers have caused a digression to the Mormons; I return to Philadelphia.

I was so fortunate as to be directed in my observations by Mr. Gerhard, a distinguished member of the bar, to whom I was recommended. In every city of the United States which I visited, I met one or more individuals of true merit, who have freely given me all the information which I could desire, and have evinced the greatest and most unexpected kindness. Mr. Gerhard is one to whom I am much indebted; like Mr. Kent and Mr. Sedgwick, he belongs to that class of lawyers which forms in the United States a true aristocracy of intelligence and manners. It is in this class that the aristocracy may be found, rather than among the wealthy, who awkwardly attempt to imitate in America the manners of Europe. I will not include in this class, for his eccentricity is quite American, an apothecary of Philadelphia, who has conceived the idea of building a house of immoderate height, and of singu-



lar-form, with turrets and towers, a style of architecture which bears the same resemblance to true art that the rhetoric of Thomas Diafoirus does to eloquence.

I visited the court-house in company with Mr. Gerhard, during the trial of a very important case; that of the riot at Christiana. A planter, from Maryland, was killed while in pursuit of a fugitive slave in a free State. This law is, at this time, the stumbling stone, against which, the Compromise Act is at all times ready to fall. It allows the master to pursue his slave into the State in which he has taken refuge, and to obtain the aid, in this pursuit, of the officers of the Federal Government. It must be conceded that the principle of this law is to be found in the Constitution, which is positive in this respect, though the word slave is not mentioned. It seems that the legislators have substituted for this unfortunate name, the words, a person held to service or labor. The States, contrary to the general usage, allow, in this particular, the intervention of the Federal Government. They do not countenance their own officers in the pursuit or arrest of the fugitives; though they allow them to be arrested; which seems too little for the slave States, and too much for the free States. Without this legislative enactment, the slaves, aided in their escape by the abolitionists, would find an easy and sure refuge in a neighboring State, and the guarantee granted by the constitution would be fallacious; but in another point of view, the fugitive slave law presents great difficulties. It is scandalous that the judge who decides the action in favor of the claimant, is entitled to a larger fee than if he decides to the contrary; and aside from this monstrous clause, it may be imagined how hard it is in those states of the Union where slavery does not exist, for those who abhor it as a crime, and reprove it as a sin, to see a stranger, accompanied by officers who belong to another state, arrest and handcuff a peaceable citizen, established for years perhaps in a place, and recognized as a neighbor or friend. These arrests are often the occasion of heart-rending scenes. I was informed, that some time since in New England, a fugitive slave was found on a steamboat with his wife and two children. Some one jestingly told him that there were persons on the boat employed to arrest him, when he suddenly stabbed himself, and his wife threw herself with her two children into the water.

Such scenes are not calculated to calm the public mind. Although the participation of

the accused in the riot at Christiana is generally admitted, it is thought they will be acquitted, especially since they are indicted for treason, which is a capital crime; and as it is defined in the old English law, the jury will never agree that those who were implicated in this affair had *declared war* against the United States. I heard a part of the accusation which was expressed in very suitable terms, carefully avoiding everything calculated to irritate the public mind, and confining itself exclusively to the meaning of the law.

The judges did not appear to me less imposing for not wearing the black robe and the square cap. The same is true of the lawyers. I like to see a man in a frock coat explain a case to others similarly dressed, rather than one attired like Patelin, who, while gesticulating, is ever taking off or putting on his cap, or throwing back his sleeves before other persons in black robes, who involuntarily remind me of Perrin Dandin or Brid'oison. These costumes are aristocratic signs, which tend to separate the different classes, by imposing upon each a particular character, and it is known that there is but one civil costume in the United States. The democratic principle tends to suppress in everything hierarchical distinctions. In the United States there is no difference between the attorney and counsellor, as the same individual alternately performs the duties of both; still less do there exist the distinctions which separate in England the civilian, the barrister, and the sergeant at law. An American is all these, and may be besides proctor, advocate, solicitor, conveyancer, and pleader, and may successively or simultaneously engage in other pursuits. The United States is not a country of rigorous adherence to one thing exclusively, and there are but few who have not had a variety of occupations.

At another court, where I was present at a trial of less importance, I was surprised to hear one of the judges express his dissent after the verdict had been rendered. He did it with much calmness. It is carrying the respect for individual opinion very far, thus to allow the minority of the judges to express an opinion contrary to the decision, at the risk of weakening its force; but here it seemed to occasion no difficulty.

The mayor of Philadelphia proposed to accompany me this evening to the disorderly portions of the city. I was informed that he has ever performed his important duties in a very commendable manner, and that the public tranquillity and security have gained

much by the organization of a safety police which he has established. As I have before observed, the police system is the weak point of many of the large cities of the United States;—New York among the rest, and as I was desirous of witnessing what had been accomplished in Philadelphia, I was gratified at this opportunity of becoming acquainted with that part of the population which we seldom encounter in the world, and which there are no inducements to visit unless in such good company.

We began our circuit at eight o'clock in the evening, and ended it at eleven. Meanwhile, we entered a number of suspicious looking houses, visited several colored females, and passed through certain streets, where it would not be wise to venture alone. The magistrate was attended by two large officers armed with pistols, and serving as our body-guard.

The mayor entered into a house occupied by a colored woman smoking her cigar. We were very politely received. He spoke very kindly to the woman. Well, Jane, how do you do? You have a very comfortable house here. He was answered without impudence or embarrassment. Now and then he was saluted by a negro whom he had sent to prison some time before. Be careful, he would say to him, not to appear before me again: I may be more severe the next time. Never fear, Mr. Mayor, I shall not expose myself again. Mr. — is much more severe than his predecessors, though he does not approve of useless severity. His motto is, as he says: Never harsh, and always ready. His officers are ordered, when they find persons but slightly intoxicated, to lead them home.

Nothing can be more repulsive than the small rooms where the negroes assemble to dance—or rather, to shake themselves monotonously before each other, striking the floor with the heels of their shoes, in the space of a few feet encumbered with a stove, and a revolting group of old negro women smoking their pipes. This black population furnishes, as might be expected, the greatest share of the arrests made by the police officers; though the white population, especially the Irish, contributes its due proportion. These arrests amounted in one year to 7,077; not unfrequently the lock-up contains sixty women. The Germans have for some time had a bad reputation; the French comprise the better portion of the foreign population.

We visited the station of the night police, which comprises fifty men and a captain.

The Captain receives \$600, and each man \$300; nearly all are laborers. The captain, an intelligent man, is a carriage-maker, by which he earns \$300. The men serve fourteen hours in winter, and ten in summer. They watch in turn. Each one goes alone armed with a club, and carries a rattle to warn his companions in case of need, and to summon assistance. The law is generally respected, and is only resisted by drunkards and vagabonds; but what surprised me, it is seldom necessary to appeal to the aid of the citizens. Besides the force at the disposal of the mayor, there is another which receives its authority from the marshal, who may in a case of emergency dispose of all of the municipal forces. This organization seems to me characteristically American in its perfect precision and accuracy.

I spent the remainder of the evening very agreeably at the mayor's. The conversation turned upon that adventurous instinct which prompts the American to tempt fortune at every risk. To obtain it, many go, for example, to New Orleans where the climate is almost fatal in summer, and where they die or become rich. Like in all respects, except in the instinct of glory, to that military sentiment which leads to the desire for perilous warfare where there is sure preferment to all who are not killed. I was informed of a man who had arrived from California, who had been successively an agriculturist, a merchant, and captain of a steamboat, and at length became very rich. He returned home, but knew of no way to dispose of his money but to lend or give it to his friends, of whom he had scarcely thought in his absence. Evidently the passion of this man was not to possess money, but to acquire it. Much was said of the triumph of a locksmith, Mr. Locke. The famous Bramah had proposed a reward to any one who should succeed in opening a lock which he had exerted all his skill to construct. Mr. Locke opened it, then placed 100 guineas in a safe, and locked it and gave the key to Bramah, offering him the 100 guineas if he opened it: I have not heard that it has been opened. The triumph of Mr. Locke, the victory of the yacht *America* over the English yachts in a regatta near the Isle of Wight, the success of the reaping machine, are three topics upon which the press is inexhaustible. To these three great industrial exploits may be added the superior speed of the American steamers in crossing the Atlantic. They are the four great victories. They are Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz and Wagram. The national vanity is quite ex-

cited. The English deserve honor for the courtesy which they manifested in their defeat. When the *America* beat their yachts at the Isle of Wight, the Queen congratulated the victors. The conquered gracefully applauded. I have heard Americans acknowledge that, in case of defeat, they would not have done the same.

Philadelphia is said to be one of the most scientific and literary cities in the Union, and judging from what I have seen, I am induced to believe it. It possesses a museum of natural history, distinguished especially for its beautiful collection of birds. Aside from science, it is to me an unwearied source of enjoyment to contemplate beautiful birds, and I can comprehend the enthusiasm of two ornithologists who spent their lives in traversing the forests of America for the purpose of studying the habits of the birds, of which they have published representations in two works well known and appreciated by naturalists; these two men are Wilson and Audubon. Wilson, a Scotchman by birth, a friend of Burns, who himself attempted poetry in his youth, arrived penniless in America. In traversing the forests of Delaware, the sight of a beautiful native bird, the red-headed woodpecker, filled him with an admiration which decided his future career. By turns pedlar and school-teacher, he attempted to draw, but succeeded only with birds, which decided his avocation as ornithologist. With no other resource than a strong will, he conceived the design of collecting and sketching all the birds of North America, and with this view he spent his life wandering in the forests, with no society but the Indians. There he was happy: observing the habits of the birds, and enthusiastically enjoying solitude. He suffered only while in the cities, "forced," said he, "to forget the harmonies of the woods, for the incessant turmoil of the city, and surrounded with musty books." The only book which he studied with enjoyment, was the book of nature. In his wanderings he had a double aim: "I go," wrote he, "in pursuit of birds and subscribers." The latter were more difficult than the former; but nothing daunted Wilson: his correspondence, full of vivacity and imagination, shows him sometimes at the North in the forests of New Hampshire, where he is mistaken for a Canadian spy; sometimes at the West, descending the Ohio in a small boat, and delighted, he says, to feel his heart dilate in view of the new scenes which surrounded him; then going to New Orleans, through a region of country

at that time a desert, where he often traveled 150 miles without finding an inhabited place. Wilson died in 1813, at the age of 47, after having surmounted all obstacles and published the seventh volume of his ornithology.

Wilson loved and appreciated nature; he experienced in the presence of creation those pleasures of which learned statesmen have no conception. I read in one of his letters: "Since I have attempted to re-produce the wonders of nature, I see a beauty in each plant, flower and bird which I behold; I find that my ideas of the first and incomprehensible cause are elevated in proportion as I examine minutely His works. I often smile at the thought that while others are absorbed in plans of speculation and fortune, and are occupied in purchasing plantations or in building cities, I am observing with delight the plumage of a lark, or contemplating with the air of a lover in despair, the profile of an owl." Studying did not render him cruel. "One of my pupils," he adds, "the other day caught a mouse, and immediately brought the prisoner to me. That same evening I began to sketch it; meanwhile the beatings of its little heart evinced that it was suffering the extremest agony of fear. I was intending to kill it by placing it under the claws of a stuffed owl; but having accidentally spilled some drops of water near the place of its confinement, it began to lap it up with so much eagerness and to look at me with such an appearance of supplicating terror, that it triumphed entirely over my resolution, and I accordingly liberated it." Uncle Toby would not have been more compassionate, had he been a naturalist.

Audubon was an American by birth, and his life, like that of Wilson's, affords a remarkable example of what a persevering will, united to an indomitable passion, can accomplish. Both possessed the same passion, both devoted their lives, in the depths of the forests, in studying the habits of the birds, and in reproducing their varied forms. The descriptions of Audubon are interspersed with the most interesting details of the habits of the American birds. It is evident that he has lived with them in their solitudes, as he often gives variety to his descriptions by introducing personal reminiscences, and sketches of the prairies, of the banks of the Ohio and of Niagara. One interesting feature of his publications is, that the colored plates represent objects in their true dimensions. For the first time in a zoological atlas, a bird like the eagle and the turkey are represent-

ed in their natural size. Audubon has also placed by the side of each bird the flower or branch which they prefer, and has chosen that attitude which is most characteristic. This magnificent work, conceived and prepared by an American, was published in Scotland, with the aid of an English artist.

In his preface, Audubon has related how his natural taste for ornithology was developed. From his childhood he was passionately fond of the woods. The sight of the graceful creatures which animated them, thenceforth filled his mind with inexpressible joy. He passed, he says, hours full of calm delight in viewing the eggs deposited in the moss; then he longed to possess these objects of his admiration. The death of the birds which he collected grieved his youthful heart. He then conceived the idea of reproducing their images by sketching them, but for a long time his efforts were fruitless, and at each anniversary of his birth, he was accustomed to destroy many of his sketches. He went to France, and entered the studio of David, which he never regretted, though he could not find his instinctive love of nature gratified. After a short time he returned to his forest life; but, as his passion for birds did not exclude all others, he married, and for twenty years he spent a restless, unsatisfied existence, engaging in a variety of occupations, but succeeding in none, because his mind was elsewhere. No longer able to restrain his propensity, though blamed by his friends, he resumed his wanderings through the woods, on the banks of the lakes, and along the shores of the Atlantic. He traveled with no other aim than to gratify his sight with the scenes of nature, and especially with the winged creation. One day, while traversing the forests of the Upper Hudson, the idea occurred to him to publish the result of so many observations, made solely for his own pleasure, and a representation more complete, more true to nature, of the beings he so loved. He encountered fewer obstacles than Wilson. The American was more liberally aided in Scotland, than the Scotchman had been in America; but before the completion of his undertaking, he met with some reverses; for one day he found, upon opening a trunk, where he had deposited a thousand designs, that two Norwegian rats had taken possession with their family, surrounded with the tattered remnants of his work. The sight almost maddened him. Audubon, of French origin, died some years since.

At the Philadelphia Museum may also be

seen the collection of skulls made by Mr. Morton, the author of the *American Craniology*. Mr. Morton aimed particularly at the American race in his researches; but the necessity of comparing the configuration of the people of the new world with that of the inhabitants of other continents, induced him to form the remarkable collection, which, since his death, has been deposited temporarily in the museum at Philadelphia. Mr. Morton is one of those who have attempted to demonstrate that we must seek in an artificial deformity for the origin of certain forms of the head, unnaturally flattened among some of the American tribes and immoderately enlarged in the form of a moon among others,—practices which are not unknown in France, and the results of which have been observed in the heads of foreigners. As to the question of race and origin, Morton has arrived at the conclusion that the new continent was peopled by a race bearing no essential relation to the Mongolian race, and consequently did not come from Asia. But what particularly attracted my attention, for I have my passion like Wilson and Audubon, were the Egyptian skulls which form an important part of Mr. Morton's collection, and to which he has devoted a special work. He recognized in the Egyptian race a particular type, and has distinguished in the Egyptian style, two varieties, one of which is characterized by a low, narrow forehead, and the other presenting the principal traits of the Caucasian race. Have the negro race ever intermingled themselves with the Egyptian population? This is perhaps not impossible. The wife of Amenophis 1st is represented upon the monuments as black; similar unions may have been formed by the common people, especially at the time of the invasions of the shepherds, who, having entered Egypt on the north, caused the native population to emigrate southward. To this union may be attributed the flatness of the foreheads, so striking in certain heads in this collection. One thing is true, that the Theban skulls bear a stronger resemblance to the Nubian skulls, than those of Memphis. Has the configuration of the black population of the south of Egypt been influenced by that of the inhabitants of Upper Egypt? This, in my opinion, has seemed to result from the examinations of the skulls in Mr. Morton's collection. If this fact is established, we may avail ourselves of it in seeking for the origin of the aborigines of Egypt. Pardon me for these Egyptian digressions, which perhaps do not inter-



est my reader as much as myself. I will add nothing upon the skulls of the mummies, but will resume my promenade in Philadelphia.

We will return to America, and visit the Mint of this city. The Mint at Philadelphia presents at the present time an unusual spectacle: thanks to the California gold, which is there transformed into \$5.00 pieces; gold literally runs and flows like water. The gold pieces are poured into baskets as are elsewhere the commonest pennies. For some time past they have been obliged to double the amount of labor, and I was informed that, on some days, there have been coined in this establishment pieces to the amount of \$500,000. As I expressed some uneasiness with respect to the safety of the hands through which so much money passes, I was answered: If a few pieces are taken it matters not; but this seldom happens; and whoever will steal small sums, will be induced to commit larger thefts, when he will be infallibly detected. It is generally easier to resist temptation than to control it.

Philadelphia is celebrated for its manufactures, and contains the largest manufacturing population in the United States. I was so fortunate as to have the opportunity of visiting the interesting white lead manufactory of Mr. Wetherell: the carbonate is prepared under water, so as not to endanger the health of the workmen. Mr. Wetherell manufactures three tons of white lead daily, and realizes an annual profit of \$10,000. In former years he has realized as much as \$50,000, but the competition of New York has reduced his profits. He also manufactures hydrochloric acid, Prussian blue, morphine, refined camphor, and several other articles; forming an example of the variety of occupations and arts so frequent in the United States. Besides the technical interest, there was a greater one in the characteristic details which this American manufactory, and this American manufacturer, afforded me. One of the workmen was engaged in reading, while his oven was heating, as I lately saw a boatman at West Point, while waiting for the hour of departure, reading one of Walter Scott's romances. The reader was not at all disturbed when his patron passed near him. Mr. Wetherell is the type of scientific activity in a mechanic. After having explained every thing to me with much eagerness and vivacity, he conducted me to his laboratory, saying: "Here I am happy, experimenting upon different things; afterwards it is all taken to the store-

house, and concerns me no longer." It was impossible, in hearing him speak, to doubt his sincerity. Evidently the pleasure of research counterbalances, with him, the desire of gain. Mr. Wetherell showed me the gasometer of Philadelphia, which is very beautiful, and the one now in process of construction, it is said, will be the largest in the world. We afterwards visited the water-works on the banks of the Schuylkill, by means of which water is carried into Philadelphia by a number of pumps, to which it is intended to add a turbine of 40 horse power, at the cost of \$10,000, and which will increase the supply of water 4,000,000 gallons. We entered the house of a Welsh laborer to warm ourselves. I was informed by Mr. Wetherell, that there exists in Philadelphia a society for the benefit of the Welsh, having a fund of \$10 to \$20,000, which loans the interest of this sum to needy Welshmen. The money thus loaned has always been faithfully restored. This British blood is good. Mr. Wetherell, who is himself of Welsh origin, one day offered some wood to a poor woman, who proudly answered, "I am able to buy my own wood." "You are Welsh," said he to her, which was true. He was relating this anecdote one day at a dinner, when one of the gentlemen of the company exclaimed—"She was my mother."

\*This last trait is characteristic of society in the United States. It is pleasant to witness the facility with which all can elevate themselves, without blushing for his origin, and on the contrary claiming the honor of a good sentiment in a poor mother. It is also pleasant to find in this country, in the midst of the external uniformity of the general manners, those nationalities which are preserved, perpetuated by a bond of benevolence and love. In New York each race has established a society, for the benefit of its members, under the patronage of their national saint. Saint George for the English, Saint Andrew for the Scotch, Saint David for the Welsh, and Saint Nicholas for the Dutch. The members of these societies meet annually and dine together. In that of the Dutch, two pipes and a vessel of Dutch freestone filled with tobacco, are presented to all who are present, and lively speeches are made. Innocent and pleasant gayety: it is like our social balls, which some austere persons condemn; but I have never found that good was not good, when made a source of amusement.

At Philadelphia there are quite a number

of Swedes. These are the oldest inhabitants of the State, where they dwelt before Penn had given it a name. Their ministers ought to be Lutherans, for Lutheranism has always had undisputed sway in Sweden; but they no longer preach in the Swedish language. All foreign languages, in time, are superseded by the English, in the United States, as all national individualities become merged into the Anglo-Saxon nationality.

It was in this city, established under the auspices of the unlimited toleration of Penn, and of the sect of *Friends*, that I listened to the most intolerant sermon which I heard in America; though, at the same time, the most eloquent.

The theme of the oration was, that sincerity of belief was no ground of excuse for error. "Sincere belief," said he, "may be criminal, for it may produce criminal acts, and a tree is judged by its fruits. Besides, belief results from the moral character, and from it receives its impress. Tell me what thou believest, and I will tell thee what thou art. Whoever deceives himself honestly is culpable, for in falsifying the proofs of truth, he mutilates its witnesses, which is a crime. Were the inquisitors innocent when they tortured and mutilated the witnesses? What! is the geologist innocent when he evokes his antediluvian monsters in opposition to truth! (What! were the French philosophers of the 18th century innocent!) (What! is he innocent who mutilates the Bible, and by mutilating and perverting it, makes it speak falsely?) Was Napoleon right, when he oppressed liberty under the pretence of suppressing the revolution? And poor Shelley, who one stormy night exclaimed, 'No, there is no God:' think you he was one of the elect? Newport believed there was no hell; was that sufficient to destroy hell? Does he who falls into a cataract avoid it by shutting his eyes as he falls in the deep abyss? The pilot in the midst of shoals, during the darkness of night, may rely upon his chart, and watch the rudder to avoid these shoals, but will it suffice to escape shipwreck, to believe that he is in the right direction? Do like him, examine your route, assure yourselves that what seems the truth is the truth, and not its appearance." The preacher closed with a sentence which produced a truly startling effect. "It is believed that the way to hell is gloomy, that in approaching it we must see livid reflections and hear sinister voices; no, my hearers, this way is pleasant, it is illumined by the softest light; we think we hear

the voices of angels—on, on we go—we approach—those angel voices were the cry of demons—that light so soft was the light of hell."

Rhetoric so brilliant and gloomy, so pathetic and startling, will delight the intolerant of every creed, and each will pronounce with enthusiasm this anathema upon all others. Sincerity not being sufficient to avoid condemnation, it would be well to know in what variety of Protestantism may be found that church, out of which, according to this preacher, there is no salvation. Unfortunately I do not recollect to what sect this Philadelphia minister belonged.

The greatest curiosity in Philadelphia is the celebrated State Prison at Cherry Hill, where the so-called Philadelphia cellular system has been introduced to a greater extent than at any other place, and consists of constant isolation with labor. The penitentiary question has excited much interest in Europe, but still more in America. The system at Auburn, where silent labor, with only a separation at night, has had its earnest advocates, who violently oppose the Philadelphia system as barbarous, and calculated to induce insanity and death. The defenders of the Philadelphia system have answered these attacks by an unlimited glorification of their idol, and the attacks of the Boston society were treated very summarily. They declared this society "eminently respectable," but at the same time affirmed that it was an assemblage of fanatics, whose reports upon the Pennsylvanian system were only unwarrantable and premeditated perversions of the truth. Both systems have still their partisans; but the most eminent civilians who have given their attention to these subjects, among whom are M. de Tocqueville and M. de Beaumont, prefer the rigorous system of Philadelphia. Lieber, Moreau, Christophe, and Oscar I., king of Sweden, in his treatise upon *Penalties and Prisons*, also concur in this opinion. On the contrary, opponents are not wanting; and Dickens has given an animated, though, it is said, exaggerated picture of the moral misery of the prisoners of Cherry Hill. I was desirous to know what would be my own impression upon this contested question. Accordingly, I started for the prison, provided with a letter of recommendation to the warden, given me by two merchants who are trustees of the establishment. I was informed that these gentlemen are accustomed to give religious instruction on the Sabbath to the prisoners.

Arriving on a cold winter day upon the

lonely summit of Cherry Hill, in front of this vast enclosure of gray walls surmounted by embattled towers like a castle of the middle ages, and reflecting upon the hundreds of human beings therein confined, each in his cell, never seeing any of his companions in captivity, almost always alone with the thought of his isolation, I could not but experience a great oppression of heart. Upon entering, I soon found myself in a room situated in the centre of a building, in the form of a cross, whose four corridors, exactly similar, lined with two tiers of cells, extended to a great distance. The sound of labor, the stroke of the hammer could be heard, reminding one of a barrack, a manufactory, or a cloister. While I was waiting for the warden, a Quaker with his large hat was moving round the corridors, entering now into one cell, and then into another, with the busy and indifferent air of an overseer; but I learned that he was performing a voluntary act of charity.

The warden conducted me for several hours through the different parts of the prison. Every thing appertaining to the directing of the establishment, and the well-being of the prisoners, bespeaks order and regularity. My guide seemed a man of great sense and moderation. He favors the system enforced in the prison, but is not too strenuous. I interrogated him upon the length of time usually spent in the prison. No one is sentenced for less than one year. I was induced to believe, by an examination of the official reports, that there must be a certain limit to the detention of prisoners, in order to the development of the result of solitude upon their moral nature; on the other hand, too great a prolongation of the penalty would be terrible. The minimum of condemnation is one year, the maximum twelve years. According to my informant, the average length of punishment does not exceed four years. To seven out of ten of the prisoners, a sentence of twelve years would be worse than death. The warden considers the Pennsylvanian system salutary in itself, but does not exaggerate its advantages. He admits that it may reform the criminal, without pretending that it always has that effect. This mode of punishment has one inconsistency in common with many others, though perhaps in a less degree: I refer to the inequality of the penalty upon the different individuals upon whom it is imposed. There are some, though these are few in number, to whom solitude is not irksome. There is one here, for example, who has so well distributed the employment of

his hours, that he always finds the day too short, but there are others to whom solitude is intolerable. This depends entirely upon the character, and they are not always the most vicious who suffer most. In one of the reports of the prison, mention is made of two wretches who found this mode of life quite agreeable. But in general it inspires those criminals who are naturally social with a salutary terror, which induces them to practise their profession in places where they are not threatened. The women are usually more resigned than the men. This sedentary mode of life is less different from their accustomed habits, and whatever may be said of their talkative propensities, silence seems less annoying to them than to the men.

The cells are neat, well kept, well warmed, and of sufficient size to perform their labor. Each prisoner has a small garden. This bears some resemblance to the cells of the Carpathian friars, who have also a garden, and a trade, and who are, like the prisoners at Cherry Hill, condemned, it is true, by an act of their own will, to silence, and to a silence much more rigorous, for the prisoners are allowed to converse ten or fifteen minutes every day with the guards, with the warden, and with charitable persons who visit them, or with strangers attracted by curiosity. The system of absolute isolation, which was at first adopted in the prison at Pittsburg, is now abandoned. It proved to be intolerable, and even fatal. The prisoners are allowed to read every evening after supper; during the day they work. There is a library belonging to the establishment; the librarian is a prisoner condemned for perjury. He was engaged in preparing a catalogue, which seemed to be executed with much care. The inmates of the Philadelphia State Prison have permission to sing, to whistle while at work, and to smoke, which the Carpathian friars have denied themselves. They breakfast at seven o'clock with tea, which is substituted twice a week by coffee. Formerly coffee was used every day, but it was found to be too exciting. They dine at noon. Five times a week the prisoners are allowed beef, twice mutton, and bread at discretion. In the evening they have tea again. This regimen is healthy and sufficient. They are never beaten; their punishments are a diminution of food, imprisonment in dungeons, and shower baths, a mode of punishment safe, but disagreeable to them. They are taken to the baths once in two weeks. All this time, as also when they enter the prison, or change their cells, their heads are covered, so that

they neither see, nor are seen by any one. They leave the prison without knowing the countenance of one of their companions in captivity, and without being recognized by them.

I visited several cells, principally those of the Germans, who seldom have an opportunity of conversing in their native language. To those unacquainted with English, this is a great aggravation of their punishment. Several have learned English in prison. I inquired if there were any French among the convicts, and learned with pleasure that there were none, which confirmed to me the truth of what I was informed by the Mayor of Philadelphia, to the advantage of this portion of the foreign population of the city. The first German I saw was pale, with a restless appearance and a feverish look. He had been in custody but three months. The commencement is always hard. Like many others, he has learned his trade in prison. Another, on the contrary, was near the expiration of his term. He appeared quite jovial. He did not like to work. *Selecht arbeit*, said he. I did not consider him essentially reformed. The parents of this German reside at Philadelphia. The relatives of the convicts are seldom allowed to visit them, and never without the permission of the warden. A third, and he was the only one, assured me of his innocence.

I saw an American who had served five years, and was still sentenced for two more for having stolen a horse, a frequent crime among the convicts. This sentence, after having been informed by the warden that the average length of imprisonment was four years, seemed to me excessive, especially when I learned that an Irishman had been condemned to only four years of solitude for homicide. This inequality, which surprised me, was explained by the fact that the former had been sentenced to the maximum, and the latter to the minimum of the penalty. It is none the less incomprehensible to me how a man can be punished twice as much for having stolen a horse, than for having killed a man.

After having visited several other cells, I followed my guide into every part of the establishment. During our walk, I interrogated him upon the disputed question of mortality and insanity, resulting from the system adopted at Philadelphia. The mortality, according to his statement, ranged from 2 to 4 per cent. This is the ratio given by the official reports. As to insanity, his opinion differed from those reports, whose authors seem

to me to delude themselves in their assertions that the system is not responsible for the mental derangement of the prisoners, although it proceeds from causes which this system induces. Insanity is much more frequent among the negroes. When it is developed among the prisoners, or when their health visibly declines, they are allowed to associate with others—a wise regulation, but demonstrating that solitude may be fatal to reason and health. One third of the prisoners are negroes, one tenth are Irish, and one tenth are Germans.

A grave problem every where, but particularly in America, where the economical point of view may be less neglected than elsewhere, is the product of the labor of the prisoners. The opinion of Mr. Wood, a former warden, seems to me very rational upon this subject. It is not necessary that a prison should be a source of revenue to the state; but it is desirable that the labor of the convicts should indemnify society for what they cost it, and it appears that they have here attained this result, since, if not every year, at least many years, the product of their labor has balanced their expenses. This is all that should be required; and it cannot be urged that the Auburn system is preferable, because, in the circumstances the most favorable for labor, the prisons in the north of England, organized after this system, yield more to the state, and are a true source of profit. As Mr. Wood has truly maintained, it is not an affair of dollars, but of humanity. The danger of existing competition between prison labor and free labor is also a difficulty which occurs to the mind. Usually this competition is avoided as much as possible. As for instance, the prisoners make the coarse shoes which are taken south, and which the shoemakers of Philadelphia do not wish to manufacture. They formerly complained, but do so no longer.

No where is the activity which the public spirit impresses upon the progress of institutions in America, more apparent than in the organization and development of the public schools. The legislatures of the different states are all the while stimulated, in this respect, by the zeal of private individuals. The interposition of private associations, so energetic in whatever concerns the prisons, is not less apparent in their institutions for instruction, especially for elementary instruction. I have a report made in 1830 to the Society for the Improvement of Public Schools, which says, that "almost every where the law upon education is, as it were,



a dead letter, and that in view of such a juncture it is the duty of the society to redouble its efforts, to excite Pennsylvania to manifest its energy in this noble cause, and thereby to show the degree of its intellectual culture, as fully as it now displays its physical resources. The society will excite by all possible means a legislative action for the establishment of normal schools. Meanwhile it declares that it has already furnished a certain number of teachers for different parts of the state, and has organized schools in retired districts, where none had before existed." Here may be seen the two-fold action of these private societies: appeals to the legislature, by the agitation of public opinion and dictation in furnishing instructors and in establishing schools. To act and to cause to act, should be the motto of the innumerable associations which are found in America, and which call the public attention to the institutions designed to provide for the religious, moral, and intellectual necessities of the people, and to the condition of the prisons, hospitals and schools. They act upon the government by the force of public opinion, they interpose themselves as examples, and direct the way. This movement and agitation have effected a reformation of the school system, in the city of Philadelphia. In 1836, the schools experienced a radical improvement in becoming entirely public to the whole community, and a central high school has also been established. Since that period considerable progress has been made. In 1839, there were 16 schools, 100 teachers, and a little less than 19,000 pupils. In the scholastic year 1850-1851, the number of schools established by the aid of the public fund has increased to 60; the number of teachers to 781, and including those engaged in the high schools 928, while the number of pupils has exceeded 48,000. The proportion of teachers to the pupils, in 1839, was in the ratio of one to one hundred, now it is one to sixty. It is seen that here, as in New York, instruction has increased in greater proportion than the population itself.

Instead of \$190,000, of which at least one fifth was at the first period furnished by the state treasury, more than \$360,000, the result of county taxation, is now expended for schools, only one eleventh of which is furnished by the state.

I was desirous of visiting these schools established by the persevering zeal of the citizens. Mr. B—— introduced me to several classes, and questioned the little boys and

girls in my presence. Their answers were prompt, and might be heard from several at once. A lively emulation seemed to incite these children, who were animated without ill-nature, and eager without coarseness. The little girls were acquainted with the principal facts in the history of the United States, and were familiar with the names of the important political men, as Clay and Webster, and answered very pertinently, when asked: What are the principal political parties?—They are Whigs and Democrats.—These answers interested me much, but less than Mr. B——, who is one of the Directors of the institution, and who derived so much gratification in interrogating the pupils, that, as my time was limited, I was obliged, to excuse myself. I left him perfectly happy, with this rather monotonous occupation, and I could not but admire, as I left, the disinterested zeal and the kind enthusiasm of a gentleman, who forgot his business to interrogate children upon history and geography, as if he had none other claim and indemnity than the pleasure of being useful.

The Lancasterian system, so celebrated in France at the time of the restoration under the name of *mutual instruction*, and which was a great source of revenue to France, was formerly more in vogue in America, than at the present time. This system, though still pursued, is not exclusively adopted in Philadelphia, and other places. One would suppose that it would succeed in this country, where they aim, in all things, at rapidity of execution, at the simplification of means, and where the mechanical processes are in use to some extent for every thing, where the daguerreotype, for example, is very universal, to the great injury of portrait painting. An eminent man, De Witt Clinton, a governor of the State of New York, said of the Lancasterian method: "It has the same advantage for education, that labor-saving machines possess for the useful arts." We must beware how we spare the children too much, lest their intellectual powers become weakened, and they themselves become machines.

An institution resembling no other in the world, is the college founded by Stephen Girard for three hundred poor white male children, with this strange provision, that no priest or clergyman of any denomination whatever should ever enter the college. This proviso is more singular in the United States than it would be any where else, for in this country, almost all the colleges have been founded under the auspices, and by the agency of some sect. Jefferson, im-

bued with the French opinions of the 18th century, wished to establish the University of Virginia, without any religious direction; but it proved a failure. It is not necessary to infer that it was the intention of Girard to exclude all religious instruction from the college which he founded, but to withdraw the children from the influence of what is here denominated sectarian spirit, for laymen preach to and catechize the children every Sabbath. To those belonging to the different Protestant denominations, there is no particular disadvantage. The principal performs devotional exercises twice a day and officiates on Sabbath morning, and the inspector of studies conducts the evening service; but the Catholic children, who comprise one third of the whole number in the college, and are the children of poor Irish Catholics, are, by this strange reservation in the will of Mr. Girard, deprived of their worship and religion. The laity can neither say mass, nor grant absolution. The priests, whose position I appreciate, are opposed to the practice of sending Catholic children to Girard College; but many parents allow it. Their course of study is quite extensive. It embraces mathematics, as far as the application of algebra to geometry, natural philosophy, natural history, French, Spanish, general history and the history of the United States. Here is much to learn, and when these poor children have completed their course they will not know how to apply it.

The magnificence of this institution is still another objection. Mr. Girard having left a large sum for its foundation, his executors, desiring to make a great display, have built, instead of a college, a temple of white marble, a little after the model of the Parthenon. This resolution was not very wise, for when the monument was completed, nothing was left of the large legacy of Mr. Girard, and the state was obliged to furnish the necessary sum to put it in operation. Every thing is in harmony with such an edifice; the interior is comfortable and in good order; the floors are covered with matting, and the desks with green serge. All this is beautiful; but what a contrast to what these children, now so neatly dressed, so orderly and so happy, will find when they leave this institution. It is to be regretted that stern reason will not allow us to enjoy without the obtrusion of these severe reflections, this only example in the world, of a palace open to the democracy, and of this homage to indigent childhood too often neglected. Those who, in the cities of Europe, would be found begging in the

streets, or playing in the water, sleep here under a marble roof, but this is an extreme. Where the people reign, the children of the sovereign should not be spoiled, and it was no disadvantage to Henry 4th, that he was educated with the young peasants of Berne.

I visited Girard College on the same day that I visited the prison. The two edifices are separated but a short distance, and present a singular contrast; the one mournful and gloomy with its gray and lofty walls resembling a feudal fortress, the other cheerful and magnificent, with its columns of white marble, like a temple of Delos. In the one, were criminals imprisoned less by lofty walls than by solitude and silence, counting one by one the hours always alike, because they present no variety, and resembling the veiled faces of a procession of spectres, and in the other, happy children drawn from their humble homes to live in a palace, and, as I saw them in their evening recreations, filling this magnificent abode, with their joyous shouts, and bird-like gayety, then betaking themselves to refreshing sleep in neat little beds, but a few steps from those convicts once joyous and laughing children like themselves. And yet some of these children now so happy, but it may be ill prepared for the society which they must encounter, may one day occupy the silent cell, and extend themselves upon the rude couch of the convicts of Cherry Hill.

It would afford me much pleasure to prolong my visit in this city, but the weather, which has been quite mild, has suddenly become severely cold. As the principal if not the only aim of my journey, is to avoid the winter, which is everywhere my enemy, I shall leave for Washington, where I shall not remain long, on my way to South Carolina and Louisiana.

There is no country in the world where the changes of temperature are more sudden, and the contrasts more extreme than in the United States. New York has in summer the temperature of Naples and in the winter that of Copenhagen. In all the northern parts of the United States, they often pass almost without transition from a mild to a cold day. At Rome, the difference between the maximum of heat and cold is 24 degrees, while at Salem, in New England, it is 51 degrees. These sudden alternations of heat and cold tend to give strength and firmness to the muscular system of the Americans; it is thus that steel is tempered. The heat of the summer may be explained by the latitude: Philadelphia being nearly in the same degree as Naples. The excessive cold may

be attributed, among other causes, to the fact that in America the mountains extend North and South, and hence interpose no obstacle to the cold polar winds.

Before leaving Philadelphia, I enjoyed the pleasure which I had long desired, of listening to Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, as she is here styled, whom I followed through the different cities of the Union, but who always left before my arrival. Fortunately Miss Lind sang in Philadelphia the evening previous to my departure. Several reasons may be assigned for the enthusiasm which she had excited in this country; she possesses great talent, a reputation established in Europe, besides, her character is justly respected, and her disposition very generous. She has sung in America for the benefit of many useful institutions, schools, hospitals, &c. To fashion is united esteem. I listened to the nightingale at a concert attended by the fashionable world. I was glad at this opportunity of observing the musical taste of the Americans. It seemed to me that the great airs of the opera were listened to with some indifference, while the romances were much more enjoyed. A Swedish ballad was very successful, especially the last verse was much applauded, in which Miss Lind, with pathetic grace, allowed her voice to die away so perfectly, that all listened even after she had ceased. This remembrance of Sweden in America was very pleasing to me, and I was glad to hear once more, after an interval of many years, the sweet sounds of this language, the most melodious of all the German languages, and which might, with propriety, be styled the Spanish of the North. By a singular chance, I met twenty-five years since, Madame Catalini at Stockholm, and I now meet Miss Lind at Philadelphia.

*Baltimore, Dec. 13th.*

It is impossible to stop here, which I much regret, since all that I have heard of the society of Baltimore is calculated to inspire me with this feeling; but it is too cold for an invalid, as they say in English, who is in pursuit of a southern climate, and has allowed himself to be overtaken by the rigorous cold of the North. I have not found the statement, made by Volney, true, that the climate becomes materially milder after passing the Patapsco river. Well wrapped up, I hastily passed through the principal streets of Baltimore. This city appears to me neater and gayer than any other city in America, especially the upper part, which is a kind of faubourg St. Germain. I walked a long dis-

tance without observing any shops. Upon the summit of the hill upon which Baltimore is situated, are the churches, and at the base, are the chimneys of the manufactories and the shipping. But I was too benumbed to form any distinct impression of any thing. I shall soon depart for Washington, where I wish to arrive in season, to be present at the opening session of Congress, and before the interruption of the sessions in the first days of January. Fortunately Miss Catherine Hayes sings this evening. The swan of Erin, as she is styled, has her admirers, who prefer her to the nightingale of Dalecarlie.

I considered it a happy chance which procures me the pleasure of hearing thus, one after the other, the two voices so celebrated in prose and verse in the twenty-three states of the Union, and at the same time, that of mingling with the society of Baltimore. After seeing their city by a beautiful sun, and by—I had almost said a beautiful cold, but I will never concede that the cold can be beautiful, I found the assemblage of this evening more brilliant even than that of Philadelphia. In approaching the South a certain elegance of manners is more and more apparent. I have entered the slave states, and see for the first time in a concert hall a circular gallery appropriated to *persons of color*, as they are truly called, for this expression includes not only blacks in this category, but all the shades to white inclusively. To those acquainted with them, the African descent may be detected in a corner of the eye or in the root of the nail, and though her complexion may be very fair, a quadroon is obliged to take her place by the side of the negro.

Miss Hayes is not an artist that will rank with Jenny Lind; but she possesses more novelty, she is Irish, and sings the ballads of her country very agreeably, and I think has had greater success this evening, than had yesterday—I was going to say her rival, but indeed they ought not to be placed in the same line. Although the concerts are well attended, though much is expended for seats, and though the journals make use of the strongest hyperboles, and the same hyperboles, to celebrate superior and moderate talents, I do not think that the musical instinct is very well developed in America. The Americans are too English to be musicians. They practice music to a very great extent, they manufacture a great number of pianos, and their concerts are as frequent and as numerously attended as in Europe; but I am not aware that this country has produced any celebra-

ted performers. The Americans have sculptors, and even painters, but I have not heard the name of a single American composer.

Some efforts have been made to cultivate sacred music. Church music has been brought to a high standard by the Handel and Haydn Society; and at Lowell, I have found the music of the great masters arranged in a cheap form, so as to be within the reach of the people; but, notwithstanding all these laudable efforts, the Anglo-Saxon organization has a tendency to resistance. It is easier to unharness the horses of European singers and to pay \$1,000 for a concert ticket, than to possess musical taste. Fortunately the English have proved that a nation can be great without this; it is also true that this taste may be developed by education and practice, as has been demonstrated in France.

In the United States the Germans are the principal resource of the orchestras and concerts. The music of the military regiments

is often performed by negroes. That the negro race possesses a superior natural taste for music, is a point upon which the proud Yankees must acknowledge their inferiority to those men who are scarcely recognized by many of them as human beings. The negro is condemned by slavery or contempt to a miserable condition, but he has received a gift which those who enslave and degrade him do not possess, namely, gayety. To aid him to forget the bitterness of his lot, Providence has given him a taste for singing and dancing:

The good God says to him: Sing,  
Sing, poor little one.

It is natural to think of the negroes, on the first day that I entered the slave states. Strange circumstance! I depart for Washington. I go to see the Congress and the President of the republic, to salute the Capitol, and I am no longer in what are here called the *free states*.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.

### AN UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN the year 1821, during a tour I was making in the north of Germany, an accident introduced me to a clergyman, who invited me to spend a few days with him in the country. The second day of my stay was to be devoted to an excursion in the neighboring mountains, whence a glorious view could be enjoyed of the Frische Haff and the littoral of Pomerania.

We had, however, scarce quitted the rectory, when my new friend attracted my attention to an old man who was sitting on the root of a tree, smoking his pipe with apparently the greatest contentment, while his geese were feeding on the grassy borders of the wide village street.

"Look there," the clergyman said; "that old man is the only living witness of a trait of iron justice in the life of Frederick the

Great which but very few are acquainted with. Halloh! Father Frank, do you remember bringing the baron home from Stettin?"

"How could I forget it?" the old man replied, as he doffed his cap reverently; "I was a young fellow of about twenty-five at the time."

"Did he swear at all?" my friend asked further.

"I should think so," the old man said with a laugh; "he raved furiously the whole distance, especially when the carriage drove over the pine-roots on the heath."

"Yes," my friend replied, "you may laugh now, Father Frank, but in truth you ought to have shared the baron's punishment, for I can never forgive you for helping to carry my poor predecessor out of his house in his



dying moments, and placing him in the glaring sunshine."

"I was forced to do so," the old man answered; and as he pointed with his staff to a neighboring garden, he continued: "The baron was standing behind that walnut-tree with his telescope, and if we had not placed the old gentleman on the exact spot he ordered, he would have beaten us to death. Still I shall feel sorry for it as long as I live, and cannot look at the spot without sighing. His chair was just at the very place where you are now standing, and there he died within a quarter of an hour."

The reader may fancy that these remarks caused me to feel considerable curiosity, and we had scarce left the old man, when I begged the rector to tell me the story. He did so in the following terms:

The Baron von L—, of whom our old friend was talking, was formerly owner of this estate, and a favorite of Frederick the Great. The nearer circumstances of his introduction to the king are sufficiently remarkable to induce me to mention them. Frederick had come to inspect a morass that had been lately drained by the baron, and while waiting for fresh horses at P—, he talked with the land-agent, and as he saw some gentlemen in military uniform at a little distance, he asked him, "Where have those gentlemen served?"

The agent, who knew that the king liked a quick and ready answer, replied, with a deep bow, "In your majesty's army;" to which the king rejoined, with equal quickness.

"Sheepshead! I am well aware that they have not served as laborers on your estate. But where is the baron?"

The latter, however, had been delayed, and arrived just as the king was asking for him, in such a hurry that the coachman drove against a tombstone, which had been brought the day before for the grave of a lately deceased clergyman, and had been placed temporarily by the side of the road. The carriage was overturned, and the baron as well: a terrible prognostic, for he was fated to owe his ruin to the tombstone of a clergyman, though it did not occur on this occasion. On the contrary, he managed to acquire the king's favor in such a degree, that his majesty was continually sending for him to be present at the reviews in Stargardt, and eventually invested him with the then highly distinguished order, "Pour le Mérite."

Through this, however, the baron's arrogance waxed incredibly. He was not merely

a tyrant whom every one in the neighborhood feared because they knew the favor in which he stood with the king, but a still greater tyrant to all the clergy. For while he usually called the landed gentry, when speaking about them, "uncultivated clods," he also, after the fashion of the great king, termed the clergy "unreasoning brutes," and displayed his enlightenment on every occasion in a manner as ridiculous as it was insulting: for education and respect could not be counted among our baron's virtues.

But of all the clergymen, his own, Thilo by name, my poor predecessor, fared the worst. He was an old man, modest in the highest degree, and put up with anything from his patron. His only daughter, Sophie, was, however, one of the most energetic women I ever saw, and even at the advanced age when I first formed her acquaintance, bore evident traces of her former beauty.

She was attached to the son of the royal forester Weiher, who lived in S—, and used to visit the old pastor when he came to church. The affair was, however, not known for a long while, as Sophie always received the young fellow's ardent declarations of love with great though pretended coolness. Besides, the young man was nothing, and had nothing, and it was very doubtful whether he would succeed his father in the forestry. Such being the case, there was little to be done in those days, and it is much the same now. But it is equally true that a lover never did, and never will, trouble himself about such paltry details. It was the same with our Fritz. On one occasion, when he had brought the old pastor, or rather his daughter, a brace of wild duck, and the latter gave him a rose in return, for she had nothing else to offer, Fritz regarded it as a declaration of her love, and begged her to give him her hand and heart. The sensible girl naturally tried to persuade him of his folly, and asked him how he could support a wife.

But Fritz had his answer cut and dried.

"I have a little," he rejoined, "and you, too, my dear girl, could have three times as much as myself, if you only wished."

"I am curious to know what you mean," Sophie remarked.

"Well, your father says that the baron owes him his dues for the last ten years. That would make, at the rate of sixty bushels per annum, 600 bushels, worth, at the present price of grain, about 800 crowns. With that, and my little savings, we could manage. We would take a farm in the neigh-

borhood if I was not made assistant to my father, as I expect, and could live happily."

But Sophie rejected this idea with a smile, and expressed her opinion "that the young man could sooner shake down wheat from his beech-trees than her father get his rye from the baron."

Still the plan continually occurred to her. She begged her father to make an earnest demand for his dues from the baron; for if he were to die, and she be left a poor unprotected orphan, the hard-hearted and arrogant man would not give her a shilling more in money or money's worth. Still the old man would not consent, though she renewed her entreaties repeatedly. The next Sunday, however, the forester turned the conversation to the same subject, whence it may be presumed that his son had opened his heart to him. But it was of no avail. The old man trembled even if he heard the baron's name, and said, earnestly and simply:

"It would be of no use; I have tried to no purpose every year. But the Lord is judge of all things."

"That's all very good," the forester replied; "but I don't see what your daughter will have to live on, if you were to quit the world this day or the next. Lay a complaint against the baron, unless he listens to your reasonable demands."

The old man shook his head and sighed, upon which the former continued:

"Well, then, I must reveal something to you, pastor; my Fritz is ashamed to do it himself."

At these words, the young folk turned as red as cherries, and Sophie ran out of the room. Fritz stopped, it is true, but did not dare to raise his head, when his father proceeded to say:

"My Fritz here and your dear daughter would gladly get married; but as they want the main thing, and I do not know whether the boy will succeed me, you could make the young couple happy if you would send in a complaint against the baron, and force him to pay you either the corn or the money. Then we would take a farm for them."

"I never heard a word of this before," my old predecessor here remarked, "and do not know a better answer to give you than one from the Bible: 'We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth.'"

Our Fritz now regained both his heart and his feet. He ran out of the room, and, on this occasion, his power of persuasion must have been very great, for he returned in a few minutes, hand in hand with the blushing girl.

"My daughter," the old man said to her, "what am I forced to hear? You never kept anything from me before, and now have made a secret of the most important thing—that you wish to be married. Is that really true, Sophie?"

"Yes, father," she replied, without affectation, "if we only knew what we should have to live on: for without some certainty, I have always told Fritz, the marriage cannot take place."

Fritz now gained heart too, and said: "But the pastor has our future welfare in his own hands; for if you were to complain against the baron, it would be very strange if you did not get your own."

The old man, however, replied, after repeated representations, "I will sleep on it;" and would probably have done so for the rest of his days, if his daughter had left him in peace. But it seemed to him almost a crime to proceed straightway to a plaint, and an encroachment on the reverence he fancied he owed to his patron. He made one attempt more on the path of conciliation, and begged the baron, in writing, and most respectfully, to pay him the dues owing to him for nearly ten years, at the same time, apologizing very humbly for making the request on this occasion before Michaelmas, because his dear daughter designed to alter her condition of life.

Of course the latter knew nothing of this confidential remark, which afterwards cost her so many tears, or else she would have protested against it most solemnly. But the patron acted in the usual way: whether Michaelmas or not, he did not pay the slightest attention.

The old man was at length forced to bite into the sour apple, and yield to the repeated entreaties of his daughter. He sent in a complaint against the baron, and, by his daughter's special solicitation, not merely asked for his dues, but also complained about the wretched state of dilapidation in which the rectory was, about which repeated useless petitions had been sent to the harsh man, who allowed his preacher to live worse than his daily laborers. It is true that this was not done without a severe struggle; but as Sophie at length represented to him that the baron would be equally embittered whether he laid one or two complaints before the authorities, he seemed at last to allow the truth of this, and wrote, though not without begging the baron's pardon for each of his complaints. The result might be anticipated. The chamber, which signed itself at that day, to some purpose, "We, Freder-

ick, by God's grace," entirely shared the king's contemptuous views of the clergy, but not his love of justice towards all—among them, consequently, the pastors. The baron, on being requested to answer his rector's plaint, denied everything, asserted that he had always paid his dues regularly, and that this highly insulting charge could only be explained or excused by the fact that the old man was quite childish, and did not know what he said or wrote. He ought, at any rate, to have produced his witnesses; but, far from doing so, or being able to do it, the old lackbrains had apologized to him, his patron, in a fashion that would furnish a very poor notion of the honesty of his fancied claim. His complaint about his house was equally false; for, though it was no palace, it was still habitable enough.

He had certainly some good reasons to regard his pastor's surprising demands from a much more criminal point of view; for it was shown by the annexed letter in his handwriting, that he wished his daughter to marry, and was greatly embarrassed about—the dowry. Still he would not carry out this idea for the pastor's sake, and would rather ascribe to his age and his forgetfulness, what others perhaps would impute to his villany. Still the authorities would perceive, without it being necessary for him to call their attention to it, that it was high time to dismiss the old man, and he would, therefore, present another candidate as soon as possible.

We may easily foresee the result of this reply. The old pastor was not only refused a hearing and threatened with an ungracious dismissal, but, besides, received some reprimands of the very coarsest style, as was the fashion in that day.

"I thought it would be so!" he exclaimed, in the deepest sorrow, "and for that reason I would not write, but you forced me to do so."

The consequence of this painful excitement was a severe illness, to which the old man yielded, not immediately though, but after the forester had come to him and told both him and his daughter, with unfeeling harshness, that all idea of a marriage with his son must be given up, whether he succeeded him or not, for his son could make no use of a portionless wife.

The old pastor only replied to this by a sigh; but his daughter answered instead of him, that this was quite natural, and that she was merely surprised that the forester had not said this only to them, but had before stated publicly in the village, "If she gets

the 600 bushels of rye, my Fritz will take her; if not, the bargain will be off." This had annoyed her so much, that she had determined on not being mixed up in this corn transaction, had the result been favorable to her. So much the more she now requested that the whole affair should be broken off, and his son not annoy her again under any pretext.

"That you may be assured of," the forester replied with equal roughness; "he shan't trouble you again, or, if he does, I'll break every bone in his body. Good-by! The Lord strengthen the old man!"

Fritz, though, did come again, and that too on the next night, as he did not dare do so by day. He knocked at his beloved's little bedroom window; she recognized him immediately in the moonlight, but would not open to him. At length she did so, however, and she now heard his complaints, which were accompanied by bitter tears, and with the entreaty that she would remain faithful to him, let things happen as they would.

But she replied boldly, "Fritz, our connection is broken off for ever. Farewell, and do not dare to knock at my window a second time by night; I give you my word, that if you do, I will write to your father the next morning. So now, farewell, and may the Lord guide you, and preserve your father longer to you than He will mine to me."

With these words she sighed and closed the window, and spite of all poor Fritz's entreaties, could not be induced to open it again, but went into her father's room, whom she heard sighing and groaning.

On the next morning, however, she was destined to suffer still more. The baron no sooner heard of the old man's serious illness, than he spitefully sent a message to him: "He would have the goodness to leave his house next morning, for the rectory was going to be pulled down, and a new one built in its stead."

He naturally answered: "That it was perfectly impossible for him to do so, as he was very ill, and would hardly leave his bed again. He had lived so long in the old house, that he should like to stay in it till his death. The baron would surely be kind enough to let him die there."

But the first messenger was followed by another, "The matter could not be deferred: the pastor had made such serious complaints to the Royal Chamber, that the baron could by no possibility delay in sending in carpenters and masons: the house must be given up the next day."

Sophie, however, did not suffer this second messenger to appear before the terrified pastor, but sent to tell the baron, that if he could answer it to God and man for driving a dying man out of his house, he might do it. If her father died, though, she would spend her last farthing in avenging his death, even if she had to beg her way to Potsdam.

Of course the baron was not induced by this to alter his views in the slightest; for what could appear to him more ridiculous than this threat? On the next morning a number of carpenters and masons came from the town of U—, climbed, in spite of all poor Sophie's entreaties, on to the roof, and tiles, beams, and spars soon fell down before the sick man's window.

Sophie attempted to calm her dying father as well as he could, and persuade him that the baron was going to have the house new roofed; but when the carpenters came in and sorrowfully stated that they must now pull up the flooring, she fainted with a loud shriek at the baron's barbarity, while the compassionate carpenters raised the dying man from his bed, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, placed him in his easy-chair, and carried him out and seated him in the full glare of the sun, by the side of the road. The baron stood with his telescope behind the walnut-tree; Sophie was still in a fainting fit; and only an old woman had the courage to approach the chair, and throw her apron over the head of the old man, who continually ejaculated, "My eyes! my eyes!" But almost at the same moment he breathed his last sigh; and when Sophie was at length aroused to life, and rushed towards her father with a cry of horror, she only held a corpse in her arms.

Although she asked the clergyman present at her father's funeral how she should act against the baron's unsupportable tyranny, they only shrugged their shoulders; and even if one offered her counsel, it did not appear to her good. But her determination—which the gentlemen disapproved—of going to Potsdam and telling her sorrow to the great king, remained firmer than ever, and was executed even before she anticipated.

She had, namely, been forced to take up her abode in the barn, into which she had carried her scanty furniture, and cooked her poor food in the garden. For, as she had a year of grace allowed her, and no other place of shelter could be found in the village, she was not able to quit the terrible spot. A few days later some butchers arrived, and she suddenly decided on selling her six sheep,

in order to procure money for her travelling expenses to Berlin; a matter that had troubled her greatly. But when the maid opened the door of the dilapidated stable, all the sheep had found their way out, for the stables at the rectory had always been left by the patron in the same miserable condition as the dwelling-house. She therefore sent the maid along the road to look for the sheep, while she herself went in the direction of the baron's garden, to see whether they had found their way thither. The butchers followed her by some divine interposition, for unfortunately, or rather fortunately, the sheep had got into the baron's garden, and were cropping the grass along the flower-beds. Sophie was preparing to drive them out, and called the men to her assistance, when the baron made his appearance, and, in his rage, attacked the poor girl with the lowest abuse.

"What! the infamous creature has the audacity to let her sheep enter my garden! If she dare do it again, I will demand the pound money with my hunting whip!"

When she fell back at this coarse remark, and replied, "Is it not enough that your grace has robbed my father of his life, but you wish to deprive me of my honor before these strange men?"

The baron vociferated, with a contemptuous laugh, "Ha, ha! your honor! Your father wrote me himself that you had to do with the forester's Fritz, and the herd lately saw the young clothopper climb in at your window. Your honor!"

Upon this she advanced boldly up to the baron, and said, in a loud voice: "You lie, you are a miserable calumniator, and if justice is still to be found on earth, I will seek it with my last farthing. God help me!"

The baron, however, could no longer restrain his anger; he rushed at her and struck her repeatedly, while assailing her with the coarsest invectives.

The poor ill-treated girl soon made up her mind, and said to the butchers, "You shall have the sheep for the price you offered, although it is very low, but you must come with me to U—, and bear testimony on oath to what you have seen and heard here."

The men consented, and after giving them something to eat, she tied up her best clothes in a bundle, gave the maid charge of the rectory, and followed the men a quarter of an hour afterwards to the neighboring town. The burgomaster there was an old friend of her father, and, like all the rest, detested the proud and tyrannical baron. He gladly



heard the testimony of the witnesses, and swore them to the truth, at the same time sent for the carpenters who were witness to her father's death, but expressed his opinion that the journey to Potsdam would be of little service to her, as the baron was an extraordinary favorite of the king, as all the world knew, and his majesty, through his increasing age and weakness, was not in the habit of receiving anybody—more especially women. He would advise her to commence legal proceedings.

This, however, she would not listen to, and only looked about for the herd, that his testimony might also be taken. Fortunately the baron had very lately discharged him on account of his age, and he had been at a neighboring farm for the last month in the same capacity. It was not difficult, therefore, to obtain his testimony, which, besides, was perfectly consistent with truth; and he asserted that he had never mentioned the nightly scene of which he had been witness in any other way, and the baron lied in his throat if he said anything about climbing in at the window. In fact, he quoted all that Sophie had said on the occasion, before she shut the window in her lover's face, as he expressed himself. Besides the herd, the sexton, several preachers of the vicinity, the forester Weiher, and others not immediately subjected to the baron's tyranny, gave their evidence about the owing dues, which at least proved thus much—that the deceased pastor had repeatedly asserted that the baron was indebted to him in the dues for the last ten years.

Several days were occupied in protocolling all this: but it was scarce done before Sophie took her seat in the mail, accompanied by the heartiest wishes on the part of the burgo-master, and in six or seven days arrived safely in Potsdam.

But what to do then? She sat and told her landlord, with tears, how she had been treated, and begged his advice. He, however, only shrugged his shoulders, and said: "The old gentleman was growing far too peevish; he could not offer her any hope." But as suffering Beauty has always, up to the present day, maintained its power over every uncorrupted heart, the same occurred here. A guest, who was accidentally present, and had been sitting over his beer silently, and, as it seemed, without paying any attention, now asked, in a cordial tone, if he might look through mamsell's papers for a moment? Of course she gladly consented, and the man, after casting his eye over them, and finding

they perfectly agreed with her statement, became quite the opposite of what he had appeared.

"The rascally baron!" he exclaimed; "it's hardly credible that such villany can take place! But, God willing, dear mamsell, I can help you. I am the brother of the royal gardener at Sans Souci, and will go there directly and see what can be done; and you will follow me boldly in an hour. His house is on the right hand side after you enter."

With these words the worthy man left the room, while Sophie dried her tears, and with longing eyes followed the minute-hand on the clock. The hour had scarce elapsed, when she entrusted her bundle to the landlord, and commenced her walk with the documents beneath her arm. She had but reached the street, when the clock struck the hour in the steeple of the garrison church, and the chimes commenced playing the melody of the beautiful hymn, "Who puts his trust in God alone!" This moved her to tears; and repeating the whole hymn fervently, she went along the road that was pointed out to her. In the gardener she found a man as well-meaning as his brother. "But," he said, "if the king is not in a good humor to-morrow morning when he visits the garden, you will have to wait several days, for it would be dangerous to speak to him before. He is accustomed to inspect the large orange and lemon-trees there on the terrace every morning about ten o'clock, when no one accompanies him except a little grayhound. You must conceal yourself somewhere in the neighborhood, which I will show you beforehand, so that I may be able to make you a sign when it is time to appear. Be perfectly calm, and give short and bold answers: the king still likes to see pretty girls, although he is so old. Well, then, I shall see you to-morrow morning at nine o'clock by the latest, dear child!"

She took her leave: but it may be easily conceived that the poor village girl did not sleep. At the appointed hour she again went timidly to Sans Souci, and after being in some degree cheered and encouraged by the kind gardener, she hid herself behind a large myrtle-tree.

She had been standing there scarce half an hour, when the king, dressed in a plain blue coat, with the celebrated crutch-stick in his hand, and an old, shabby chapeau, à *tricornes*, upon his head, came out of a neighboring *allée*, and stopped before a splendid orange-tree.

The gardener immediately approached

him with great reverence : but while the king was addressing a few words to him, the gray-hound had seen the poor trembling girl, and ran towards her with such violent barking that the king noticed it, and cried to the dog, "Molly ! Molly ! qu'y-a-t-il ?—couche mon chien !"

But fate willed it that, while he looked up, Sophie also peeped out from behind the myrtle-tree, and their eyes met. She thought that she would sink into the ground from terror ; but this rencontre perfectly satisfied the king's poetical feelings.

"Diable, gardener !" he cried, with a loud laugh, "you hide your pretty girls behind myrtle-bushes ?"

The gardener now had a famous opportunity. He imparted the poor girl's story to the king with brevity, but great sympathy ; and it was not long before Frederick pointed with his crutch to the myrtle, and called out, "She must come hither."

This naturally increased Sophie's terror : but she became still more alarmed, when the great king fixed his great eyes upon her, and said, in a rather harsh tone, "What does she want here ?"

She turned pale, and was silent for a moment ; but soon collected herself, and gave the reply, which seemed to please the king immensely, "What I, a poor orphan, can find nowhere else—justice !" for he smiled, and said :

"Well, we'll see : she can give me the papers, and come again to-morrow morning. I should never have believed it of the fellow ; but several complaints have been already sent in about him. So, to-morrow, at this time !"

With these words the great man dismissed her with a kind nod, and on the next morning she did not think of concealing herself behind the myrtle. The king did not keep her waiting long. He approached her with the words :

"Why, these are terrible matters : but she can now go home ; she shall have justice ; and as regards the dues, she need only give the baron this letter. And now she must make haste home, or the bridegroom will find time hang heavy on his hands."

And as she blushed deeply, and received the letter with downcast eyes, the king added,

"Apropos, what is her bridegroom's name ?"

"Ah ! your majesty," she replied, as she became more and more embarrassed, "the marriage is entirely broken off. For, as the father is in doubt whether his son will be appointed his assistant, he'll not know anything about the marriage."

"What's the father's name, and what is he ?"

"Weiher, most gracious sire, and he is a royal forester."

"Well, I will make some inquiries about him, and if he is an honest fellow, she can ask the folk to the wedding—does she understand me ?"

Delighted, but at the same time ashamed, the poor girl did not know what answer to give, and commenced stammering, when the king laughingly helped her in her charming confusion, by saying,

"Well, well, she can go ; or else, as I said, her bridegroom will be wishing her back."

It is not necessary to state that she did not delay a moment, but, after returning her sincere thanks to the generous gardener and his brother, she commenced her journey home on the same day. But travelling in those days was a tedious and laborious affair. She required nearly eight days to reach her sequestered village again, and her first inquiry, after entering the rectory, or rather the barn, naturally was about the baron. But not merely the maid, but the whole village, informed her that he would certainly become a minister, as he had always said, for he had gone to Stettin that morning in his best equipage, by royal order, and all his household was full of joy and delight.

Sophie thought it advisable to keep silent, although the baroness, on hearing of her return, sent her compliments, and asked her "How old Fritz was, and what the young lady had obtained from him ?"

She determined on awaiting the result, and informed no one of her success, not even the young forester, whom she saw the next day walking through the village and looking towards the barn, but who did not dare to approach her, and only met her, as it were, accidentally, on the third day. To his earnest entreaties about what she had done, and if she still loved him, he received the reply, "I cannot tell you, Mosey Fritz, till you are appointed assistant to your father."

"What, are you jesting with me ?"

"No ! but I trust it will soon happen."

"In heaven's name, what do you mean ?"

"Take your time, dear Fritz."

"Well, then, what did you do about the baron ?"

"All in good time, dear Fritz. Adye, forester, adye ;" and she ran into the courtyard without another word.

Fritz did not dare follow her, for she had not recalled her orders ; and he saw at the same time that such a proceeding would

cause her great pain. He satisfied himself, therefore, with going at least once to the village to peep into the rectory, and, at the same time, inquire about the baron's return. And the latter really came back in a few days, but in what a condition! Groaning with pain, and invoking the most terrible curses on the king and the preacher's daughter, he was raised from his carriage by four servants, and carried into the house, while his family followed him with looks of horror—something different from the expected ministerial appointment.

The rumor of his terrible punishment in Stettin soon spread through the village, as well as the whole neighborhood. For although he had ordered his coachman and servants, with fearful threats, not to say a word about the chastisement he had received, and of which they had been witnesses, still his continued imprecations on the king, whom he had formerly lauded to the skies, and the preacher's daughter, made the villagers half mad with excitement, and coachman and servants were compelled to tell, whether they liked it or not.

The following is old Father Frank's narrative, who, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, drove his master in the state carriage and gold livery to Stettin; the others are long since dead.

"We had scarcely," he stated, "driven in a sharp trot up to the gate-house at Stettin, and the baron had hardly mentioned his name, before two under-officers came out, one of whom entered the carriage, and sat by my master's side, the other mounted the box. The baron cursed and abused like a sparrow, and called the gate-keeper to witness that a common fellow had dared to enter the Baron von L——'s carriage. No one took any notice, however, and it was not long before the under-officer by my side ordered me to drive straight to the main guard-house. The carriage had hardly stopped before it, when the guard assembled under arms, and the under-officer who sat in the carriage cried from the window, 'Lieutenant, I have the prisoner with me.'

"My master had a good deal to say, but the officer would not suffer him to speak, and ordered him to be taken to the guard-room, and spend the night there with the common soldiers. This did not at all please the baron, and he repeatedly cried, 'There must be some mistake; he was the Baron von L——, and a friend of the king. The devil might fetch officer and soldiers;' he requested paper and ink, that he might write to the governor.

This was allowed him, and Carl, his servant, hurried away to the president with the letter, but no answer was returned.

"My master stopped in the stifling hole till ten the next morning, when I received orders to put the horses to, and drive in front of the main guard. This was scarce done when the guard again assembled under arms, and soon formed a circle round the baron, whom two corporals now led out and placed before a bundle of straw that lay on the pavement. A government councillor soon made his appearance, and after taking off his hat, read an order signed by old Fritz, in pursuance of which, the Baron von L—— was to be stripped of his order 'Pour le Mérite,' before the guard-house of Stettin, and, in addition, receive forty blows with the hazel stick, for ill-treating the Pastor Thilo and his daughter.

"When my master was about to reply, the drums commenced playing the 'rogue's march,' by order of the officer on duty; the government councillor tore the order from his neck, two under-officers threw him on the bundle of straw, and two others began laying on to him. They were the same who had got into the carriage on the previous day, and received dog's thanks from the baron for it. This they now honestly repaid him. My master roared, so that he could be heard above all the drums; and when he had received his punishment, the two under-officers who had beaten him carried him to the carriage, placed him in it, and then said to me, with a laugh, 'Now, coachman, drive home.'"

Thus old Father Frank told the tragical story at that day, and does the same now (my friend continued), and the news spread like wildfire throughout the neighborhood. No one pitied the baron, but all were delighted with the courageous preacher's daughter, who behaved, however, as if nothing had occurred, and remained quietly at home. When she heard, though, that the baron was growing daily weaker, she went to U——, and induced the burgomaster to deliver the royal letter personally to the unfortunate man. No one ever learned its contents, but the effect was so powerful, that the dying baron immediately sent to ask her whether she would have the 600 bushels in *natura* or in money, according to the average of the last six years? As she preferred the latter, he commissioned the burgomaster to pay her the money immediately, in the presence of witnesses at U——. The next day he expired.

But in this instance Sophie again acted very cleverly. She begged the burgomas-

ter to summon the forester Weiher as witness, under the pretence that he had lately sworn by all that was good and great that she would never get the money, and would not be satisfied unless his eyes told him the contrary. The real cause of this request lay deeper, for how the forester repented his sins, when, in a few days after, the hard crowns were counted out on the table in his presence, and Rector's Sophie, as he called her, received the money quite calmly, paid no attention to his grimaces, but made a low curtsy to him on leaving, and packed the heavy bags, one after the other, in the carriage, to deposit them with a clergyman, a cousin of hers, in the neighborhood. At that day it was an immense sum, and many a gentleman would not have felt ashamed about doing a foolish trick, and courting Rector's Sophie.

But what were his feelings when, in a few weeks after, he received a letter from the chief forester, with the joyful news "that his majesty had been pleased, on the intercession of Sophie Thilo, the daughter of the Rector of S—, to appoint his son his assistant, as he, the chief forester, had represented him to his majesty as a good woodman, and at the same time trusted that his son, &c., &c."

Father and son were highly delighted, and all their anxiety was how to restore matters on the old footing with Sophie.

"You must go first, Fritz," the old man said.

"No, you must go first, papa," said the son, "for you alone broke the marriage off."

The old man scratched his head, and consented to do it, but first sent her a cartload of dry beech fire-wood, to get her in a good humor.

In short, the end may be anticipated. After Sophie had given the old gentleman a proper lecture, the blood rushed to her face when Fritz came creeping in half an hour later, and stood bashfully at the door.

"Nearer, nearer, dear Fritz," she cried, as she extended her arms towards him; and when their emotion had subsided, she told them circumstantially all that had occurred to her.

The merriest possible marriage soon followed, about which old Father Frank still has a good deal to say; for, after the baron's death, he immediately entered the forester's service.

"I never met," my friend concluded his narrative, "a more happy and contented couple than they were. They were growing old when I was appointed to the rectory here; but, let me visit them when I would, they were always cheerful, happy, and pious."

Thus much about Fritz the forester and Sophie Thilo, whose modest grave I visited during the afternoon with my friend, and regarded with much interest. They died fifteen years before, on the same day, and were buried in one grave. Fortunate beings!

THE GREEK OF HOMER A LIVING LANGUAGE.—An effort, says the Westminster Review, has been made by Mr. Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, to reform the pronunciation of Greek in that University. He is teaching his students to pronounce Greek as they do in Greece, insisting that it is not a dead, but a living language—as any one may see by looking at a Greek newspaper. Professor Blackie gives an extract from a newspaper printed last year at Athens, giving an account of Kossuth's visit to America, from which it is evident that the

language of Homer lives in a state of purity, to which, considering the extraordinary duration of its little existence—two thousand five hundred years at least—there is no parallel perhaps on the face of the globe. After noticing a few trifling modifications, which distinguish modern from ancient Greek, he states, as a fact, that in three columns of a Greek newspaper of the year 1852, there does not occur three words that are not pure native Greek; so very slightly has it been corrupted from foreign sources.



From the Gentleman's Magazine.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF CHARLES I.

CRASHAW, the poet and *protégé* of Henrietta Maria, appears to have striven with much zeal and entire fruitlessness to catch the laureate crown, which Ben Jonson had worn with rough but glittering dignity. Never did any patented "*Versificator Regis*," from Gaulo to Davenant, so praise princes and princesses, born or expectant, as Crashaw did. The Carolinian births were the active stimulants of his muse. The coming of the heir apparent was hailed by his "*In Sanctissimæ Reginae partum hyemalem*." The first wailing cry of the little Duke of York was celebrated in the "*Natalis Ducis Eboracensis*." His prophetic muse waxed bold during a later pregnancy of the queen, and the *vates* confidently predicted the addition of another prince to the family circle of Charles. Nor was he wrong; the ode "*Ad Principem nondum natum, Regina gravidâ*," was apt welcome for the unconscious Duke of Gloucester, who lived to be the simple "Master Henry" of the plain-spoken Puritans. The zeal of Crashaw went so far that he even rushed into metre to make thankful record of the king's recovery from an eruption in the face. The rhymers "*In Faciem Augustissimi Regis a morbillis integram*" pleasantly portrayed how his sacred majesty had been afflicted with pimples, and how he had been ultimately relieved from the undignified visitation.

The poet would seem to have somewhat ungallantly neglected the daughters of Charles and Henrietta Maria. His poetic fire never blazed very brilliantly for the princesses. His inspiration, like the Salic law, favored only the heirs male. The young ladies, however, were not undeserving of having lyres especially strung to sound their praises. There were four of them—namely, Mary, born in 1631; the heroic little Elizabeth, born in 1635; the happy Anne, in 1636—7; and the celebrated Henrietta Anne, in 1644.

Of these the Princess Anne was by far the happiest, for she had the inexpressible advantage of gently descending into the grave at the early yet sufficiently advanced age of

three years and nine months. It was some time before the birth of "happy Anne" that Rochester Carr, brother of the Lincolnshire baronet, Sir Robert, publicly declared, in his half-insane way, that he would fain kill the king, if he might only wed with his widow. When this offensive sort of gallantry was reported to Henrietta, "She fell into such a passion as her lace was cut to give her more breath." Thus the storms of the world blew around "*felix Anna*," even before her little bark entered on the ocean over which, angelled, she made so rapid a passage to the haven of the better land.

Mary, the eldest of the daughters of Charles, had something of a calculating disposition; she possessed a business-like mind, had much shrewdness, and contrived to secure, in her quiet way, as much felicity as she could or as she cared to secure. Her mother had an eager desire to rear this favorite child for the Romish communion. Charles himself is said by the queen's chaplain, Gamache, not to have cared much about the matter. The priest says of the king that the latter held that salvation did not depend on communion, and that, if he expressly desired a child of his to be a Protestant, it was in some sort because his people accused him of being too favorably disposed towards the faith of Rome. However this may have been, Gamache did his best to undo the teaching of Mary's orthodox instructors. He boasts of having impressed on this child—by command, if I remember rightly, of her mother—the necessity and the profit of knowing and practising all that was taught by Roman Catholicism. The little girl's eyes sparkled as the remarkably honest fellow suggested to her that she would probably marry a great Catholic potentate, the King of Spain, the Emperor of Germany, or, greater than both, the Grand Monarque of France. There were no other thrones, he intimated, much worth the having; and, if she hoped ever to hold a sceptre on one of them, the first necessary qualification was to become a Romanist at once, and to say nothing about it

or the present! Our Mary did not choose he better part. She stole to mass with the delight of Madame de Caylus, who told Madame de Maintenon that she would turn Roman Catholic at once if she might only once hear the royal mass, listen to the music, and smell the incense daily. It was "so nice," she remarked.

Well, Mary had much the same opinion of all this, particularly as there was a choice selection of consorts at the end of it. A little "Catholic" maid was placed about her person, who received from Father Gamache instructions similar to those given by Brother Ignatius Spencer for the guidance of all Romish servants in Protestant families, and the little maid fulfilled her office admirably. Mary, though she outwardly wore the guise of a thorough Protestant princess, wore also a rosary in her pocket; and nothing gave her greater glee, or more delight to Father Gamache, than when she could display it behind the back of her father's chaplain, and, after kissing it, hide the forbidden aid to devotion before the Protestant minister could divine why the queen and Father Gamache were smiling.

But, after all, the mirth and the machinations of this worthy pair were all in vain. A wooer came in due time, not from the Romish pale, but from stout Protestant Holland; and before the warmth with which Prince William of Orange plied his suit the Catholicity of the lady melted like morning dew beneath a May sun. The princess was touched and her sire approved; and in 1643, when Mary was but twelve years old, she was conducted across the seas, by Van Tromp and an escort of a score of gallant ships-of-war, to the country of her future husband. The greatest joy she had after her early marriage was in 1648, when she welcomed at the Hague the Duke of York (who had escaped from St. James' in female costume) and her other brother the Prince of Wales, who had gone to Helvoetsluys, where there ensued much intrigue, little action, and less profit.

A brief two years followed, and then the youthful wife found herself a widow, and a mother expectant. Her husband suddenly died of the scourge that then commonly destroyed princes and peasants—the small-pox. She remained in dignified retirement at her house near the Hague, where, says Pepys, "There is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world. She had here one picture upon the top, with these words, dedicating it to the memory of her husband:—*Incomparabili marito, inconsolabilis vi-*

*dua.*" Poor thing! the "semper mœrens" promised by mourners has but a stunted eternity. Our last year's dead are beyond both our memory and our tears.

At the Restoration Mary repaired to England to felicitate her worthless brother on his good fortune. She there once more met her mother; and the court was in the very high top-gallant of its joy, when the princess was suddenly seized with small-pox. Henrietta Maria was desirous that her daughter should at least die in the profession of the Romish faith; but she was deterred from entering the apartment of her sick child, either by the malignity of the disorder or the jealousy of the princess' attendants. Father Gamache takes it as the most natural and proper thing in the world that, conversion not having been realized, the disease had been made fatal by divine appointment! However this may be, the death of the princess (on the 21st December, 1660) was laid to the incapacity of Dr. Farmer and the other medical men to whose care she was entrusted; and we hear from Evelyn that her decease "entirely altered the face and gallantry of the whole court." Burnet, by no means so good authority in this particular case as Evelyn, gives a different view of the effect produced at court by the demise of the princess royal, following so swiftly as it did on the death, also by small-pox, of her young and clever brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester. "Not long after him," says Burnet, "the princess royal died, also of the small-pox, but was not much lamented." Burnet acknowledges, however, her many merits—that she had been of good reputation as wife and widow, had lived with becoming dignity as regarded herself and court, treated her brothers with princely liberality, and kept within the limits of her own income. The same writer says of her that her head was turned by her mother's pretence of being able to marry her to the King of France—a prospect that turned the heads of many ladies at that time, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin among various others. Burnet roundly asserts that to realize this prospect she launched into an extravagant splendor, the cost of which not only injured her own income, but tempted her to deal dishonestly with the jewels and estates of her son, held by her in a guardianship, the trusts of which she betrayed. He adds that she not only was disappointed in her expectations, but that she "lessened the reputation which she had formerly lived in,"—a strange epitaph to be written by him who found a benefactor in her son, and of her who is allowed to have

been, with some faults, gentle, forgiving, patient, affectionate, and firm-minded.

Of her younger sister, Elizabeth, Clarendon has given a perfect picture in a few expressive words. She was, says the parenthesis-loving historian, "a lady of excellent parts, great observation, and an early understanding." The whole of her brief but eventful life gave testimony to the truth of this description. The storms of the times had swept her from the hearts of her parents, as they had indeed also divided those parents, and extinguished the fire at that hearth. She had successively been under the wardenship of Lady Dorset and of old Lady Vere, and was transferred from the latter to the custody of the Earl of Northumberland, who was already responsible for the safe-keeping of her brothers York and Gloucester. In the good earl they had no surly jailer, and he shared in the joy of the children when, in 1647, they were permitted to have an interview with their unhappy father at Maidenhead, and to sojourn with him during two fast-flying days of mingled cloud and sunshine in Lord Craven's house at Caversham, near Reading. The house still stands, and is a conspicuous object seen from the Reading station. It is in the occupation of the great iron-master, Mr. Crawshaw.

Some of the touching interviews which were held in Caversham House are said to have been witnessed by Cromwell, and Sir John Berkeley states that Oliver described them to him as "the tenderest sight his eyes ever beheld." "Cromwell," adds Sir John, "said much in commendation of his majesty," and expressed his hope that "God would be pleased to look upon him according to the sincerity of his heart towards the king."

The prison home of the Princess Elizabeth and her brothers was Syon House at Isleworth—the house of ill-omen from which Lady Jane Grey had departed by water for the Tower to seek a sceptre and to find an axe. The monarch visited his children more than once at the house of the Earl of Northumberland, at Syon. With the boys he talked, and to them gave counsel; but, if he advised Elizabeth, he also listened with marked and gratified attention to her descriptions of persons and things, and to her clear ideas upon what was passing around her. His chief advice to her consisted in the reiterated injunction to obey her mother in all things except in matters of religion—"to which he commanded her, upon his blessing, never to hearken or consent, but to continue firm in the religion she had been instructed

and educated in, what discountenance or ruin soever might befall the poor church at that time under so severe persecution." She promised obedience to her father's counsel, and imparted joy by that promise, as she did two years subsequently, when, in 1649, she lay on her sire's bosom a few hours before his execution, and made him alternately weep and smile at the impression which he saw had been made upon her by the calamities of her family, and at the evidence of advanced judgment afforded by her conversation. As the young girl lay on the father's heart—that heart that was so soon to be no longer conscious of the pulse of life—he charged her with a message to her mother, then in France. It was a message of undying love mingled with assurances of a fidelity strong unto death. The little message-bearer was never permitted to fulfil her mission, and the mother to whom she was to have borne it, found, it is said, a pillow for her aching head on the sympathizing breast of the Earl of St. Alban's. The wife of Caesar stooped to a centurion.

"If I were you I would not stay here," was the speech uttered one day by Elizabeth to her brother James. They were both then, with the Duke of Gloucester, in confinement at St. James'. The speech was at once an incentive and a reproach. Elizabeth urged him thereby to accomplish the flight which their father had recommended him to attempt. The young Duke of Guise, heir of the slayer who was slain at Blois, escaped from his prison by outwitting his keeper at a childish game. The royal captive children of the Stuart for the same end got up a game at "hide and seek," and they were still in pretended search of James, when the latter, disguised as a girl, was awkwardly but successfully making his way to temporary safety. For their share in this *escapade* the little conspirators were transmitted to Carisbrook, where they were kept in close confinement in the locality where their father had so deeply suffered in the last days of his trials. The princess bore her captivity like a proudly-desponding caged eagle, whom grief and indignity can kill, but who utters no sound in testimony of suffering. The utilitarian government of the period designed, it is said, to have apprenticed this daughter of a line of kings to a needle or button maker in Newport! Providence saved her from the degradation by a well-timed death. "Elizabeth Stuart" sickened, died, and was buried. The very locality of her burial even perished with her from the memory of man. It was only

discovered more than two centuries after, when kings were again at a discount and ultra-democracy was once more rampant.

It is somewhat singular that, whereas among the inhabitants of Newport it became forgotten that the body of the young Elizabeth lay in their church, the villagers of Church Handborough, near Whitney, boasted of possessing the mortal remains of her father, Charles I. This boast was founded on a very magniloquent inscription on a tablet within the church, and which the parishioners took for an epitaph. He was a hearty old cavalier who wrote it, and though the villagers comprehend nothing of the robust Latin of which it is constructed, they understand the sentiment, and to this day consider it as testimony to the fact that they are as guardians round the grave of the Charles—who is not there interred.\*

The young Elizabeth died about a year and a half after her father's execution. In the year 1793, the year of the decapitation of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, ultra-democracy was again raising its head in England where Charles had been stricken. Gentlemen like Dr. Hudson and Mr. Pigott drank seditious healths at the London Coffee House, and rode in hackney coaches to prison, shouting *Vive la Republique*. Libels against the Queen of France, like those of mad Lord George Gordon, were flying about our streets "thick as leaves in Valambrosa." The Reverend Mr. Winterbottom was fined and imprisoned for preaching treasonable sermons, and so high did party spirit run that good Vicesimus Knox had well-nigh got into serious trouble for delivering from the Brighton pulpit a philippic against going to war. The discourse so ruffled the plumage of some officers, who happened on the following evening to meet the reverend doctor with his wife and family at the theatre, that they created a patriotic riot, before the violence of which the celebrated essayist, his lady, and children

\* The following is the inscription. It might have been written between a volume of Walker's Lachrymæ Ecclesiæ on the one hand and a flask of Canary on the other. Thus rolls its thunder and thus sighs the strain:—"M. S. sanctissimi regis et martyris Caroli. Siste viator; lege, obmutescere, mirare, memento Caroli illius nominis, pariter et pietatis insignissimæ, primi Magnæ Britannicæ regis, qui rebellium perfidia primo deceptus, et in perfidiorum rabie periculis inconcessus tamen legum et fidei defensor, schismaticorum tyrannidi succubuit, anno servitutis nostræ, felicitatis auz, primo, corona terrestri spoliatus, celesti donatus. Sileant autem peritura tabella, perlege reliquias vere sacras Carolinas, in quæ sui mnemosynem ære perenniozem vavicius exprimit: illa, illa" (sic) "Eikon Basilike."

were fairly swept out of the house, the loyal audience in which celebrated their triumph over as loyal a subject as any there, by singing God save the King and Rule Britannia.

Amid this noise of contending parties, royalist and republican, a quiet sexton was tranquilly engaged, in October, 1703, in digging a grave in the chancel of Newport church for the body of Septimus Henry West, the youngest brother of Lord Delaware. The old delver was in the full enjoyment of his exciting occupation when his spade struck against a stone, on which were engraven the initials "E. S." Curiosity begat research, and in a vault perfectly dry was found a coffin perfectly fresh, on the involuted lid of which the wondering examiners read the words—"Elizabeth, 2d daughter of y<sup>e</sup> late King Charles, dece<sup>d</sup> Sept. 8, MDCL." Thus the hidden grave of her who died of the blows dealt at monarchy in England was discovered when like blows were being threatened, and at the very moment when the republicans over the channel were slaying their hapless queen. The affrighted spirit of Elizabeth might well have asked if nothing then had been changed on this troubled earth, and if killing kings were still the caprice of citizens. The only answer that could have been given at the moment would have been, in the words of the adjuration "Vatene in pace alma beata e bella." Turn we now to the sister, who was of quite another complexion.

On the site of Bedford Crescent, Exeter, there once stood a convent of Black or Dominican friars. At the Reformation the convent property was transferred to Lord John Russell, who made of the edifice thereon a provincial town residence, which took the name of "Bedford House," when the head of the Russells was advanced to an earldom. As further greatness was forced upon or achieved by the family the old country mansion fell into decay. There are still some aged persons, verging upon ninety, whose weary memories can faintly recall the old conventual building when it was divided and let in separate tenements. It was taken down, to save it from tumbling to pieces, in 1773, and on the site of the house and grounds stands, as I have said, the present "Bedford Crescent." "Friars' Row" would have been as apt a name.

In the year 1644 the shifting fortunes of Charles compelled his queen, Henrietta Maria, to seek a refuge in Exeter, in order that she might there bring into the world another, and the last, heir to the sorrows of an unlucky sire. The corporation assigned



Bédford House to her as a residence, and made her a present of two hundred pounds to provide against the exigencies of the coming time. In this house was born a little princess, who was the gayest yet the least happy of the daughters of Charles. The day of her birth was the 16th of June, 1644. She was shortly after christened in the cathedral (at a font erected in the body of the church under a canopy of state), by the compound name of Henrietta Anne. Dr. Burnet, the chancellor of the diocese, officiated on the occasion, and the good man rejoiced to think that he had enrolled another member on the register of the English Church. In this joy the queen took no part. It is said that the eyes of the father never fell upon the daughter born in the hour of his great sorrows; but as Charles was in Exeter for a brief moment on the 26th July, 1644, it is more than probable that he looked for once and all upon the face of his unconscious child.

The Queen Henrietta Maria left Exeter for the continent very soon, some accounts say a fortnight, after the birth of Henrietta Anne. The young princess was given over to the tender keeping of Lady Morton; and when opportunity for escape offered itself to them, the notable governess assumed a somewhat squalid disguise, and with the little princess (now some two years old) attired in a ragged costume, and made to pass as her son Peter, she made her way on foot to Dover, as the wife of a servant out of place. The only peril that she ran was from the recalcitrating objections made by her precious and troublesome charge. The little princess loved fine clothes, and would not don or wear mendicant rags but with screaming protest. All the way down to the coast, "Peter" strove to intimate to passing wayfarers that there was a case of abduction before them, and that she was being carried off against her will. Had her expression been as clear as her efforts and inclination, the pretty plot would have been betrayed. Fortunately she was not so precocious of speech as the infant Tasso, and the passengers on board the boat to Calais, when they saw the terrible "Peter" scratching the patient matron who bore him, they only thought how in times to come he would make the mother's heart smart more fiercely than he now did her cheeks. Peace of course was not restored until Lady Morton, soon after landing, cast off the hump which marred her naturally elegant figure, and, transforming "Peter" into a princess, both rode joyously to Paris in a coach-and-six—

as wonderful and as welcome as that built by fairy hands for the lady of the glass slipper, out of a portly pumpkin.

The fugitive princess had scarcely reached Paris when Henrietta Maria resolved to undo what Dr. Burnet had so well done at Exeter, and to convert Henrietta Anne to Romanism. Father Gamache attempted the same with Lady Morton, but as the latter, though she listened, would not yield, the logical Jesuit pronounced her death by fever, many years subsequently, to be the award of Heaven for her obduracy! He found metal far more ductile in the youthful daughter of the King of England. For her especial use he wrote three heavy octavo volumes, entitled "*Exercices d'un Ame Royale*," and probably thought that the desired conversion was accomplished less by the *bonbons* of the court than the reasoning of the confessor.

The royal exiles lived in a splendid misery. They were so magnificently lodged and so pitiaibly cared for, that they are said to have often lain together in bed at the Louvre during a winter's day, in order to keep themselves warm; no fuel having been provided for them, and they lacking money to procure it. They experienced more comfort in the asylum afforded them in the convent of St. Maria de Chaillot. Here Henrietta Anne grew up a graceful child, the delight of every one save Louis XIV., who hated her mortally, until the time came when he could only love her criminally. Mother and daughter visited England in the autumn of the year of the Restoration. Pepys has left a graphic outline of both. "The queen a very little, plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence, in any respect, nor garbe, than any ordinary woman. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself, with her hair frized short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well-dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." Death, as I have before stated, marred the festivities. Love mingled with both; and Buckingham, who had been sighing at the feet of Mary, Princess of Orange, now stood pouring unutterable nothings into the ear of her sister, Henrietta Anne. When the latter, with her mother, embarked at Calais on this royal visit to England, they spent two days in reaching Dover. On their return they went on board at Portsmouth, but storms drove them back to port, and the princess was attacked by measles while on the sea.

Buckingham, in his character of lover, attended her to Havre, displaying an outrageous extravagance of grief. Philippe, the handsome, effeminate, and unprincipled Duke of Orleans, her affianced husband, met her at the last-named port, and tended her with as much or as little assiduity as man could show who never knew what it was to feel a pure affection for any woman in the world. The princess felt little more for him, and still less for Buckingham, on whose forced departure from Paris the daughter of Charles was married to the brother of Louis, the last day of March, 1661, in full Lent, and with maimed rites—a disregard for seasons and ceremonies which caused all France to augur ill for the consequences.

"Madame," as she was now called, became the idol of a court that loved wit and beauty, and was not particular on the score of morality. All the men adored her; and the king, to the scandal of his mother (Anne of Austria), was chief among the worshippers. Her memoirs have been briefly and rapidly written by her intimate friend, Madame de La Fayette.\* The latter was an authoress of repute, and the "ami de cœur," to use a soft term, of the famous La Rochefoucauld. This lady wrote the memoirs of the princess from materials furnished by her royal highness, and thus she portrays the delicate position of Louis le Grand and Henriette d'Angleterre:—"Madame entered into close intimacy with the Countess of Soissons, and no longer thought of pleasing the king, but as a sister-in-law. I think, however, that she pleased him after another fashion; but I imagine that she fancied that the king himself was agreeable to her merely as a brother-in-law, when he was probably something more; but, however, as they were both infinitely amiable, and both born with dispositions inclined to gallantry, and that they met daily for purposes of amusement and festivity, it was clear to everybody that they felt for one another that sentiment which is generally the forerunner of passionate love."

"Monsieur" became jealous, the two queen-mothers censorious, the court delighted spectators, and the lovers perplexed. To conceal the criminal fact, the poor La Valière

was selected that the king might make love to the latter, and so give rise to the belief that in the new love the old had been forgotten.\* But Louis fell in love with La Valière too, after his fashion, and soon visited her in state, preceded by drums and trumpets. "Madame" was piqued, and took revenge or consolation in receiving the aspirations of the Count de Guiche. "Monsieur" quarrelled with the latter, confusion ensued, and the ancient queens by their intrigues made the confusion worse confounded. Not that they were responsible for all the confusion. How could they be, since they only misruled in an *imbroglio* wherein the king loved La Valière, the Marquis de Marsillac loved Madame, Madame loved the Count de Guiche, Monsieur affected to love Madame de Valentinois, who loved M. de Peguilon, and Madame de Soissons, beloved by the king, loved the Marquis de Vardes, whom, however, she readily surrendered to "Madame," in exchange for, or as auxiliary to, Monsieur de Guiche! and this chain of love is, after all, only a few links in a network that would require a volume to unravel, and even then would not be worth the trouble expended on it. They who would learn the erotic history of the day, may consult the memoirs by Madame de La Fayette. The story is like a Spanish comedy, full of intrigue, deception, stilted sentiment, and the smallest possible quantity of principle. There are dark passages, stolen meetings, unblushing avowals, angry husbands who are not a jot better than the seducers against whom their righteous indignation is directed, and complacent priests who utter a low "Oh, fie!" and absolve magnificent sinners who may help them to scarlet hats and the dignity of "Eminence." The chaos of immorality seemed come again. "Madame" changed her adorers, and was continually renewing the jealousy of "Monsieur;" but she in some sort pacified him by deigning to receive at her table the "ladies" whom he mostly delighted to honor. The lives of the whole parties were passed in the unlimited indulgence of pleasant sins, and in gayly paying for their absolution from the consequences! Old lovers were occasionally exiled to make room for new ones, or out of vengeance, but the "commeree d'amour" never ceased in the brilliant court of Louis le Grand.

There was scarcely an individual in that

\* A new and highly improved edition of these Memoirs has just appeared in Paris. It bears the title of "Histoire de Madame Henriette d'Angleterre, première femme de Philippe de France, Duc d'Orléans." Par Madame de La Fayette. Publiée par Feu A. Bazin. It is a most amusing piece of "caquet."

\* Burnet says that the king made love to Henrietta to conceal his passion for La Valière; but, considering how he paid court to the latter, this is not very likely.

court who might not, when dying, have said what Lord Muskerry said, as that exemplary individual lay on his death-bed—"Well, I have nothing wherewith to reproach myself, for I never denied myself anything!"

At length, in 1670, Henrietta once more visited England. It was against the consent of her husband. She had that of the king; and her mission was to arrange matters with her brother, Charles II., to establish Romanism in England, and to induce him to become the pensioned ally of France! To further her purpose she brought in her train the beautiful Louise de Querouaille. This was a "*vrai trait de génie*." Charles took the lady and the money, and doubly sold himself and country to France. He made a Duchess (of Portsmouth) of the French concubine, and Louis added a Gallic title to heighten the splendor of her infamy, and that of the monarch who, for her and filthy lucre, had sold his very soul. There was some horrible story referring to himself and Henrietta, which was probably only invented to exasperate the husband of the latter against her. There is probably more truth in the report that the young Duke of Monmouth gazed on her with a gallant assurance that met no rebuke. A few days afterwards, on the 29th of June, 1670, she was well and joyous with Philippe, no participator in her joy, at St. Cloud. In the evening she showed symptoms of faintness, but the heat was intense; a glass of chicory water was offered to her, of which she drank; and she immediately complained of being grievously ill. Her conviction was that she was poisoned, and very little was done either to persuade her to the contrary, or to cure her. The agony she suffered would have slain a giant. Amid it all she gently reproached her husband for his want of affection for her, and deposed to her own fidelity! The court gathered round her bed; Louis came and talked religiously; his consort also came, accompanied by a poor guard of honor, and the royal concubines came too escorted by little armies! Burnet says that her last words were, "*Adieu Treville*," addressed to an old lover, who was so affected by them that he turned monk—for a short time. Bossuet received her last breath, and made her funeral oration; of the speaker and of the oration in question, Vinet says: "Since this great man was obliged to flatter, I am very glad he has done it here with so little art, that we may be allowed to think that adulation was not natural to his bold and vigorous genius." The oration could do as little good to her reputation, as the

dedication to her, by Racine, of his "*Andromaque*," could do her glory.\* As to her ultimate fate, it was difficult even at the time to prove that she was poisoned. The chicory water was thrown away, and the vessel which contained it had been cleansed before it could be examined. There were deponents ready to swear that the body betrayed evidences of poison, and others that no traces of it were to be discovered. All present protested innocence, while one is said to have confidentially confessed to the king, on promise of pardon, that he had been expressly engaged in compassing the catastrophe. No wonder, amid the conflicting testimony, that Temple, who had been dispatched from London to inquire into the affair, could only oracularly resolve that there was more in the matter than he cared to talk about, and that at all events Charles had better be silent, as he was too powerless to resent the alleged crime. And so ended the last of the daughters of Charles Stuart, all of whom died young, or died suddenly—and none but the infant Anne happily.

At the hour of the death of Henrietta there stood weeping by her side her fair young daughter, Maria Louisa. The child was eight years of age, and Montague, on that very day, had been painting her portrait. In the year 1688, that child, who had risen to the dignity of Queen of Spain, and was renowned for her beauty, wit, and vivacity, was presented by an attendant with a cup of milk. She drank the draught and died.

Thus was extinguished the female line descended from Charles. Their mother Henrietta Maria, left her heart to the Nuns of the Visitation, to whose good-keeping James II. left his own, and confided that of his daughter, Louisa Maria. The heart of the king was finally transferred to the chapel of the English Benedictines in the Faubourg St. Jacques. During the Revolution, the insurrectionists of the day shivered to pieces the urn in which it was contained, and trod

\*The funeral oration contained the following passage: "She must descend to those gloomy regions (he was speaking of the royal vaults at St. Denis), with those annihilated kings and princes among whom we can scarcely find room to place her, so crowded are the ranks." When the body of the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., was deposited in these vaults, in 1778, it was remarked with a "vague terror," as Bungener says in his "*Un Sermon sous Louis XIV.*," that the royal vault was entirely full. There was literally no place for Louis XVI. in the tomb of his ancestors.

the heart into dust upon the floor of the chapel. They did as much to the royal hearts enshrined at the "Visitation." The

very dust of the sons and the daughters of Stuart was again an abomination in the eyes of democracy.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## CH L O R O F O R M.

Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppressed,  
Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard lay,  
Heaving his sides and snoring night and day;  
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,  
And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway;  
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,  
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE desire to drown pain has existed from the time that suffering became the inheritance of fallen man; and the discovery of means by which it can be averted has justly been regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of modern science, for in it are alike interested high and low, rich and poor; and it is the general interest which leads us to draw aside, in some degree, the veil from the chamber of suffering for the comfort of some, perhaps, and the information of many who are desirous of knowing in what way people are affected by Chloroform.

The most usual effect is to produce a profound sleep; so profound that volition and sensation are alike suspended, and this is often attended with a symptom very alarming to relatives or bystanders unprepared for it; we allude to a loud snoring or stertorous breathing, which conveys the idea of much suffering to those who are not aware that in itself it is direct evidence of the deepest unconsciousness. It is not however invariably produced: we have seen a fine child brought in—laid down with its hands gently folded across its body—have chloroform administered—undergo a severe operation, and be carried to bed without once changing its attitude, or its countenance altering from the expression of the calm sweet sleep of infancy. Sometimes, however, strange scenes are enacted under anæsthetics, one of which we will describe. The uninitiated have a vague idea that the operating theatre of hospitals

is a very dreadful place; certainly, patients having once given their consent to enter it may, so far as escape goes, say in the words of Dante,

*'Lasciate ogni speranza voi 'ch' entrate,'*

but every consideration is shown to soften down as much as possible the terrors inseparable from a chamber of torture.

Imagine then a lofty semicircular apartment, lighted from above, with a large space railed off on the ground, and railed steps in tiers, sweeping half round, and affording standing room for more than a hundred spectators, principally students, who, conversing in low tones, are awaiting the expected operation. In the centre of the open space is a strong couch, or table, now covered with a clean sheet, and beneath its foot is a wooden tray, thickly strewn with yellow sand. On another table, also covered with a white cloth, are arranged, in perfect order, numerous keen and formidable looking instruments, the edge of one of which, a long, sword-like, double-edged knife—a gentleman with his cuffs turned up, is trying, by shaving off little bits of cuticle from the palm of his hand, and two or three assistants are quietly threading needles, and making other preparations. The gentleman with the knife being satisfied as to its condition, gives a glance round, and seeing everything in perfect readiness, nods, and a dresser leaves the room. After a min-



ute or two, a shuffling of feet is heard, the folding doors are thrown open, and a strong, surly-looking, bull-headed "navvy," whose leg has been smashed by a railway accident, is borne in and gently placed on the table. His face is damp and pale, he casts an anxious—eager look around, then with a shudder closes his eyes, and lies down on his back. The chloroform apparatus is now applied to his mouth, and a dead silence marks the general expectancy. The man's face flushes—he struggles, and some muffled exclamations are heard. In a minute or two more the gentleman who has charge of the chloroform examines his eyes, touches the eyeball—the lids wink not, the operator steps forward, and in a trice the limb is transfixed with the long bistoury.

Some intelligence now animates the patient's face, which bears a look of drunken jollity. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital!" he shouts, evidently in imagination with his boon companions, "a jolly good song, and jolly well sung! I always know'd Jem was a good un to chaunt! I sing! dash my wig if I ain't as husky as a broken-winded 'os. Well, if I must, I must, so here goes."

By this time the bone has been bared, and the operator saws, whilst the patient shouts

"'Tis my delight o' a moonlight night—"

whose that a treading on my toe? None o' your tricks, Jem! Hold your jaw, will you? Who can sing when you are making such a blessed row? Toll-de-rol-loll. Come, gi'e us a drop, will ye? What! drunk it all? Ye greedy beggars! I'll fight the best man among ye for half a farden!" and straightway he endeavors to hit out, narrowly missing the spectacles of a gentleman in a white cravat, who steps hastily back, and exclaims, "hold him fast!"

The leg being now separated, is placed under the table, and the arteries are tied, with some little difficulty, on account of the unsteadiness of the patient, who, besides his pugnacity in general, has a quarrel with an imaginary bull-dog, which he finds it necessary to kick out of the room. He, however, recovers his good humor whilst the dressings are being applied, and is borne out of the theatre shouting, singing, and anathematizing in a most stentorian voice; when in bed, however, he falls asleep, and in twenty minutes awakes very subdued, in utter ignorance that any operation has been performed, and with only a dim recollection of being taken into the theatre, breathing something, and feeling "werry queer," as he expresses it.

Now this scene is a faithful description of an incident witnessed by the writer at one of our county hospitals to which he is attached, and those who have seen much of the administration of ether and chloroform will remember many resembling it. The man was a hard drinker, and a dose of chloroform which would have placed most persons in deep sleep, deprived him of sensation, but went no further than exciting the phantasms of a drunken dream.

A writer in the North British Review says that "experience has fully shown that the brain may be acted on so as to annihilate for the time what may be termed the faculty of feeling pain; the organ of general sense may be lulled into profound sleep, while the organ of special sense and the organ of intellectual function remain wide-awake, active, and busily employed. The patient may feel no pain under very cruel cutting, and yet he may see, hear, taste, and smell, as well as ever, to all appearance; and he may also be perfectly conscious of everything within reach of his observation—able to reason on such events most lucidly, and able to retain both the events and the reasoning in his memory afterwards. We have seen a patient following the operator with her eyes most intelligently and watchfully as he shifted his place near her, lifted his knife, and proceeded to use it—wincing not at all during its use; answering questions by gesture very readily and plainly, and after the operation was over, narrating every event as it occurred, declaring that she knew and saw all; stating that she knew and felt that she was being cut, and yet that she felt no pain whatever. Patients have said quietly, 'You are sawing now,' during the use of the saw in amputation; and afterwards they have declared most solemnly that though quite conscious of that part of the operation, they felt no pain." We may here remark, that a very common, but erroneous supposition is, that sawing through the marrow is the most painful part of an amputation; this has arisen from confounding the fatty matter of the true marrow with the spinal cord—a totally different thing—the sensation of sawing the bone is like that of filing the teeth, and is not to be compared with the first incision, which is very much as if a red-hot iron swept round the limb.

When ether was used, such scenes as that described, occurred; but, with rare exceptions, chloroform effectually wipes out the tablets of the brain, and prevents any recollection of the incidents that occur during its

influence; we have often heard a person talk coherently enough when partially under its influence, yet afterwards no effort of memory could recall the conversation to his mind.

An able London physician, Dr. Snow, has paid great attention to the administration of chloroform, and has satisfied himself by actual observation, that when there are obscure indications of pain during an operation, there is no suffering, properly so to speak, for sensation returns gradually in those cases where complete consciousness is regained before the common sensibility. Under these circumstances the patient, when first beginning to feel, describes as something pricking or pinching, proceedings that without anaesthetics would cause intense pain, and does not feel at all that which would at another time excite considerable suffering.

The disposition to sing is by no means uncommon during the stage of excitement; we well remember the painful astonishment of a grave elderly abstinent divine, who, on being told after an operation that he had sang, exclaimed, "Good gracious, is it possible! Why, my dear Sir, I never sang a song in my life, and is it possible I could have so committed myself—but what *could* I have sung?" A little badinage took place, it being insinuated that the song was of a rather Tom-Moorish character, till his horror became so great it was necessary to relieve his mind by telling him that "Hallelujah" was the burden of his chaunt.

The general condition of the patient as regards robustness or the contrary, has been found by Dr. Snow to exercise a considerable influence on the way in which chloroform acts; usually the more feeble the patient is, the more quietly does he become insensible; whilst if he is strong and robust there is very likely to be mental excitement, rigidity of the muscles, and perhaps struggling. Dr. Snow has frequently exhibited chloroform in extreme old age with the best effects, and does not consider it a source of danger when proper care is taken; old persons are generally rather longer than others in recovering their consciousness, probably because, owing to their circulation and respiration being less active, the vapor requires a longer time to escape by the lungs, and it may be remarked, that chloroform passes off unchanged from the blood, in the expired air.

The usual and expected effect of chloroform is to deprive the individual of consciousness; but it occasionally fails to do this, and gives rise to a very remarkable

trance-like condition. We were once present when chloroform was administered to a lady about to undergo a painful operation on the mouth; the usual phenomena took place, and in due time the gentleman who administered the vapor announced that she was perfectly insensible; the operation was performed, and during its progress the bystanders conversed unreservedly on its difficulties and the prospects of success.

When the patient "came to," she, to our utter astonishment, asserted that she had been perfectly conscious the whole time, though unable to make the least sign or movement, had felt pain, and had heard every word spoken, which was proved by her repeating the conversation; she stated that the time seemed a perfect age, and that though hearing and feeling what was going on she lived her life over again, events even of early childhood long forgotten, rising up like a picture before her. It is said, and truly, that in the few seconds between sleeping and waking, some of the longest dreams take place, and that a drowning man has just before the extinction of consciousness reviewed as in a mirror, every action of his life. So in the case of this lady, years appeared to move slowly on and to be succeeded by other years with all their events, each attended with corresponding emotions, during the few minutes she was fairly under the chloroformic influence: yet with all this the prominent feeling was an intense struggling to make us aware that she was not insensible; of which condition there was every outward indication.

Our readers must all be familiar, from observation or description, with the *mimosa pudica* or sensitive plant; now it is a curious fact that the influence of chloroform is not confined to the animal kingdom, but extends to the vegetable world, for Professor Marcet of Geneva has ascertained that it possesses the power of arresting for a time, if not of altogether destroying, the irritability of the sensitive plant. Thus we find from time to time striking illustrations of the identity which exists in the irritability of plants and the nervous systems of animals.

Among the ancients the mandrake, or mandragora, held a high reputation for utility in drowning pain. Pliny tells us that "in the digging up of the root of mandrage there are some ceremonies observed; first, they that goe about this worke looke especially to this, that the wind be not in their face but blow upon their backs; then with the point of a sword they draw three circles round about

the plant, which don, they dig it up afterwards with their face into the west. \* \* It may be used safely enough for to procure sleep if there be a good regard had in the dose, that it be answerable in proportion to the strength and complexion of the patient. It is an ordinary thing to drink it against the poison of serpents; likewise before the cutting or cauterizing, pricking or lancing, of any member, to take away the sense and feeling of such extreme cures: and sufficient it is in some bodies to cast them into a sleep with the smell of mandrage, against the time of such chirurgery."

The discovery of chloroform, as an anæsthetic agent, was made by Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, and was attended with some very amusing circumstances, as narrated by Professor Miller. Dr. Simpson had long felt convinced that there existed some anæsthetic agent superior to ether, which was then all the rage, and, in October, 1847, got up pleasant little parties quite in a sociable way, to try the effects of other respirable gases on himself and friends. The ordinary way of experimenting was as follows. Each guest was supplied with about a teaspoonful of the fluid to be experimented on, in a tumbler or finger-class, which was placed in hot water if the substance did not happen to be very volatile. Holding the mouth and nostrils over the open vessel, inhalation was produced slowly and deliberately, all inhaling at the same time, and each noting the effects as they arose. Late on the evening of the 4th November, 1847, Dr. Simpson, with two of his friends, Drs. Keith and Duncan, sat down to quaff the flowing vapor in the dining-room of the learned host. Having inhaled several substances without much effect, it occurred to Dr. Simpson to try a ponderous material which he had formerly set aside on a lumber table as utterly uncompromising. It happened to be a small bottle of chloroform, and with each tumbler newly charged, the inhalers solemnly pursued their vocation. Immediately an unwonted hilarity seized the party—their eyes sparkled—they became excessively jolly and very loquacious. Their conversation flowed so briskly, that some ladies and a naval officer who were present were quite charmed. But suddenly there was a talk of sounds being heard like those of a cotton mill, louder and louder—a moment more—a dead silence, and then a crash! On awaking, Dr. Simpson's first perception

was mental, "this is far stronger and better than ether," said he to himself. His second was to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that among his friends about him, there was both confusion and alarm. Hearing a noise, he turned round and saw Dr. Duncan in a most undignified attitude beneath a chair. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were starting, his head bent half under him; quite unconscious and snoring in a most determined and alarming manner—more noise still to the doctor and much motion—disagreeably so—and then his eyes overtook Dr. Keith's feet and legs, making valorous efforts to overturn the supper table, and annihilate everything that was on it.

By-and-by Dr. Simpson's head ceased to swim, and he regained his seat; Dr. Duncan, having finished his uncomfortable slumber, resumed his chair; and Dr. Keith, having come to an arrangement with the table, likewise assumed his seat and his placidity; then came a comparing of notes and a chorus of congratulation, for the object had been attained; and this was the way in which the wonderful powers of chloroform were first discovered and put to the test. It may be added, that the small stock of chloroform having been speedily exhausted, Mr. Hunter, of the firm of Duncan, Flockhart, & Co., was pressed into the service for restoring the supply, and little respite had that gentleman for many months from his chloroformic labors.

According to our own experience, chloroform is by no means disagreeable. Circumstances led to our taking it, and as far as we remember, our feelings were nearly as follows:—the nervousness which the anticipation of the chloroform and the expected operation had excited, gradually passed away after a few inhalations, and was succeeded by a pleasant champagne exhilaration; a few seconds more and a rather unpleasant oppression of the chest led to an endeavor to express discomfort, but whilst still doing so—or rather supposing we were doing so—we were informed that the operation was over. Utterly incredulous, we sought for proof, soon found it, and then our emotions of joy were almost overwhelming. In truth we had been insensible full five minutes; but one of the peculiarities of chloroformic unconsciousness being the obliteration of memory, the person is carried on from the last event before the full effect of the chloroform, to the return of consciousness, as one and the same current of ideas.

An important point in connection with chloroform, is the possibility of its illegal use for

\* Philemon Holland's Translation of Pliny. Part II. p. 235.

the purposes of robbery, &c. About two years ago, several cases occurred, in which it was said to have been employed for that object, and so serious was the matter considered, that Lord Campbell made it the special subject of a penal enactment. There are, however, something more than grave doubts on the minds of those best acquainted with the subject, as to whether chloroform has not labored under an unjust accusation, in some, at least, of the cases alluded to; and as it is very possible that the question may from time to time be raised, we will state the grounds on which Dr. Snow, a peculiarly competent authority, arrived at the opinion that chloroform cannot be used with effect in street robberies.

When administered gradually, chloroform can be breathed easily enough by a person willing and anxious to take it; but he has to draw his breath many times before he becomes unconscious. During all this interval he has the perfect perception of the impression of the vapor on his nose, mouth, and throat, as well as of other sensations which it causes; and every person who has inhaled chloroform, retains a recollection of these impressions and sensations. If chloroform be given to a child whilst asleep, the child awakes in nearly every instance before being made insensible, however gently the vapor may be insinuated, and no animal, either wild or tame, can be made insensible without being first secured; the chloroform may, it is true, be suddenly applied on a handkerchief to the nose of an animal, but the creature turns its head aside or runs away without breathing any of the vapor. If a handkerchief wetted with sufficient chloroform to cause insensibility, is suddenly applied to a person's face, the pungency of the vapor is so great as immediately to interrupt the breathing, and the individual could not inhale it even if he should wish. From all these facts, it is evident that chloroform cannot be given to a person in his sober senses without his knowledge and full consent, except by main force. It is certain, therefore, that this agent cannot be employed in a public street or thoroughfare; and as the force that would be required to make a person take it against his will, would be more than sufficient to effect a robbery, and enough to effect any other felony by ordinary means, it would afford no help to the criminal in more secluded situations. Supposing that the felon, or felons, could succeed in keeping a handkerchief closely applied to the face, the person attacked would only begin to breathe

the chloroform when thoroughly exhausted by resistance or want of breath, and when, in fact, the culprits could effect their purpose without it.

A proof of these positions was afforded by the circumstances attending a case in which chloroform really was used for the purpose of committing a robbery. A man contrived to secrete himself under a bed in an hotel at Kendal, and at midnight attempted to give chloroform to an elderly gentleman in his sleep. The effect of this was to awaken him, and though the robber used such violence that the night-dress of his victim was covered with blood, and the bedding fell on the floor in the scuffle, he did not succeed in his purpose; the people in the house were disturbed, the thief secured, tried, and punished by eighteen months' hard labor.

When, therefore, we hear marvellous tales of persons going along the street being rendered suddenly insensible and in that state robbed, it may fairly be concluded that *all* the facts are not stated, and that chloroform is brought forward to smother something which it may not be convenient to make known.

The conclusion so eagerly jumped at, that because people had been robbed in an unusual manner, they had certainly been chloroformed, reminds us of a story of a very respectable quack, who was in the habit of listening to the statements of his clients, and under pretence of retiring to a closet to meditate, there opened a book which contained cures for all diseases, and on whatever remedy his eyes first fell, that he resolved to try.

On one fine morning he was summoned to a girl, who, being tickled whilst holding some pins in her mouth, unfortunately swallowed one, which stuck in her throat. The friends, with some justice, urged the doctor to depart from his usual custom, and do something instantly for the relief of the sufferer; but the sage was inexorable, and declined to yield to their entreaties, though their fears that the damsel would be choked before the remedy arrived were energetically expressed. Happily they were groundless, for, on his return, the doctor ordered a scalding hot poultice to be applied over the whole abdomen, which being done, an involuntary spasmodic action was excited, the pin was ejected, and the doctor's fame and his practice greatly extended. The remedy had certainly the charm of novelty, but will scarcely do to be relied on in similar cases.

A very remarkable difference exists be



tween persons as to their capability of bearing pain; generally those of high sensitiveness and intellectuality—whose nerves, in common parlance, are finely strung, evince the greatest susceptibility. To them a scratch or trifling wound, which others would scarcely feel, is really a cause of acute pain. The late Sir Robert Peel presented this condition in a marked degree; a slight bite from a monkey at the Zoological Gardens, some time before his death, caused him to faint; and after the sad accident which took him from among us, it was found impossible to make a full and satisfactory examination of the seat of injury, from the exquisite torment which the slightest movement or handling of the parts occasioned. Some serious injury had been inflicted near the collar-bone, and a forcible contrast to the illustrious statesman is presented by General Sir John Moore, who, on the field of Corunna, received his mortal wound in the same situation. The following is the account given by Sir William Napier.

"Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence, but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed on the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge (the present Lord Hardinge), a staff officer, who happened to be near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is: I had rather it should go out of the field with me:' and in that manner, so becoming a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight."

From the spot where he fell, the General was carried to the town by a party of soldiers, his blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great, yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, express-

ed a hope of his recovery; hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "No, I feel that to be impossible."

Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope, the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. \* \* \* His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength failed fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice!" And so he died.

It is to be hoped that intense mental pre-occupation somewhat blunted the sufferings of the General, but a strong high courage prevented any unseemly complaint. We, ourselves, have seen many instances in an operating theatre—a far severer test of true courage than the excitement of battle—where mutilations the most severe have been borne with unflinching courage; more frequently by women than by men. Perhaps the coolest exhibition of fortitude under such a trial was exhibited by a tailor, who effectually cleared his profession of the standing reproach, showing nine times the pluck of ordinary men. This man's right leg was removed right below the knee, long before chloroform was known; on being placed on the table, he quietly folded his arms, and surveyed the preliminary proceedings with the coolness of a disinterested spectator. He closed his eyes during the operation, but his face remained unchanged, and he apologized for starting when a nerve was snipped. When all was over he rose, quietly thanked the operator, bowed to the spectators, and was carried out of the theatre. We grieve to say the poor fellow died, to the regret of every one who witnessed his heroic courage.

The most remarkable account of indifference to pain with which we are acquainted, is that by Mr. Catlin, of the self-imposed tortures of the Mandan Indians, in order to qualify themselves for the honored rank of warriors. "One at a time of the young fel-

lows already emaciated with fasting, and thirsting, and walking, for nearly four days and nights, advanced from the side of the lodge and placed himself on his hands and feet, or otherwise, as best adapted for the performance of the operation, where he submitted to the cruelties in the following manner. An inch or more of the flesh of each shoulder was taken up between the finger and thumb by the man who held the knife in his right hand, and the knife which had been ground sharp on both edges and then hacked and notched with the blade of another to make it produce as much pain as possible, was forced through the flesh below the fingers, and being withdrawn was followed by a splint or skewer from the other, who held a bundle of such in his left hand, and was ready to force them through the wound. There were then two cords lowered down from the top of the lodge, which were fastened to these splints or skewers, and they instantly began to haul him up: he was thus raised until his body was just suspended from the ground where he rested, until the knife and a splint were passed through the flesh or integuments in a similar manner on each arm below the shoulder, below the elbow, on the thighs, and below the knees. In some instances, they remained in a reclining posture on the ground until this painful operation was finished, which was performed in all instances exactly on the same parts of the bodies and limbs; and which, in its progress, occupied some five or six minutes.

"Each one was then instantly raised with

the cords, until the weight of his body was suspended by them, and then, while the blood was streaming down their limbs, the bystanders hung upon the splints each man's appropriate shield, bow, quiver, &c., and in many instances, the skull of a buffalo, with the horns on it, was attached to each lower arm, each lower leg, for the purpose, probably, of preventing, by their great weight, the struggling which might otherwise take place to their disadvantage whilst they were hung up. When these things were all adjusted, each one was raised higher by the cords, until these weights all swung clear from the ground. \* \* The unflinching fortitude with which every one of them bore this part of the torture surpassed credibility."

Happily, in this country at least, torture is now only made subservient to the restoration of health; and more than this, the most timid may survey an expected operation with calm indifference—so far as the pain is concerned: the terrors of the knife are extinguished, and though the result of all such proceedings rests not with man, it is permitted us to apply the resources of our art for the relief of suffering humanity; and the afflicted can, in these times, avail themselves of surgical skill, without passing through the terrible ordeal which formerly filled the heart with dread, and the contemplation of which increased tenfold the gloom of the shadow of the dark valley beyond.

\* "Notes on the North American Indians." Vol. II. p. 170.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE PRUSSIAN COURT AND ARISTOCRACY.\*

THE object of Dr. Vehse in these volumes is to give, in greater detail than has hitherto been done, an account of the manners of the Prussian court and aristocracy during the three periods into which the history of that country naturally divides itself. The first is the period immediately following the Reformation, when the Government was

rude and contained many middle age elements, and when the petty Elector of Brandenburg was the most insignificant of his seven brother electors. The second is that after the thirty years' war, when the Court presented a singular combination of French gallantry and military absolutism. And the third and last period is the age of Frederick the Great and his successors.

Dr. Vehse has availed himself of all the recent contributions to history, such as the

\* *Geschichte des Preussischen Hofes und Adels, und der Preussischen Diplomatie.* By Dr. Edward Vehse. Hamburg, 1851, 9 vols.

despatches, memoirs, and journals of those who were engaged in diplomacy, or had peculiar opportunities of knowing the secret details of political life. Dr. Vehse pays a well merited compliment to the important works that have lately been published in this country. He states that he has invariably found English writers giving the best reports of public matters; that they are the most clear-sighted and the most unprejudiced in their accounts, and that therefore their judgments are more to be trusted than those of other diplomatists. In Germany, with perhaps the single exception of Count Kevenhüller, who wrote memoirs in the time of the Great Frederick, the task of writing history has been confined to men who made letters a profession, and who were more acquainted with books than with men and the passions that influence them. Works like those of Bishop Burnet; memoirs like those of Horace Walpole of the Court of George II.; valuable contributions to the history of our own time, like the diaries and correspondence of Lord Malmesbury, the memoirs of Lord Hervey, the memoirs just published by the Duke of Buckingham of the Court and Cabinet of George III.;—French memoirs like those of Cardinal de Retz, the Duke of Sully, St. Simon, and so many others, who have thrown light on the history of the periods in which they write; histories written by men who, like Macaulay or Mr. Grote, are politicians as well as authors—for works such as these we look in vain in Germany. There is one marked difference that must strike even the most careless reader between the English and the French memoir writers. The French invariably are great masters of form; they give a flowing, eloquent, well arranged narrative, full of life and vigor—the necessary authorities and documents being generally thrown into the appendix; whereas in the English memoirs the documents—whether they be despatches, letters, or journals—play the most conspicuous part in the work, and the narrative is often meagre enough.

In the work before us, which does not profess to do more than record the *on dits* of past times, Dr. Vehse seems to have taken as his motto a passage from St. Simon's memoirs, *C'est souvent une pure bagatelle qui produit les effets qu'on veut attribuer aux motifs les plus graves.*

In the sixteenth and even in the seventeenth century the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns were not great geniuses or heroes; they patiently bore the yoke which the Austrians had placed on the neck of the whole

of the German nation. They bent to the storm until the time of the Great Elector.

The first five Electors of Brandenburg, from the time of the Reformation till that of the Great Elector, were not remarkable for any great intelligence, but they had the good fortune to be served by men of distinguished abilities.

We will not for this reason follow Dr. Vehse through the account he gives of the earlier Electors of Brandenburg—the Joachims, the Hectors, &c.; but we must find room to present our readers with a sketch of the life of a man who played a remarkable part during the reign of the Elector John George of Brandenburg.

Dr. Leonhard Thurneysser was born in 1530, at Basle. His father, who was a goldsmith, brought his son up to his own profession, but apprenticed him afterwards as *famulus* to a certain Dr. Huber, of Basle, for whom the lad prepared medicines and collected herbs, and in whose service he studied Paracelsus. Thurneysser married at seventeen, but deserted his wife at the end of a year, when he commenced his travels. He went first to England, then to France, fought under the wild Margrave Albrecht Brandenburg-Culmbach, and was taken prisoner in the battle of Sievershausen, in 1553. He then supported himself by working as a miner and smelter. As his wife had divorced him, Thurneysser married the daughter of a goldsmith at Constance, with whom he went, in 1558, to Imst, in the Tyrol, where he started a mining and smelting business on his own account. In 1560 the Archduke Ferdinand, of the Tyrol, took Thurneysser into his service, and sent him on his travels. For five years he again wandered about the world, visiting Scotland and the Orkneys, Spain, Portugal, Africa, Barbary, Æthiopia, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Palestine, returning in 1565 to the Tyrol, by way of Candia, Greece, Italy, and Hungary. He remained in the service of the Archduke inspecting mines, &c., until the year 1570. His extraordinary knowledge of metals and chemistry made him regarded as the wonder of his age—as a second Paracelsus. He wrote books on the influences of the planets, and their effects on the bodies of men and beasts, but the style of his works is diffuse and unintelligible.

The Elector John George's second wife, Sabina of Anspach, was ill, and Thurneysser was sent for. In the course of the consultation Thurneysser, to the astonishment of the Elector, described sundry bodily infirmities of the Electress, which in his opinion might

be attended with dangerous results. The Elector, struck by this knowledge, put his wife under Thurneysser's charge; the cure was effected, and the doctor's fortune was from that moment made. He was employed and consulted by all who had mines or alum works, while the court ladies spread his renown far and wide. Letters came from the remote country districts, from married and unmarried ladies, begging the learned doctor to send his fair correspondents cosmetics, with particular descriptions how to use them. The postscript generally added that "he was on no account to betray them, and not to give any cosmetics to other people."

Thurneysser had a remarkable memory, and a great thirst for knowledge. He had closely studied nature in various countries, and had learned much from books. He knew Greek and several of the Oriental languages; Latin he had learned in his forty-sixth year, at Berlin. He knew sufficient drawing to illustrate his anatomical and botanical works. He made a map of the March of Brandenburg far superior to anything that had yet appeared. His knowledge of mathematics, astronomy, and astrology was very considerable, and enabled him to publish almanacs, in which he predicted coming events, and the manner of their fulfilment was explained in subsequent tables. These almanacs had a prodigious sale. The great defect in Thurneysser's mind was a want of philosophical clearness; his knowledge was undigested, without order or arrangement; but spite of this he was one of the best naturalists of the sixteenth century; his activity was boundless, and his head full of projects.

The Elector named Thurneysser his body physician, with the yearly salary of 1352 thalers—a large sum for those days; moreover he had an allowance for horses, and other extras. He also made money by the commission on the purchases he effected for the Elector, of silver and gold plate, in Leipsic, Nuremberg, and Frankfort. For fourteen years Thurneysser maintained his ascendancy in the court of Brandenburg. Shortly after his arrival in Berlin, the Elector had given him rooms in what had been the Franciscan or Grey Convent, where Thurneysser lived in great style. He built a large laboratory, in which were prepared his *arcana*—gold powder, golden drops, amethyst waters, tinctures of sapphires, rubies, emeralds, &c., which soon made the inventor's fortune. He held a sort of minor court in the Grey Convent; his household

seldom consisted of less than 200 persons, some of whom were employed in copying letters, while others worked in his laboratory, or acted as messengers or travellers. He also set up a printing establishment in the Grey Convent, which was provided not only with German and Roman, but with Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syrian, Turkish, Persian, Arabian, even with Abyssinian types. Almost all these workers in the laboratory and for the press were married men, and lived with their wives and children in the convent; the expenditure, therefore, was considerable. Whenever Thurneysser walked abroad, he was accompanied by two pages of noble blood, who had been sent by their parents to a household where they would learn virtue and regular habits. All the great people, Prince Radzivil, nay, even the Elector himself and his wife, came to visit him in his Grey Convent. He was a sort of oracle, and was consulted by many crowned heads. "The letters," says his biographer Mohsen, "which the Emperor Maximilian II., and Queen Elizabeth of England wrote to him, together with thirty-nine other letters from illustrious princes, were cut out of the collection at Basle." But there are many letters to Thurneysser from Frederick II., the King of Denmark, from Stephen Bathory, the King of Poland, preserved in the library at Berlin, in which these monarchs ask Thurneysser's advice on mining subjects. Letters came to him daily from Bohemia, Silesia, Poland, and Prussia, with medical consultations; he answered none unless a remittance accompanied the letter. Count Burchard Von Barby sent an account of his symptoms, but received no answer to his first letter; a second, with a fee of a hundred ducats, received immediate attention. Thurneysser's messengers went all over Germany, conveying the doctor's infallible remedies, and brought back money, rare books, and manuscripts.

But the almanacs, to which we have before alluded, brought him in the largest income; the booksellers from all parts of Germany and other countries sent messengers to Thurneysser for early copies. He printed large editions of these almanacs, of which he published a regular series between the years 1573 and 1595. Each month had its *Prognostica*. In 1579 he foretold a hideous deed; in 1580 the prophecy was discovered to allude to the poisoning, by Bianca Dapelli, of her step-son at Florence. He also foretold the day of the month and the year when King Sigismund Augustus of



Poland died. These fortunate hits brought him in large sums. He also cast nativities: scarcely an heir to any noble family in Germany was born without Thurneysser being consulted as to the conjunction and aspects of the planets, by which he foretold the probable fate of the infant. These *Prognostica* interested every one in those days; every one believed in them—even bishops and learned professors. Thurneysser likewise prepared talismans. Even Osiander, the great polemical writer at Königsberg, wore an amulet round his neck as a preservative against the leprosy and other maladies. Osiander purposely mentions the object with which he wore this chain, lest it should be set down to vanity. The best talismans were the *sigilla solis*, on which Jupiter is represented like a professor of Wittenberg, with a long beard, a fur coat, and a large book in his hand. These *sigilla solis*, which were to avert all solar maladies, were made after the method suggested by the Abbot Tritheim, and Agrippa of Nettesheim, in his work *De Occultâ Philosophiâ*. There were other talismans—such as the *sigilla luna*, specially directed against lunar influences; others, again, made of seven different metals, had the peculiar property of making men, though born under some malignant star, fortunate and successful. Whatever was required, Thurneysser was ready to manufacture; his wares were suited to all conditions of men, from the Emperor down to the cowherd.

By these means Thurneysser became exceedingly rich. He not only had a treasure estimated at 12,000 pieces of gold, but a rich collection of books, manuscripts, silver plate, and pictures. He also had made a cabinet of minerals and herbs, and strange anatomical preparations of men, birds, and beasts; a scorpion preserved in oil was held by the vulgar in extreme awe as a familiar imp of the doctor's.

Unluckily for himself, Thurneysser married a third time, and this was his ruin. He divorced his wife for light conduct, and a scandalous suit took place, in the course of which much of his money was spent. In 1584 Thurneysser quitted Berlin, turned Catholic, and went to Rome, where he lived some time under the Pope's protection. He died in a convent at Cologne, in the year 1595, aged 65, in poor circumstances, and on the very day for which he had prognosticated his death.

Dr. Vehse enters with great detail into the reigns of the Great Elector; of Frederick,

the first King of Prussia; of Frederick William I., to whose rough but sterling qualities Prussia owes so much; and of his illustrious son, Frederick the Great. It is worthy of remark, that the men who contributed most to raise the Prussian monarchy to its high estate were not the nobles, but men for the most part sprung from the burgher class: men of talent were sought out, rather than those of illustrious descent; and Prussia owes as much to the ability with which these men wielded the pen as the sword. Joachim II.'s chancellor, Lampert Distilmeyer, who was called *oculus et lumen marchie*, was the son of a tailor at Leipsic; Derfflinger, to whom the Great Elector was chiefly indebted for the victory over the Swedes at Fehrbellin, was the son of an Austrian peasant. Meinders, Fuchs, and Spanheim, in the time of the Great Elector; Dankelman, Kraut, and Bartholdi, in the reign of the first Prussian monarch; Ilgen, Thulemeyer, Cocceji, in the reign of Frederick William I., were men of the middle class; and to these, next to its sovereigns, the greatness of Prussia is to be attributed.

The thirty years' war had depopulated Prussia, and the Great Elector's wish to introduce agriculture, commerce, and manufactures into his country was admirably assisted by the proceedings of his neighbors. Thousands and thousands of industrious families, driven out of the Palatinate and from France for their religion, were received with joy into Prussia. After the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in the year 1685, above 20,000 French refugees came at once into Prussia, bringing with them much capital, and, what was far more important, habits of thrift and a taste for literature and the fine arts. The silk, wool, and other factories in Prussia owe their origin to these refugees. The advent of the refugees introduced French habits of dress and modes of thought. But with this came also the luxurious tastes of the court of Louis XIV.; and to check the custom of going to Paris to acquire the fashionable air of the French court, the Great Elector, who knew the license and extravagance that prevailed in Paris, issued an edict, in 1686, forbidding his vassals to travel and waste their substance in foreign parts.

The whole reign of Frederick William offers a curious picture of refinement and religious toleration mixed with the grossest superstitions of the middle ages. The Great Elector was much addicted to the study of alchemy. He had a laboratory of his own, and bought up all books and manuscripts relating to these secret arts. For a long time he kept

at his court his famous alchemist, Johann Kunkel, who shared the fate of many others of his trade, and was prosecuted, after the Great Elector's death, for peculation. Frederick William, moreover, had the most implicit belief in devils, ghosts, witches, sorcerers, and astrologers. He fully believed in the letter supposed to have been written to a certain Dodo von Kniphausen by his wife from the other world. Leibnitz mentions in his journal that he had dined at the prince's table, and heard the matter discussed, and that Kniphausen, who was of a melancholy temperament, asserted that he had seen his deceased wife, who told him many strange things.

The Great Elector was fond of alluding to the story of the White Lady—the 'Weisse Frau'—whose appearance portended calamity or death of some member of the royal family. She is said to have been seen in the ominous years 1640, 1740, and 1840. She was first seen shortly after the death of John Sigismund, in 1619. She is supposed by some to have been the mistress of Joachim II., Anna Sydow, who died a prisoner in the fortress of Spandau; others say she was a certain Beatrix, Countess of Orlamunde, who fell in love with the Burgrave Albrecht, of Nuremberg; others, again, say that her name was Bertha of Rosenberg, who was condemned to haunt the castles of her descendants in Brandenburg, Baden, and Darmstadt. Whoever she might be, the Elector's favorite—one Kurt von Burgsdorf—who professed incredulity about her, and a strong desire to meet the spectre face to face, was gratified in his wish. After seeing the Elector to bed one night, Burgsdorf was going down the back stairs to the garden, when he saw the White Lady standing on the steps before him. A little disturbed at the unexpected rencontre, he quickly collected his senses, and after addressing some harsh epithets to the spectre, asked her if she had not already had enough of the princely blood of Prussia to satisfy her. The White Lady answered never a word, but seized him by the throat and hurled him, half throttled, down stairs. The noise was so great as to disturb the Elector, who sent one of his attendants to learn what had occurred. When the old palace at Berlin was repaired, in the year 1609, a female skeleton was found, which was held by the people to be that of the White Lady: it was buried with due ceremony in the cathedral; it was then hoped that the ghost was laid. She has had several base imitators, who were caught by the watch: one turned

out to be a scullion, another was a soldier: both were well whipped.

Kurt von Burgsdorf, the Elector's favorite, was of an old Brandenburg family; he had fought in the thirty years' war, and had thrice repulsed Wallenstein's attack on Schweidnitz. He fell in disgrace for opposing the Elector's scheme of a standing army, and for other reasons more fully given in a rare old book published at Dresden in 1705, and called *Apothegmata*, or 274 Wise and Ingenious Maxims: 'Touching the disgrace of the Prime minister and favorite at the court of Electoral Brandenburg, Herr von Borgstorff, under the reign of his Electoral Highness Frederick William.'

This minister (according to the *Apothegmata*) had risen so high that he was allowed to clap his electoral highness on the shoulder, and was looked upon as a father by that heroic prince. If his electoral highness wore a suit worth 400 rix dollars one day, on the next the minister must needs have one worth 500. But a great fortune built upon an ill foundation of wickedness is sure to decay; and thus it soon fell out with this minister, who had chiefly prospered in wealth and power by winebibbing; for the late elector was a singular lover of drinking, and this Borgstorff could drink eighteen pints of wine at one meal,—nay, he could even gulp down a whole pint at a draught, and without so much as drawing breath. Now the elector, Frederick William, of blessed memory, lived more soberly, which much displeased this minister, who once said to him at table, 'Please your highness, I don't understand your way of living; your highness' father's times were much merrier; we drank about bravely then, and now and then a castle or a village was to be won by hard drinking. I myself remember when I could drink eighteen pints of wine at a sitting.' Hereupon the electress, a princess of the House of Orange, and the example of every virtue, did not let his words pass unnoticed, but replied, 'That was fine house-keeping, truly, when so many fair castles and villages were given away to reward beastly and riotous drunkenness!'

Besides this fault the minister sought to persuade the elector not to lie only with his princely consort, but to divert himself with gallantry, in order that he might not have so many lawful princes and princesses, who could not all be provided for according to their rank, and must therefore grow up beggarly princes. And herein the truth of the adage, *Malum consilium consultatori pessimum*, was soon made manifest; for the electress never rested until this minister was degraded from the highest honors and dignities of his court, and publicly deprived of his nobility in church, and in the presence of a multitude of people. He retired into the country, where after a time he died quite mad and miserable, and lamented by none, because he had tried to mislead his sovereign into an ungodly, scandalous, and debauched way of life.

The Great Elector was succeeded by his son, the Elector Frederick III., whose ruling passion was pomp and display. In order to gratify this passion to the utmost it was necessary to exchange the Electoral hat for a kingly crown, and owing to several fortunate coincidences this long coveted honor was obtained by the mediation of Bartholdi, the Prussian envoy at Vienna, in November, 1700.

Frederick (says Dr. Vehse) was so rejoiced at the successful issue of his favorite scheme that he could not even wait for fine weather for the ceremony of the coronation, but started in mid-winter, just one month after the attainment of his object, on the 17th December, 1700, with the whole of his court, on his way to Königsberg. The cavalcade was one of the grandest ever known in Germany. The whole court travelled in 300 carriages, besides wagons. The royal company, which journeyed in four divisions, was so large that in addition to the horses taken from Berlin, not less than 30,000 were required to draw the carriages. The king only travelled during the forenoon, and the journey lasted twelve whole days; wherever halt was made, dinners and festivities took place from mid-day till evening. The queen was driven by her dashing brother-in-law, the Margrave Albrecht; spite of the bitter cold, he sat on the box dressed in a gala costume of embroidered satin, silk stockings, and a huge wig. The 18th January, 1701, was fixed upon as the coronation day. On the 29th December, 1700, the elector Frederick drove into Königsberg.

The festivities lasted all through the months of January and February, and on the 8th March the cavalcade returned with equal pomp to Berlin, where for two or three months more the same frivolities took place. The sketch given by Dr. Vehse of life at the court of the first Prussian monarch fully justifies Niebuhr in his assertion, that "the court of Frederick, like that of almost all German courts of that period, was unspeakably odious—it was at the same time both coarse and frivolous. There was no worse sort of frivolity than what prevailed during the latter part of the seventeenth century."

The only exception to this sweeping condemnation was the separate court of Frederick's wife, the intellectual and brilliant Sophia Charlotte of Hanover. At first she submitted to the stiff and dull ceremonial of her husband's court, but by degrees she formed a little circle of her own in Lützelburg, near Berlin, where she gave unceremonious evening parties. People might go from these pleasant supper parties of the Queen to the levees held by the King at four o'clock in the morning. The most agreeable

woman at this little court was a certain Fräulein von Pollnitz, distinguished for her beauty and wit, but accused by her enemies of being too fond of men, wine, and play. The Queen's greatest friend, however, and the real ornament of her court, was Leibnitz, who complains that she was never satisfied with any answer, but wanted to know the "why and wherefore" of everything. Her opinions on religion and politics were those of a philosopher. On her death-bed she thanked a French clergyman, "La Bergerie," who came to give her religious consolation, saying that "she had for twenty years or more meditated on those matters; that no doubt remained, and that he could tell her nothing that she had not already thought over." She assured him that "she died contented and at peace." She spoke with equal calmness to one of her beloved and sorrowing attendants. "Do not pity me, for I shall soon gratify my curiosity on several points which Leibnitz could not explain to me. Moreover, I procure for the king the pleasure of a funeral, in which he will have the opportunity of displaying his love for pomp and ceremony."

This most accomplished princess, *une des plus accomplies princesses de la terre*, as Leibnitz terms her, died at the early age of thirty-six. In a letter to Wootton, written in July, 1705, shortly after her death, Leibnitz says that "she possessed extraordinary knowledge, and a strong yearning to obtain more. Her conversations with me always were directed towards gratifying this passion. Never was seen a more intellectual or more joyous princess. As she often did me the honor to converse with me, and as I was accustomed to this pleasure, I have felt her loss more than others." He also wrote to Fräulein Pollnitz, "that he does not cry, nor pity himself, but he does not know where he is; the queen's death seems like a dream to him; but on awaking he finds it is too true. . . . The king is inconsolable; all the town is in a state of consternation."

For a whole year the king mourned, but in 1708 he married a princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who atoned for certain youthful indiscretions by a life of severe piety, which at last degenerated into moody fits of melancholy. The king, who was ill, and had long been separated from her, was for some time ignorant of the real state of her health. One morning the queen escaped from her attendants, ran through a gallery leading from her room to the king's, burst through the glass window, and rushed with bleeding

hands, dishevelled hair, and in white undress, into the king's apartment. The sudden apparition of this bleeding spectre, who overpowered him with reproaches, was too much for the ailing monarch; the fever increased upon him, and the pomp-loving Frederick died after a few weeks' illness, of the fright, in the full conviction that he had seen the White Lady.

The second Prussian monarch, Frederick William I., showed from earliest infancy the strongest aversion both to the pomps and ceremonies of his father's court, and to the learning and love of art of his mother. He hated everything French, and was essentially German in his habits and tastes. He had but two ruling passions, and these never left him, viz., money and tall soldiers. In his will he states that he was compelled during his whole life, as a blind to the house of Austria, to assume two passions he did not really possess—the one was an unreasonable avarice, the other an excessive desire for tall soldiers. These were the only weaknesses that could excuse his collecting so large a treasure and so strong an army.

The first step the new king took was to summon the treasurer of the household, and to strike his pen through the whole list of the court officers. A certain General Tettau, noted for his coarse wit, increased the confusion of the treasurer by saying, "Gentlemen, our excellent lord is dead, and the new king sends you all to the devil." Nothing but soldiers were now to be seen about the court.

We will give Dr. Vehse's account of the *tabagie* or club, where Frederick William I. was to be found every night surrounded by his counsellors and generals:

The Areopagus, in which matters of domestic and foreign politics were discussed, was the famous *Tabacks-Collegium*, or smoking-club. A smoking-room was established at Berlin, Potsdam, and in the summer months at Wusterhausen. The smoking-room at Berlin—*La chambre rouge avec les nues de tabac, qui composent la moyenne region d'air de la chambre*, as Frederick the Great describes it in a letter to Grumbkow, dated Ruppin, 17th March, 1733—was built after the Dutch fashion, like a model kitchen, with an array of blue china plates on a dresser, and has been preserved until the present day in the same state, as a memorial of the strict warrior king. Large silver beer-cans, out of which the beer was poured by means of a cock into the jugs and glasses, were placed on the table. The strangers' book is still shown, with the names of the Czar Peter and Frederick the Great, who was introduced at the early age of eleven. The members of the smoking-club met at about five or six, and stayed till

ten, eleven, or sometimes till twelve o'clock. The club was composed of the generals and other officers who formed the usual society of the king. The most remarkable among them, next to Grumbkow and the Prince of Anhalt Dessau, were: 1st, Christian Wilhelm von Derschau, a man much feared for his harshness. He was the superintendent of the law building in the new Fredrickstadt, and is said to have ruined many families by his extortions in carrying out his plans. 2nd, General Count Alexander Donhoff, who had the control of the Court players. 3rd, Gen. David Gotlob von Gersdorf. 4th, Egidius Ehrenreich von Sydow. These four—Derschau, Donhoff, Gersdorf, and Sydow—had more influence than all the other ministers put together.

There were some ten other *habitués*, scarcely worth naming.

But besides these officers, the ministers and foreign envoys were invited to the smoking-club. Among the latter, next to the Austrian envoy, Seckendorf, the person most in favor was the Dutch general, Ginckel. Foreign princes, who came to Berlin on a visit, and other notable travellers, also received invitations to the smoking-club. Stanislaus Leszczinsky, the King of Poland, was a frequent guest; so was Francis of Lorraine, when he came to solicit the King of Prussia to vote for him as emperor.

The servants were dismissed, so as to be freed from all restraint. Towards seven o'clock, the king paid a visit to the queen, where a cover was always laid for him; but he stayed there a very short time. Such of the guests as had not yet dined found cold meats on the side-table. At about eight, the young princes came in to wish the king good night. The members of the smoking-club, decorated with the several orders, sat round the table and smoked long pipes; before each of them was placed a white jug full of Duchstein beer, from Konigsalutter, in Brunswick. Those who could not smoke, such as the old Prince of Dessau, and Seckendorf, took their pipes cold, and made a show with their lips, as if they were smoking. The king, who liked coarse jokes, was delighted when foreign princes were either intoxicated with the strong beer, or were made sick by the tobacco, to which they were not used. He himself was passionately fond of smoking, and sometimes—when Stanislaus Leszczinsky, who also was a great smoker, was present—smoked as many as thirty pipes at a sitting. On the table were laid the papers published at Berlin, Hamburg, Leipsic, Breslau, Vienna, Frankfurt, the Hague, and Paris. A reader was appointed to read out and explain what was too abstruse. This reader was the learned, coxcombical Jacob Paul, Freiherr von Gundling.

Gundling was born in 1673, and was the son of a curate at Hersbruck, near Nuremberg. He had been a professor at Berlin, and was appointed, at Grumbkow's suggestion, to be reader to the smoking-club. He had rooms allotted to him at Potsdam, was supplied with food from the royal table, and accompanied the king wherever he went, so as to be at hand to assist the king with



his instructive conversation. Grumbkow had put up a sort of pulpit in his dining-room, especially for Gundling's use, whence the Court reader expounded the newspapers while the guests sat at meat. Gundling was, therefore, in his way, a person of some importance—so much so, that both the Russian and Austrian Courts thought it worth their while to win him to their side. Seckendorf wrote to Prince Eugene on the 23rd Oct., 1726, 'that no one did the Austrians more harm than a certain privy councillor, Gundling, who, much against his will, was forced to act the part of a merry-andrew, but who was always in the king's company; that he was looked upon as an oracle in *publicis*. Whenever Austrian affairs were discussed, this man was insinuated into the king's ear *falsa principia*; that he was worth winning by the present of a golden chain and a miniature of the emperor.' Gundling accordingly was presented with a miniature set in diamonds. In order to render learning—which Gundling really possessed—ridiculous, he was forced to act the part of a jester, for the king's amusement. The king revived for him the office of master of the ceremonies, and bestowed upon him the dress of that office—a red frock-coat embroidered with black satin, with large French cuffs and gold button-holes, a large peruke, with long pendant curls made of white goat's hair, a large hat with an ostrich's feather, straw-colored breeches, red silk stockings, with gold clocks to them, and high red-heeled shoes. Gundling, moreover, was made President of the Academy of Sciences, a post formerly held by Leibnitz. He was also raised to the dignity of a count.

The king then made Gundling one of his chamberlains. One day, when Gundling was drunk, they cut his chamberlain's key off his coat; the king threatened to treat him like a soldier who had lost his musket. After poor Gundling had been forced to wear, by way of punishment, a large wooden key a yard long, the lost key was restored to him. The careful chamberlain had it firmly attached to his coat by a blacksmith. All these honors were bestowed upon Gundling only to make him and them ridiculous. Among other things, Gundling was appointed by the king to superintend all the mulberry trees in his dominions; he was made finance councillor; the ministers were ordered to introduce him formally into their office, to provide him with the *vota sessionis*, and to hand over to him the department of all the silkworms in the whole monarchy.

In the smoking-club the coarsest and roughest jokes were played off upon him. Soldiers were the only people whom the king held in any respect; learned men he called pedants, paper-stainers and smearers; these were to be taught how superior soldiers were to them in everything. It was, as we have already said, the king's great pleasure to make his guests drunk, and Gundling was plied with liquor till he was insensible. When they had thus gained the victory over learning, poor Gundling was exposed to the heavy coarse jokes of the king and his officers. Figures of donkeys, apes, and oxen were pinned to his coat, and his upper lip was adorned with a cork

mustachio. He was made to read the most atrocious libels on himself, which the king had caused to be inserted in the newspapers. An ape, dressed exactly like Gundling, and with a chamberlain's key, was placed at his elbow, and the king insisted upon his embracing this his natural son, before the whole company. At Wusterhausen some tame bears were kept in the court-yard, and some of these were placed in Gundling's bed; their hug made him keep his bed and spit blood for several days. Once, in mid-winter, Gundling was reeling home, over the draw-bridge, when he was seized by four stout grenadiers, and dropped, with a cord, down into the frozen moat, until his weight broke the ice. This excellent joke was repeated, for the especial amusement of the king, and commemorated by a picture. Another time Gundling was invited to dinner, and the sedan-chair was purposely made to let him drop through. The more he cried to the bearers to stop, the faster they went, and he was compelled to run all the way. Frequently, when Gundling got home, he found the door of his room bricked up, and he was hunting for it all night; at other times he was besieged in his studies with squibs and crackers.

At length the wretched man could stand it no longer, and fled to his brother, who was a professor, at Halle. The King had him fetched back, and threatened to treat him as a deserter, but, seeing that he was crest-fallen, soothed him with excessive praise, and a present of 1000 thalers; he had, moreover, sixteen quarters bestowed upon him, and the title of Count. This was in 1724. Some three years after this the greatest joke was played upon him. His rival and successor, one Fassman, by the King's command, wrote the severest satire upon him, called *The Learned Fool*. Fassman was ordered to present this production to Gundling, in the smoking club. Gundling, bursting with fury, seized a small silver pan, filled with charcoal, intended to light the pipes, and flung its contents into Fassman's face, singing his eyebrows and eyelashes. Fassman seized Gundling, and belabored him so with the pan, that he was unable to sit down for a month, without pain. The two rivals never could meet again in the smoking room without coming to blows, to the intense delight of the king and ministers, the generals and the foreign envoys. At length the king insisted on the two gentlemen settling their difference by a regular duel. Fassman called Gundling out, and the latter was forced to accept the challenge, whether he liked it or no. But, when the combatants met in the field, Gundling flung down his pistol, while Fassman discharged his, which was loaded only with powder, and set fire to Gundling's peruke; it required buckets of water to extinguish the fire, and to bring Gundling to himself. At length Gundling brought his learned but much plagued life to a close. He died at Potsdam, in the year 1731, at the age of fifty-eight, of an ulcer in the intestines, produced by excessive drink. The King did not spare him, even when dead. For ten years or more, a huge wine-butt had been prepared for the reception of Gundling's corpse, and in this cask

he was buried, spite of the expostulations of the clergy.

A more active, restless man than the King (says Dr. Vehse) it was impossible to find. There was not an atom of repose in him. Frederick was so vehemently active, that it caused no astonishment when he beat with his own hand a lazy fellow, who was idling his time away in the streets at Berlin. He likewise roused one of the guards of the gate at Potsdam, who had overslept himself, and had kept the peasants waiting outside the gate. 'Good morning, sir,' said he, while he kicked him out of bed.

It was an awkward business to meet the King in the street. Whenever he saw any one he rode close up to him, till his horse's head touched the man's shoulder. Then came the regular question, 'Who are you?' Those who looked like Frenchmen were certain to be detained by him. One of them very prudently answered his question of *Qui êtes vous?* by saying that he did not understand French. He even stopped the French priests in the streets, and always asked if they had read Molière, meaning to insinuate that he took them to be no better than actors. The son of Beauobre, whom Frederick the Great respected so much, answered this stereotyped question by saying, *Oui, sire, et surtout Al'vare*. The King liked a quick repartee like this. A student in theology was one day accosted by the King in the street. 'The Berliners are good for nothing,' said the King. 'That is true, as a general rule,' said the student, 'but there are exceptions.' 'And who may they be?' said the King. 'Your Majesty and I.' The King immediately had him up to the palace, to be examined, and, as the candidate for orders passed well through the ordeal, he received the first living that became vacant. Those who ran away, on seeing the king approach, fared the worst. Frederick beat a Jew severely who ran away on meeting him in the street, and for saying that he had done so for fear. During the beating the king administered to the Jew, he repeated the words 'You are to love me, I tell you, and not to fear me.'

The king's bamboo cane was a weapon constantly put in requisition, and held in due honor.

Frederick William I. died in May, 1740. His coarse, rough, overbearing nature, was not devoid of certain sterling qualities, and he was altogether well fitted for the age of transition in which he lived. Luther's dictum of *Auf ein grober Klotz gehört ein grober Keil*—(a sturdy log requires a sturdy axe) applies as well to Frederick William as it did to Luther himself. The king would bear no opposition or even discussion. An appeal from the University of Halle in favor of some wretched professor who had been turned out of the university, was answered by a marginal note to this effect:—'Should not reason;—is my subject.' A collection of the king's marginal notes would equal

Dean Swift's in point and terseness. *Opportet* meant, the memorialist must help himself as well as he could. *Non habeo pecuniam* was a frequent answer. 'Nonsense! nonsense!' seems a standard phrase with him, uttered with every variety and intensity of expression. A bill for a broken window-pane had this note appended to it: 'It does not annoy me.—Frederick William.'

He was just, when his passions did not get the better of him, and made no distinction of persons. He was as ready to hang a nobleman or an unjust judge as a common malefactor; nor would he suffer the intrigues of his court to interfere with him. He established his sovereignty, as he himself said, like a *Rocher de Bronze*.

The six-and-forty years' rule of his son, Frederick the Great, is so much better known in this country, that, although we had marked many passages for comment, we will instead proceed to the next reign, and present our readers with a condensed account of a certain Madame de Lichtenau, who played a prominent part during the life of Frederick William II.

Wilhelmine Encke, the Prussian Madame de Pompadour, was a handsome brunette, the daughter of a trumpeter in one of the regiments quartered in Berlin; her sister was a figurante in the Opera. The good-natured prince, who was struck by her beauty, sent her to Paris to finish her education. She had such influence over the Crown Prince, that Frederick the Great gave orders to his ministers not to pay any attention to the recommendations coming from 'a certain person;' and to put a stop to her intrigues married Wilhelmine at once to the son of one of the gardeners at Potsdam, of the name of Rietz. This marriage, however, was merely nominal, as Rietz undertook never to live under the same roof with her. A house was taken for her at Potsdam, where the Crown Prince visited her with his uncle's consent. 'She is,' writes Lord Malmesbury in 1775, 'large in her person, spirited in her looks, loose in her attire, and gives a true idea of a perfect Bacchante. He is liberal to her to profusion, and she alone spends the full income he receives from the king. She makes indeed the best return in her power to such generosity, for at the same time she assures him that he has the sole possession of her affections, she by no means exacts the same fidelity from him.' When Frederick William ascended the throne, the influence of the favorite was all-powerful. She was then thirty-four years old, and says in her apolo-

gy that friendship had taken the place of love; the bond of union between the king and Madame Rietz was her two children by him, one born in 1770, another in 1778; a third child the king did not acknowledge. Frederick William, not content with his own wife, and his favorite, Madame Rietz, made amorganatic marriage, first with a Fraulein Voss, whom he created Countess Ingenheit, and who died after a year or two, and secondly with a certain Fraulein Dönhoff. The latter was the mother of the late prime minister of Prussia, Count Brandenburg; but her overbearing temper soon brought her into disgrace, and Madame Rietz again became undisputed favorite, and was the fountain of all honors. She accompanied the king in his unfortunate campaign into France, held a sort of court at Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, and was offered one hundred thousand pounds by Lord Henry Spencer, the English envoy at Berlin, if she would make Prussia join the coalition against France, in 1795, at least, so she says in her apology, and this assertion is borne out by Count Hardenburg, in his *Memoires d'un Homme d'Etat*.

In 1793, Lord Templetown, a fiery young Irishman of twenty, had offered her his hand and heart, but the king refused his consent, feeling that he would be in the condition of the man who, on losing his wife, and being recommended to marry his mistress, said, '*mais où passerais-je mes soirées?*' In 1795 this courtship came to a violent end, and Lord Templetown was ordered to leave Berlin. Madame Rietz now determined to go abroad for a change of scene.

The king gave her *carte blanche* to buy works of art, and unlimited credit upon bankers in Milan, Florence, Leghorn, Rome, and Naples. She travelled like a princess. Although past forty, she had numerous love adventures, old and young men had their heads turned by this siren. One of her most enthusiastic admirers was the Chevalier de Saxe, the son of Prince Xavier of Saxony, a young man of twenty, who was living in Italy; he subsequently was made governor of Naples, and was killed in a duel, in 1802, at Toplitz. His letters breathe the most violent love. Another equally vehement admirer was the archæologist Hirt, whose love for art had brought him to Rome. Aloys Hirt had been a monk, and acted in 1776 as the guide to strangers in Rome. Hirt followed Madame Rietz to Potsdam.

Among other admirers we ought to mention Lord Bristol, Bishop of Londonderry,

who had met Madame Rietz at Munich, on her way to Italy. He followed her from Italy to Berlin, and at the age of sixty offered her his hand. Another admirer, of whom Madame Rietz made sport, was a rich manufacturer in Berlin, named Schmidts, better known as the 'fat Adonis,' who made her splendid presents. In her subsequent disgrace, *Le gros Smith*, who cherished her with all the faculties of his fat soul, remained her devoted friend.

All the minor courts in Italy vied with each other to do honor to their distinguished guest. To insure a better reception for her, Madame Rietz had sixteen quarterings bestowed upon her, and was created Countess of Lichtenau. In 1796 news came of the king's illness, and Countess Lichtenau left Italy and went back to Potsdam, where she took every charge of the sick monarch, without however giving up the advantages or pleasures of her new rank and position.

Countess Lichtenau continued prime favorite till the king's death. During his last illness there was some talk of her having some millions of thalers placed in an English banker's hands, and she was advised to fly and to settle in England, but she remained with the king to the last. On his death she was arrested and all her property confiscated. Her friends, many of whom she had promoted, turned their backs upon her and became her accusers. In 1798 she was sent to the fortress of Glogau, with a yearly allowance of 4000 thalers; at the end of three years she was released, and lived afterwards at Breslau, where at the age of fifty she married Franz von Holbein, the well known dramatic writer, a young man of eight-and-twenty. Countess Lichtenau was deserted by her husband in 1802—she quitted Breslau during the war, and lived in Vienna. In 1809 she returned again to Breslau, after the peace of Tilsit, and eventually died at Berlin, in 1820, at the advanced age of eighty. She was accused in various publications of the most flagitious crimes, but she found many defenders; she has written her own apology in two volumes, at the end of which she has printed many very interesting letters, which form by far the most valuable part of the work, and which prove that even in her disgrace she still retained many warm friends and admirers.

We must here close our extracts from a book which, although full of repetitions and useless detail, has afforded us much amusement.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

## TRAITS OF THE TRAPPISTS.

THE Cardinal de Richelieu and the Marquise d'Effiat (whose son, Cinq Mars, his eminence soon after judicially murdered), on the 9th Jan., 1626, met to hold as sponsors at the baptismal font the young heir to the almost ducal house of Bouthilier de Rancé. The infant received the Christian names of his illustrious godfather, and the little Jean Armand was endowed by the cardinal with the sponsorial gift of the Abbey de la Trappe, to be holden by him in "command," that is, to take its profits and neglect its duties.

Let me here state, by way of parenthesis, that of all the abuses in the Church of France, there was none so outrageous as that of the "commendams." In old times, when war or pillage threatened an ecclesiastical property or institution, it was the custom to make overt he same, recommended (*commendatum*) to some noble powerful enough to protect it. This was a provisional arrangement with the election of the titulary; but the *commendatory* drew the revenues, and men became proud of being commendatories. They were ready to pay for the office by assigning to the nominators a portion of the income; and, moreover, the papal sanction always made an ultramontanist of him who profited by the bargain. The *commendams* increased daily, and that most in times when they ceased to be needéd. "If an Indian were to visit us," remarks Montesquieu, "it would take more than half a year, as he walked over the *trottoirs* of Paris, to make him comprehend what a *commendam* is." An *abbé en commande* was "in orders," without being a priest, and might take a wife unto himself, on condition of surrendering his "commande." If he did worse than marry, such sacrifice was not required of him. At all times the office might be retained by a liberal payment. Indeed, the nobles who had the power of appointing, derived a considerable fortune from them. In the reign of Louis XIII. the Count de Soissons heaped a dozen of these offices on a single abbé, who retained but a poor thousand crowns for his pay, and returned many hundred thousand into the

coffers of his very religious patron.—But to return to De Rancé.

He was a marvellous boy, that Jean Armand Bouthilier de Rancé! He was yet in short clothes when he puzzled the king's confessor by asking him questions on Homer in Greek; and he published an edition of Anacreon, with notes, at the same age (twelve years) as Campbell made the translation of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, which was given to the world by a two-penny subscription of his school-fellows. The cardinal gave his godson some valuable church preferment for this piece of scholarship. Marie de Medicis presented him with greatness in the form of empty titles, and church and crown vied with each other in showering down upon him ecclesiastical privileges with much profit attached, and sufficient to satisfy the ambition of the most unconscionable of aspirants.

He was a marvel of a priest was this same Jean Armand! For once that he preached, a thousand times did he *conter fleurettes* in the willing ears of noble lady or village maid. He dressed in fine linen and a world of lace, wore red heels to his shoes, talked euphuistic nonsense in the circle at Madame de Rambouillet's, carried a sword on his hip, and was ever ready to run it through the body of the first man who dared but to "bite his thumb" as he passed. He drank hard, danced gracefully, swore round oaths, and made love irresistibly. He was grand master in the court of folly, and was perhaps scarcely out of his character when he espoused the widow of Scarron to the *grand monarque*. Compared with the orgies which scared the good people on his estate at Veretz, those at Medenham Abbey were puritanic righteousness. The only symptom of seriousness given by the master of the revel was in his addiction to the study of astrology. If beneath the shadowy splendor of the stars he registered many a perjured vow, he was as credulous as the maids whom he deceived in the promises he read in the constellations; and, if he was ardent in the pursuit of "maids who love the moon," he was not less so in



the study of the moon itself. And this time he was not, indeed, in full orders, and therein he saw ample apology for his debauchery, his duelling, his love of field-sports, and his murderous cruelty to all who stood for a moment between him and his inclinations.

In 1651, soon after his full ordination, he refused the bishopric of Leon, in Brittany; for the twofold reason that its revenues were small, and that its distance from the gay capital lent anything but enchantment to its episcopal prospect. He walked abroad in a perfect blaze of glory, such as tailors alone can create for man. The summary of his character may be found in an expression of his own: "I preached this morning," said he on one occasion, "like an angel, and now I am going to hunt like the very devil!"

This demoniacal incarnation set the climax to his crimes by seducing the Duchess de Montbazon—no very difficult task; but the duke had been his benefactor. He was so gentlemanlike in his vices that he might have pleased that very *nice* man of the world, Lord Chesterfield himself. If he lived ten years in close intimacy with the duchess, he did all he could not to shock the duke by forcing the intimacy on his knowledge. Excellent man! Mephistopheles could not have been more devilishly complaisant.

The guilty duchess suddenly died of an attack of measles. There is a legend which tells of De Rancé having unexpectedly beheld her in her coffin; it is somewhat apocryphal. It is fact, however, that he rushed through his own woods screaming her name, and hurling imprecations, like Ajax when defying Heaven. He was shocked, but it was after the fashion of Lady Jane Grey's husband in Dr. Young's poem. He bewailed his lost delights rather than his mistress' destiny, and his thoughts in presence of her body rested upon incidents that had better have been forgotten. He seriously tried to raise the devil in order to procure the restoration of the duchess to life. Failing in this, he became half insane, and in one of his wildest fits betook himself to a cast-off mistress of Gaston of Orleans for ghostly advice. The deposed concubine was sick of the world, and she speedily made De Rancé share in her sentiments. He went about with points untrussed, doublet unbuttoned, beard untrimmed, and cruelly loose-gartered. He began in this guise to excite admiration, and his fanaticism assumed such an aspect that his ecclesiastical superiors deemed him a fitting missionary to explore the wilds of the Himalaya. He deeply declined the office, and

hinted to the Bishop of Aleth that he thought his vocation was to turn hermit. The good bishop said Satan himself had often done that, and impelled others to do the like, but that if he were a man with a manly heart there was other work for him in the world than the toil of eternally doing nothing. De Rancé took six years to make up his mind. At the end of that time he defrauded his natural heirs by selling his estates. The produce he invested for the benefit of the abbey of La Trappe, and, having obtained the consent of the king and the authorization of the pope to enter upon the "regular" administration of the institution of which he had hitherto been only the titular superior, he proceeded to the godless locality, restored the old, or rather created an original, rigidity of rule, and very much disgusted the few monks who still lingered behind the dilapidated walls, and who were given to sip ratafia rather than read their breviaries. When De Rancé entered upon his new duties at La Trappe he received episcopal benediction at the hands of no less a person than the Irish Bishop of Ardagh.

There were but seven monks in residence at the monastery when De Rancé assumed authority there. He at once stopped their playing at bowls, and they threatened to horsewhip him. They were got rid of by a pension of four hundred livres each; and the new abbé added example to precept by soon after burning all the love-letters he had received from the Duchess de Montbazon, and distributing daily alms and food to no less than four thousand beggars! He opened the institution to all comers, and without much questioning. Occasionally some, who after admission repented of their course, and became desirous of entering the world again, were detained against their will; and I cannot help thinking that the abbé himself, who maintained a heavy correspondence and repaired not unfrequently to the capital, was employed by the government to carry out its vengeance against political offenders. The regulations of the monastery would have made a Sybarite faint at hearing them only read. The hour for rising was the second after midnight. Silence was seldom broken, and the brother who ventured to raise his eyes from the ground, except when bidden, was guilty of a great offence. Hard labor, hard fare, and hard beds were allotted to the monks, whose only hope of escape from them was by death. The abbot himself lived simply, and was no doubt a sincere man; but he had in his household a "cellarer," and what that official served at the abbot's own table is a

matter upon which I confess to be exceedingly curious. If De Rancé had a table and flask of his own, so also had he a will and a determination. He professed Jansenism—in other words, he believed that man of his own resolution could not walk in righteousness, but that he needed the prevenient grace of God to put him in that path, and enable him thereon to make progress. The Jesuits and Jesuitically-inclined popes held that where man had a will to be righteous the grace would follow to help him, and that such divine grace could not well be efficacious without the human will. No wonder that De Rancé was only considered half a saint by many of his co-religionists. It did not assist him to better his reputation that he quoted Horace and Aristophanes in his letters, and that he corresponded with Bossuet, the Eagle of Meaux. What merit was there in his denunciation of all classical learning (which he decried with a rabid earnestness that is imitated in our days by the Abbé Gaume), while he cited the erotic and irreligious poets of antiquity? What was the worth of his works to Rome when he sided with Bossuet in advocating the liberties of the Gallican church? Recluse he was, and austere; but in his seclusion, and amid the practices of his self-discipline, he wrote to and was visited by some very gay people. The Duchess of Guiche enlivened his cell by many a visit, St. Simon amused him with his court-gossip, and Pelisson, the ex-Protestant, exhibited on his table the accomplished spider which that exemplary convert had laboriously educated. When alone he wrote diatribes against the learned Benedictines, and after these had shamed him into silence he penned lengthy apologies in support of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The work he most ardently pursued was one that has been taken up by the Veuillots and Cabills of these later times; and he was the first who qualified as a “*glorious* idea” the union of all Romish powers to annihilate the Satanic kingdom of England! He hated marriage, even in laics, and denounced it sarcastically as a more severe penance than any he had enjoined at La Trappe. This was among his capital errors; yet he was rich in capital virtues too; but the contradictions in his character were very many. His latter years were years of dignity and perhaps usefulness, and he finally died, in the quality of a simple brother of the order, in the year 1700. Of the seventy-four years of his life exactly one-half was spent in the world, the other half in the cloister.

They who would become more fully ac-

quainted with the details of the life of this singular man may consult Chateaubriand's last and duldest work, published during the viscount's lifetime. Of the companions and followers of De Rancé many interesting incidents may be found, by those who have patience to dig for them, in the five weary volumes, entitled “*Relations de la Vie et de la Mort de quelques Religieux de l'Abbaye de la Trappe*,” published in Paris at the beginning of the last century. In these volumes we find that the brethren were sworn to impart even their *thoughts* to the abbot. They who did so most abundantly appear to have been most commended in very bad Latin; and this and other acts of obedience were so dear to Heaven that when the authors of them stood at the altar their less eager brothers beheld their persons surrounded with a glory that they could hardly dare to gaze upon. The candidates for admission included, doubtless, many sincerely pious men; but with them were degraded priests, haunted murderers, run-away soldiers, robbers, and defrauders, who could find no other refuge, and on whose heels the sharply-pointed toe of the law was most painfully pressing. All that was asked of these was obedience. Where this failed, it was compelled. Where it abounded, it was praised. Next to it was humility. One brother, an ex-trooper, reeking with blood, is lauded because he lived on baked apples, when his throat was too sore to admit of his swallowing more substantial food! Another brother is compared most gravely with Moses, because he was never bold enough to enter even the pantry with his sandals on his feet. Still, obedience was the first virtue eulogized—so eulogized, that I almost suspect it to have been rare. It was made of so much importance that the community were informed that all their faith and all their works, without blind obedience to the superior, would fail in securing their salvation. Practical blindness was as strongly enjoined, and he who used his eyes to least purpose was accounted as the better man. One brother did this in so praiseworthy a way that in eight years he had never seen a fault in any of his brethren. It was not this sort of blindness that De Rancé required, for he encouraged the brethren in the accusation of one another. More praise is given to the brother who in many years had never beheld the ceiling of his own cell; and vast laudation is poured upon another who was so little accustomed to raise his eyes from the ground that he was not aware that a new chapel had been erected in the garden until he broke his head against

the wall. On one occasion the Duchess de Guiche and a prelate visited the monastery; after they had left, a monk flung himself at the abbot's feet, and confessed that he had during the visit ventured to look at the face—"Not of the lady, thou reprobate!" said De Rancé:—"Of the aged bishop!" gasped the monk. A course of bread and water compensated for the crime. Some of the brethren illustrated what they understood by obedience and humility after a strange fashion. For example, there was a rude basket-maker who had been received, and who was detained against his will, after he had expressed an inclination to withdraw. His place was in the kitchen. The devastation he committed amongst the crockery was something stupendous, and not, I suspect, altogether unintentional. However this may be, he was not only continually fracturing the Delft earthenware dishes, but incessantly running to the abbot, and from him to the prior, from the prior to the sub-prior, and from the sub-prior to the master of the novices, to confess his fault; and then to his kitchen again, once more to smash whole crates of plates, followed by his abundant confessions, and deriving evident enjoyment alike in destroying the property and assailing with noisy apologies the officers of an institution which he was resolved to inspire with a desire of getting rid of him. In spite of forced detention there was a mock appearance of liberality, and at monthly assemblies the brethren were asked if there were anything in the arrangement of the institution and its rules which they would desire to have changed. "They had only to speak." True, but, as they knew what would follow upon expressed objection, every brother held his peace.

If death were the suicidal object of many, the end appears to have been generally attained with speedy certainty. The superiors and a few monks reached an advanced age, but few of the brethren died old men. Consumption, inflammation of the lungs, and abscesses—at memory of the minute description of which the very heart turns sick—carried off their victims with terrible rapidity. Men entered, voluntarily or otherwise, in good health. If they did so, determined to achieve suicide, or were driven in by the government with a view of putting them to death, the end soon came, and was, if we may believe what we read, welcomed with alacrity. After gradual, painful, and irresistible decay, the sufferer saw, as his last hour approached, the cinders strewn on the ground in the shape of a cross, a thin scatter-

ing of straw was made upon the cinders, and that was the death-bed upon which every Trappist expired. The body was buried in the habit of the order, without coffin or shroud, and was borne to the grave in a cloth upheld by a few brothers. If it fell into its last receptacle with huddled-up limbs, De Rancé would leap in and dispose the unconscious members so as to make them assume an attitude of repose.

Every man, at least every man whose life is narrated in the volumes I have named above, changed his worldly appellation, on turning Trappist, for one more becoming a Christian vocation. A good deal of confusion appears to have distinguished the rule of nomenclature. In many instances when the original names had impure or ridiculous significations the change was advisable; but I cannot see how a brother became more cognizable as a Christian by assuming the names of Palemon, Achilles, Moses even, or *Dorothy*! "Theodore" I can understand, but *Dorothy*, though it bears the same meaning, seems to me but an indifferent name for a monk, even in a country where the male Montmorencies delighted in the baptismal prefix of "Anne."

None of the monks were distinguished by superfluous flesh. Some of them were so thin-skinned that sitting on hard chairs their bones fairly rubbed through their very thin epidermis. They who so suffered, and joyfully, were held up as bright examples of godliness. This reminds me of Voltaire's famous Faquir, Bababec, who walked the world naked, carried sixty pounds of chain round his neck, and never sat down but upon a wooden chair, covered with nails, the points upwards! The dialogue between the Faquir and Omri is really not widely discordant from the sentiments in the old Trappist biographies. Omri asks if he has any chance of ever reaching the blessed abode of Brahma. "Well," answers Bababec (I am quoting from memory,) "that depends very much upon circumstances; how do you live?" "I try," answers Omri, "to be a good citizen, father, husband, and friend. I lend my money without usury, I give of my substance to the poor, and I maintain peace among my neighbors." "Do you ever sit upon nails with the points upwards?" "Never." "Well, then, I am sorry for you," answers the Faquir, "for till you do, you have no chance of getting beyond the nineteenth heaven." Do not let us be too hasty either to censure or to ridicule. Where there is gross error, great sincerity may abound. Faquir and Trappist thought as they had been taught to think; and Mr.

Thompson, who has barely concluded the Bampton Lectures at Oxford for 1853, has told us in one of them, that even the sincere worshippers of Baal may have been more tolerable in the sight of God than intellectual Christians who, having a right understanding of the truth, neglect the duties which that truth enjoins them.

There is, however, matter for many a sigh in these saffron-leaved and worm-eaten tomes whose pages I am now turning over. I find a monk who has passed a sleepless night, from pain. To test his obedience, he is ordered to confess that he has slept well and suffered nothing. He tells the lie, and is commended. Another confesses his readiness, as Dr. Newman has so recently done, to surrender any of his own deliberately made convictions at the bidding of his superior. "I am wax," he says, "for you to mould me as you will;"—and his utter surrender of self is commended with much windiness of phrase. A third, involuntarily, as it were, remarking that his scalding broth is over-salted, bursts into tears at the enormity of the crime involved in such a complaint; and praise falls upon him more thickly than the salt did in his broth. "Yes," says the abbot, "it is not praying, nor watching, nor repentance, that is alone asked of you by God, but humility and obedience therewith, and *first* obedience." To test the fidelity of those professing to have this humility and obedience, the most outrageous insults were inflicted on such as in the world had been reckoned the most high-spirited; and it is averred that these never failed. They kissed the sandal raised to kick, blessed the hand lifted to smite them. A proud young officer of Mousquetaires, of whom I have strong suspicions that he had embezzled a good deal of his majesty's money, acknowledged that he was the greatest criminal that ever lived, but he stoutly denied the same when the officers of the law visited the monastery and accused him of fraudulent practices. This erst young nobleman, in his character of Trappist, had no greater delight than in being allowed to clean the spittoons in the chapel, and provide them with fresh saw-dust! Another, a young marquis, performed with delight a servile office of a still more offensive character. The monk was the flower of the fraternity. He was given to accuse himself, we are told, of all sorts of crimes, not one of which he had committed or was capable of committing. "He represented matters so ingeniously," says De Rancé, who

on this occasion is the biographer, "that without lying he made himself pass for the vile wretch which in truth he was not." He must have been a clever individual! He lied like truth.

When I say that he was the flower of the fraternity, I probably do some wrong to the Count de Santim, who, under the name of Brother Palemon, was undoubtedly the chief pride of La Trappe. He had been an officer in the army, without love for God, regard for man, respect for woman, or reverence for law. By a rupture between Savoy and France, he lost the annuity by which he lived; and, as his constitution was hopelessly shattered at the same time, he took to reading, was partially converted by perusing the history of Joseph, and was finally perfected in the half-worked conversion by seeing the dead body of a very old and very ugly monk assume the guise and beauty of that of a young man. These were good grounds; but the count had been so thorough a miscreant in the world, that they who lived in the latter declined to believe in the godliness of Brother Palemon; thereupon he was exhibited to all comers, and he answered every question put to him by pious visitors. All France, grave and gay, gentle and simple, flocked to the spectacle. At the head of them were our James the Second and his illegitimate son. The replies of Palemon to his questioners edified countless crowds—and he shared admiration with a guileless brother who told the laughing ladies, who flocked to behold him, that he had sought refuge in the monastery because his sire had wished him to marry a certain lady, but that his soul revolted at the thought of touching even the finger-tips of one of a sex by the first of whom the world was lost! The monk was as ungallant to Eve and her daughters as Adam was unjust to her who dwelt with him in Paradise.\*

\* Farindon, the old royalist divine in the days of King Charles, says, on the subject of Adam putting the blame of his disobedience on the shoulder of Eve, thus quaintly: "Behold here the first sin ever committed, and behold our first father Adam ready with an excuse as soon as it was committed. He doth not deny, but in plain terms doth confess, that he did eat; and *comedi*, 'I have eaten,' by itself had been a wise answer; but it is *comedi* with *mulier dedit*, 'I did eat,' but 'the woman gave it;' a confession with an extenuation, and such a confession as is worse than a flat denial. 'The woman gave it me,' was a deep aggravation of the man's transgression. It is but *dedit*, she gave it him, but he was willing to receive it. And that which maketh his apology worse than a lie (?), and rendereth his excuse inexcusable, is, that he removeth



I cannot close these brief sketches without remarking that among the professed brethren of La Trappe was a certain "Robert Graham," whose father, Colonel Graham, was cousin to Montrose. Robert was born in the "Chateau de Rostourne," a short league (it is added, by way of help, I suppose, to perplexed travellers) from Edinburgh. By his mother's side, he was related to the Earl of Perth, of whom the Trappist biographer says, that "he was even more illustrious for his piety, and through what he suffered for the sake of religion, than by his dignities of 'Viceroy,' High Chancellor of Scotland, and Governor of the Prince of Wales, now (1716) rightful King of Great Britain." The mother of Robert, a zealous Protestant, is spoken of as having "as much piety as one can have in a false religion." In spite of her teaching, however, the young Robert early exhibited an inclination for the Romish religion; and at ten years of age the precocious boy attended the celebration of mass in the chapel at Holyrood, to the great displeasure of his mother. On his repeating his visits, she had him soundly whipped by his tutor; but the young gentleman declared that the process was unsuccessful in persuading him to embrace Presbyterianism. He accordingly rushed to the house of Lord Perth, "himself a recent convert from the Anglican Church," and claimed his protection. After some family arrangements had been concluded, the youthful protégé was formally surrendered to the keeping of Lord Perth—by his mother, with reluctance; by his father, with the facility of those Gallios who care little about questions of religion. After Lord Perth was compelled to leave Scotland, Robert sojourned with his mother, in the house of her brother, a godly Protestant minister. Here he showed the value he put upon the instructions he had received at the hands of Lord Perth and his Romish chaplain, by a conduct which disgusted every honest man and terrified every honest maiden in all the country round. His worthy biographer is candid enough to say that Robert, in falling off from popery, did not become a Protestant, but an atheist. The uncle turned him out of his house. The prodigal repaired to London and rioted prodigally; and thence he betook himself to France, and even startled Paris with the bad

the fault from the woman on God himself. Not the woman alone is brought in, but *mulier quam Tu dedisti*. God indeed gave Adam the woman, but He gave him not the woman to give him the apple. *Dedit sociam non tentatricem.*

renown of his misdoings. On his way thither through Flanders he had had a moment or two of misgiving as to the wisdom of his career, and he hesitated, "while he could count twenty," between the counsel of some good priests and the bad example of some Jacobite soldiers. The latter prevailed, and when Robert appeared at the Court of St. Germain's Lord Perth presented to the fugitive king and queen there as accomplished a scoundrel as any in Christendom.

There was a show of decency at the exiled court, and respect for religion. Young Graham adapted himself to the consequent influences. He studied French, read the Lives of the Saints, entered the seminary at Meaux, and finally re-professed the Romish religion. He was now seized with a desire to turn hermit, but, accident having taken him to La Trappe, the blasé libertine felt reproved by the stern virtue exhibited there, and in a moment of enthusiasm he enrolled himself a postulant, bade farewell to the world, and devoted himself to silence, obedience, humility, and austerity, with a perfectness that surprised alike those who saw and those who heard it. Lord Perth opposed the reception of Robert in the monastery. Thereon arose serious difficulty, and therewith the postulant relapsed into sin. He blasphemed, reviled his kinsman, swore oaths that set the whole brotherhood in speechless terror, and finally wrote a letter to his old guardian so crammed with fierce and unclean epithets, that the abbot refused permission to have it forwarded. The excitement which followed brought on illness; with the latter came reflection and sorrow; at length all difficulties vanished, and ultimately, on the Eve of All-Saints, 1699, Robert Graham became a monk, and changed his name for that of Brother Alexis. King James visited him, and was much edified by the spiritual instruction vouchsafed him by the second cousin of the gallant Montrose. The new monk was so perfect in obedience that he would not in winter throw a crumb to a half-starved sparrow, without first applying for leave from his immediate superior. "Indeed," says his biographer, "I could tell you a thousand veritable stories about him; but they are so extraordinary that I do not suppose the world would believe one of them." The biographer adds, that Alexis, after digging and cutting wood all day, eating little, drinking less, praying incessantly, and neither washing nor unclothing himself, lay down—but to pass the night without closing his eyes in sleep! He was truly a brother Vigilant.

The renown of this conversion had many influences. The father of Alexis, Colonel Graham, embraced Romanism, and with an elder brother of the former, who was already a Capuchin friar, betook themselves to La Trappe, where the reception of the former into the church was marked by a double solemnity—De Rancé dying as the ceremony was proceeding. The wife of Colonel Graham is said to have left Scotland on receipt of the above intelligence, to have repaired to France, and there embraced the form of faith followed by her somewhat facile husband. There is, however, great doubt on this point.

The fate of young Robert Graham was similar to that of most of the Trappists. The deadly air, the hard work, the watchings, the scanty food, and the uncleanness which prevailed, soon slew a man who was as useless to his fellow-man in the convent as ever he had been when resident in the world. His confinement in fact was a swift suicide. Consumption seized on this poor boy, for he was still but a boy, and his rigid adherence to the severe discipline of the place only aided to develop what a little care might easily have checked. His serge gown clove to the carious bones which pierced through his diseased skin. The portions of the body on which he immovably lay became gangrened, and nothing appears to have been done by way of remedy. He endured all with patience, and looked forward to

death with a not unaccountable longing. The "Infirmier" bade him be less eager in pressing forward to the grave. "I will now pray God," said the nursing brother, "that He will be pleased to save you." "And I," said Alexis, "will ask Him not to heed you." Further detail is hardly necessary; suffice it to say, that Robert Graham died on the 21st May, 1701, little more than six months after he had entered the monastery, and at the early age of twenty-two years. The father and brother also died in France—and so ended the Cousins of Montrose.

The great virtue inculcated at La Trappe was obedience. The only means whereby to escape Satan was bodily suffering. Salvation was most surely promised to him who suffered most. Of the one great hope common to all Christians the Trappists of course were not destitute; but that hope seemed not to relieve them of their terrible dread of the Prince of Evil, and his power. There is a good moral in Cuvier's dream, which might have profited these poor men had they but known it. Cuvier once saw in his sleep, the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him, and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added—"Horns! hoofs!—*graminivorous!*!—need n't be afraid of him!"

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From Hogg's Instructor.

## LAPLACE AND BIOT.

AN anecdote of M. Laplace, the celebrated author of the 'Mecanique Celeste,' was lately read before the French Academy by Mons. J. B. Biot, one of Laplace's most eminent pupils, and now, we believe, filling the chair of the mathematics. M. Biot terms his paper, or memoir, an anecdote; but it is more a piece of entertaining scientific autobiography, illustrating the love of science, hopefulness of heart, and magnanimity of nature, of both pupil and tutor.

It is now fifty years ago (commences M. Biot) since one of the greatest philosophers

France has produced took by the hand a young and inexperienced student of the mathematics, who had the presumption to form the resolution of personally waiting upon the great professor, although a complete stranger, and requesting his examination of a crude essay connected with the above science. At the time I speak of (1803) the academy hardly demanded more of young students, than that they should at least show zeal in whatever engaged their studies. I was fond of the study of geometry, but like other young men, lost a good deal of time in

capriciously dallying with other sciences. Nevertheless, my ambition was to penetrate those higher regions of the mathematics on which the laws of the heavenly bodies could be defined. But the works of the ancients on this grand subject are abstruse, and naturally taxed a tyro's comprehension on the threshold of his inquiries. At the commencement of the present century, M. Laplace was laboring at the composition of a work, now celebrated, which was to unite, in a comprehensive form, the calculations of the old astronomers as well as modern, and submit them to the test of new calculations. The first volume of M. Laplace's book was promised to appear under the title of the '*Mécanique Céleste*,' it being then in the press. This fact induced me to take a step which was both precipitate and impertinent, although it fortunately proved successful, and opened the door of M. Laplace's studio to me. I had the presumption to write to the professor, requesting that he would permit me to assist him in correcting the proof-sheets of his celebrated work, while they were proceeding through the press. M. Laplace replied to my letter politely, but excused himself from complying with its request, on the plea that his calculations might become anticipated in publication, by their being submitted to a stranger. This refusal, reasonable as it was, did not satisfy me; and so greatly did my zeal outweigh my sense of propriety, that I made a second appeal to the learned author, representing, that all I wished was to test the amount of my own proficiency in the mathematics, by having the opportunity of inspecting and studying his valuable pages. I stated, that my prevailing taste was to pursue calculations of the abstruse order of his book; and that, if he granted me permission, I would devote myself carefully to the task of endeavoring to discover any typographical errors that might exist in his volume then going through the press. My persistence disarmed him; and, in short, he sent me all the proof-sheets, accompanied by an exceedingly kind letter of encouragement. I need not say with what ardor I devoted myself to my task. I could well apply to my case the Latin maxim—'*Violente rapiunt illud*.'

At the date of this occurrence, I resided at some distance from Paris; but from time to time I went thither, taking with me whatever I had got through of my revision, and I certainly found opportunities for making errata. At each succeeding visit, Laplace received me in the most encouraging and friendly manner, examining my revisions attentively,

the while discussing with me, in the most condescending manner, my favorite topic of the mathematics. His kind reception and deportment won all my confidence. I frequently drew his attention to what I thought were difficulties in my studies, but he always helped me over the stile condescendingly, although his valuable time must have been somewhat unfairly trespassed upon. But, in fact, Laplace, out of sheer good-nature, often pretended to consider questions of importance the simplest propositions, which my inexperience caused me to submit to him.

Shortly after I had become his regular visitor, and was received as a guest, or rather pupil, I was so fortunate as to accidentally offer a suggestion, which threw some new light on the mode in which mathematical calculations were to be made in correction of Euler's work, "*De Insignia Promotione Methodi Tangentium*." In Petersburg's scales, there are classes of questions in geometry of a very singular kind, which Euler has only partly solved. The singularity of the problems consisted in explaining the nature or true character of an irregular curve, of an almost shapeless form to any eye but a mathematical one. His description of irregular curves is so crooked, and full of minor and mixed irregularities of shape, that it is quite capable of confusing a beginner in the mathematics in his attempts at rendering it amenable to mathematical principles and rules. It presented to me a problem which no one had, I believed, fairly solved, Euler and Laplace inclusive, and it was important enough to engage my special attention and severest application.

It is not necessary that the translator should follow M. Biot's explanations of his actual method of solving the problem, since they are extremely difficult to explain within moderate limits either of space or patience; suffice, that, having dived to the profoundest depths of the science, he says he rose up possessed of the *Eureka*—viz., in certain unique analytical and symbolical equations, by which occult means he solved the problem in question.

My calculations (pursues M. Biot) were duly and patiently gone into and finished, their object being to explain the nature or characteristics of this irregular curve. The symbols or hieroglyphics I chose to employ, for want of any better, covered many folios of foolscap, and finally I submitted my manuscript to my excellent tutor. He examined it with manifest surprise and curiosity, and appeared much pleased with the production. The next day he told me that I must make

a copy of my *memoire*, for the purpose of its being laid before the Academy, and that he would introduce me as the author of an original paper on the mathematics, which I was to read. This was an honor I did not even think of, and I felt in doubt whether I ought to accept it; but the judgment of Laplace being so strongly in behalf of my doing so, I acted upon his advice, and prepared myself for the coming ordeal.

I presented myself at the Academy the following day accordingly. By permission of the president, I proceeded to draw upon the large black table, used for ocular demonstrations, the figures and formula I was desirous to employ as modes of explanation before an auditory. When the opportunity was afforded me to commence, the table at which I stood was immediately surrounded by the geometers of the Academy. General Bonaparte, then just returned from Egypt, was one of those seated amongst them. I overheard Napoleon, in conversation with M. Monge, a celebrated academician of the day, express his interest in the debut of one who, like himself, had been a student in the Polytechnic School. This was a gratifying circumstance; but, to my surprise, Bonaparte pretended to anticipate the contents of my paper, by exclaiming aloud to Monge, who sat near him—"What! surely I know those figures again; I have certainly met those symbols before!" I could not help fancying, that the general was extremely premature in thus declaring knowledge of what no one save M. Laplace had any opportunity of examining, at least by my consent; but, occupied as I was, every other thought gave way before the one great aim I had in view, to explain my calculations in correction of Euler's problem. In my agitation, I neither thought of Napoleon's military greatness nor his political power; consequently, his presence on those accounts did not trouble me much. Nevertheless, Bonaparte's well-known talents as a geometer, which had been not only exercised in the Polytechnic School, but on a wider and bolder scale during his military career, particularly in fortification, joined to his well-known quickness and foresight, were sufficient to make me pause ere I attempted to communicate matters, in the study of which I might prove, after all, but a mere tyro. However, it was only the hesitation of a few minutes. The thought that Laplace had been my adviser re-assured me. I proceeded with my demonstrations, and soon found myself in the midst of them, explaining very freely, and I believe, also, as clearly, the nature, point, and

results of my researches. On conclusion, I received numerous assurances from the academicians that my calculations possessed considerable scientific value. Laplace, Bonaparte and Lacroix, were appointed adjudicators upon my contribution to the Academy, and they accorded me the usual honors of a successful *memoire*.

After the *séance*, I accompanied M. Laplace to his residence; he very openly expressed his satisfaction at the neatness and finish (these were his words) of my demonstrations, and he said his pleasure was greater still, from my having had the good sense to take his advice, and not hazard too much to theory. But I was quite unprepared for what was to come. When we reached home, Laplace invited me to come at once into his study, "for," said he, "I have something there to show you that I am sure will interest you." I followed him, and he made me sit down in his *fauteuil*, while he rummaged amongst his keys for one which belonged to a cupboard that, he asserted, had not been opened for years. Out of this cupboard he took a roll of yellow and dusty papers, which he carried to the window, threw up the sash, and then began energetically beating the manuscripts against the wall, intent, apparently, on divesting them of the dust and spiders which had made the writings their resting-place. At length the papers were in a condition to be deciphered; and Laplace put them before me, to make what I could of the figures inscribed upon the old manuscripts. I had gone, however, but a little way in my examination, when (conceive my surprise at the discovery) I found that the mouldy papers contained *all my problems*, and those also of Euler, treated and solved even by the identical method I had believed myself to have alone discovered!

Laplace informed me, that he had arrived at the solution of most of Euler's problems many years ago, but that he had been stopped in his calculations by the same obstacle of which he had warned me—the fear of carrying theory too far. Hoping to be able to reconcile his doubts sooner or later, he had put the calculations aside, and had said nothing about them to any one, not even to me, notwithstanding my having taken up the same theme, and attempted to foist my wonderful symbols upon him as a *novelty*! I cannot express what I felt during the short hour in which Laplace laid before me these proofs of his professional talents and the magnanimity of his nature.

The success of my paper was everything to me; but, had it pleased Laplace's humor



to have questioned its originality before the Academy received it, I should have lost heart altogether, and never dared again to put forward any claims of mine to being an original investigator in science. Professional abnegation is seldom enough practised in trifling matters, much less in great ones, like that I have adduced to the honor of Laplace. But, besides the liberality of the act of keeping his work a secret from me until it could do me no harm, the professor exercised throughout such delicacy towards me as a humble student, that it won my deep respect. My career, ever since the day he took me by the hand, and presented me to the most eminent learned society of France, has been one of success—success, I fear, far beyond my merits. But, under Heaven, it is Laplace I have to

thank for all, and for the honorable station I have been permitted to attain. To him I owe a debt of gratitude I can never adequately repay. The extent of my power is to make these general acknowledgments of his great worth, and to offer this public testimony to my appreciation of his rare talents. His influence upon the progress of physical as well as mathematical science has been immense. During fifty years, nearly all those who have cultivated such studies, have gone for instruction to the works of Laplace; we have been enlightened by his discoveries, and we have depended considerably upon his labors for any improvements our own works possess. There are few now living who were the associates of Laplace; but the scientific world must ever do homage to his genius.\*

From the Edinburgh Review.

## POPULAR EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.†

THE man still lives who can remember the United States of America as the humble de-

- † 1. *Fifteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education: together with the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board.* Boston, Massachusetts: 1852.
2. *Revised Statutes of Massachusetts.* 1837.
3. *Report of the Cambridge School Committee.* 1852.
4. *Report on the Organization of the Primary and Grammar School Committee.* Boston: 1852.
5. *Annual Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of New York.* 1851.
6. *Report of Committee of the Board of Education on the System of Popular Education in the City of New York, May 28, 1851.*
7. *Annual Report of the Regents of the University of the State of New York.* 1851.
8. *Seventeenth Annual Report of Superintendent of Common Schools of Pennsylvania for the year ending June, 1850.*
9. *Thirty-third Annual Report of the Controllers of Public Schools of the City and County of Philadelphia.* 1851.
10. *Biennial Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Iowa, printed for the use of the General Assembly.* 1850.
11. *Reports on the Public Libraries of the United States of America, January 1, 1850.* By CHARLES C. JEWETT, Librarian of the Smithsonian Institute.
12. *The Educational Institutions of the United States; their Character and Organization.* Translated from the Swedish of P. A. SJÖJESTRÖM, M. A., by FREDERICA ROWAN. In 1 vol. 12mo. London: 1858.

pendencies of Great Britain. A few remote colonies fringing the shores of the Atlantic hemmed in by mountains and forests had made little impression on the wilderness. Almost without roads, a mere bridle path sufficed for their weekly mail. No banks nor monied institutions gave aid to commerce. Agriculture resorted to the rudest tools. A small class of vessels confined to the coasting trade, the fisheries, or an occasional voyage to the West Indies or Europe, formed their shipping. Manufactures and the mechanic arts were in their cradle. A little molasses was distilled into rum. A few coarse cloths were made in the handloom, and so inferior were the sheep that a traveller predicted broadcloth could never be manufactured.

Some iron had been melted with charcoal, but furnaces and forges languished under jealous Governors. The vast beds of coal which underlie the Middle States were unknown, and cotton, the great basis of modern manufactures, had not blossomed in the Colonies. The policy of the mother country was to make marts for her merchants, and to re-

\* On M. Biot has descended the mantle of Laplace. He is reputed to be the greatest living mathematician in France. He is a member of the Institute and Academy of Sciences, and an honorary member of the French Academy of the Belles-lettres.

strict the Colonies to the cultivation of tobacco, indigo, rice, and to breadstuffs, and the shipment of these staples, with staves, lumber, and naval stores, to the mother country. These articles were dispensed by England to the residue of Europe.

The population of these colonies was less than 3,000,000; and their chief sea-ports, Boston, Newport, New York, and Philadelphia, contained each from ten to twenty thousand inhabitants.

But the colonists, though poor and indebted to the British merchants, had carried with them from their native land an inalienable love of freedom; were tenacious of their rights, and resolute in their opposition to excise and stamp acts. They spurned the idea of taxation without representation. England was sadly misguided; a seven years' war ensued. The British arms, often victorious, achieved no permanent success, and were finally foiled by an endurance never surpassed. The colonists prevailed, but their success was almost ruinous. At the close of a protracted war they found their country impoverished, their Union dissolving, their sea-ports desolate, their ships decayed, and the flower of their youth withered in the field or in the prison-ship. From this period of gloom and exhaustion little progress was made until the adoption of the Constitution in 1788, and the funding of the public debt under the wise administration of Washington.

We now begin a new era. Let us consider what advance the United States have made from this dawn of the nation in the sixty years which have ensued. The country has shown a renovating power. The flood of population has swept over the Alleghanies, crossed the blue Ohio and Father of Waters, followed the shores of the great lakes, and is rolling up the Missouri of the West. Its advancing tide has already enlivened the coasts of Florida and Texas, and reached the shores of Oregon and California. The thirteen States have swelled to thirty-one, and the national territory now covers 3,000,000 of square miles, mostly adapted to cultivation.

A prolific and almost exhaustless soil invites the Western husbandmen.

The implements of husbandry, improved by thousands of patents, have adapted themselves to a country in which land is cheap and labor dear, and some of them compete successfully with English tools in foreign markets.

Cotton has been acclimated, and gives yearly its 3,000,000 of bales. Tobacco yields its 170,000 hogsheds, and sugar, of recent

introduction, a similar amount. Such is the capacity of the country for bread stuffs, that the failure of a crop in Europe draws out a supply not only sufficient to check the march of famine, but to baffle all previous calculations. Manufactures have become firmly rooted. The manufacture of iron annually reaches to 600,000 tons. Not less than 700,000 bales of cotton are also consumed in the country, if we may rely on the late census.

Not only do short-horn Durhams graze on the plains of the Ohio, but the Spanish and French merinos and Saxon flocks have been imported, and the native race been gradually improved.

The home manufacture now consumes 52,000,000 of pounds of native wool, besides large imports of foreign from Turkey, Buenos Ayres, and Africa. A single State manufactures boots and shoes to the amount of 6,000,000*l.* sterling, and exports glass-ware, cotton goods, and wooden ware to India, South America and the Mediterranean. Singular as it may appear, the United States now draw some of their raw materials from Great Britain. Large shipments of skins and hides are often made from London and Liverpool, to be tanned into leather by cheap and expeditious processes in the hemlock forests of New York.

Before the Revolution an American book was a rarity; but now rags are imported from England and Italy, converted into paper by patented machines, and circulated in books and journals through North America. Some of these journals issue 50,000 copies daily, and there are publishers who find an annual vent for 150,000 copies of geographies and arithmetics. It is doubtless true that less attention is given in the States to more costly and delicate products of art than in Europe; but it is also well understood, that many of the most expert manufacturers declined to send their goods to the London Exhibition, for they preferred the home market to the European, and wished to invite no rivalry in goods suited to the States.

The late census exhibits the progress of the mechanic arts throughout the Union. In other departments the United States have not been dormant. While Mexico has for sixty years either receded or remained stationary in the population of its states and cities, the United States have increased from 3,000,000 to 26,000,000, and now exhibit an annual accession of 1,100,000 people.

The city of New York, with its suburbs, presents 700,000 inhabitants; Philadelphia, 500,000; Boston, with its environs, 300,000;

and Baltimore nearly 200,000 in one compact body. Cincinnati and New Orleans, respectively, exceed 100,000; and St. Louis, Louisville, Pittsburg, Albany and Buffalo follow close in their rear.

The country is threaded by numerous post roads, interlaced by 13,000 miles of railway, and still more closely united by a greater length of telegraph wires. By means of these, a message can be sent hundreds of miles for a shilling, and the merchant at New Orleans can in the same day charter ships at New York or Boston, and order their cargoes from St. Louis or Cincinnati; while the orator addresses in the same hour audiences in all the large cities of the Union.

The mails, accelerated by steam, bear letters from Savannah to Eastport for a stamp costing little more than the penny postage of England. The foreign trade exhibits an aggregate of 80,000,000*l.* sterling of imports and exports. The inland commerce exceeds the foreign, while the shipping at this moment, December 1852, amounts to 4,000,000 of tonnage, and is annually growing at the rate of 300,000 tons.\*

Banking houses and insurance companies are established throughout the Union. Steamers throng the coast and rivers to the amount of 400,000 tons, and are claimed as an American invention. In other respects, the advance of this nation is interesting to England. The United States, not content with the vast emigration they naturally absorb, have borrowed at least one-third of the sailors of the British nation, and placing them before the mast, officer their ships with young Americans. They then navigate them with half the crews employed by other nations, viz., with two or three men only to the 100 tons, command high freights, and perform their voyages with certainty and dispatch. They have copied, too, the railway, almost as soon as England had invented it; and have not only given it a wide diffusion, but import from England a large part of their rails, and then manage their own ways with less expense, with more profit, and with lower charges than are customary in England. By what appliances has this nation,

in a little more than half a century, thus emerged from poverty and weakness, absorbed and civilized the outcasts of Europe, and been able to achieve such remarkable changes?

The inquiry is one of no common interest to the world. Should the population of the United States progress for one century more as it has done for the past sixty years, and the Union continue, the number of its inhabitants would exceed 300,000,000. Such a people, fronting on two oceans, with a temperate climate and vast expanse of country, must exert, under any circumstances, an increasing influence over the globe. What agencies are at work to shape and temper that influence? The progress of the United States of America is often ascribed to their form of government; this combines many features of the English, and is borrowed in part from the institutions of England. It has doubtless aided their growth, although it does not uniformly draw into the public service the highest order of character. But republics have neither stability nor safety, unless founded on virtue and intelligence. We have seen the republics of Mexico and Lapland alternating with despotism; and the republic of France revolutionized in a night. We must look behind the Constitution of the United States at the knowledge and virtue which characterize their citizens, at the culture and training which foster those indispensable requisites.

Education is not indissolubly connected with any frame of government. It may be cherished and flourish under a limited monarchy or a republic. It is requisite for the full development of each. And while efforts are made to extend it in England, it may not be amiss to inquire how far it has been cultivated, and what shape it is assuming, on the other side of the Atlantic. If the plant shows a novel hue or more vigorous growth West of the Atlantic, the system of the Western gardener demands attention. And if we find there unprecedented results from the action of mind on matter, we may well ask, what has roused that mind to action? What has given an impulse and direction to its movements? Let us take a brief view of education in the United States.

Many of the early settlers of New England and the Middle States were men of letters: they carried with them a love for learning to the wilderness. They considered it essential to their progress, and founded schools and colleges as soon as they had gained a foot-hold in the country. Schools

\* 'Registered, enrolled, and licensed tonnage of United States, June 30th, 1850 . . . 3,535,454<sup>25</sup>  
ditto June 30th, 1851 . . . 3,772,439<sup>48</sup>  
Vessels built in the United States, year ending June 30th, 1850, 1860: tonnage . . . 272,218<sup>54</sup>  
ditto June 30th, 1851, 1867: tonnage 298,203<sup>60</sup>  
ditto ditto 1852, 1848: tonnage . 351,494  
See U. S. documents, Commerce and Navigation, 1852 and 1853.'

soon multiplied; colleges were established in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey.

The fame of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton reached the mother country before the Revolution, and found many benefactors in the British States. In these colleges were reared some of the prominent leaders in the Revolution, and many of the statesmen who framed the Constitution.

The State of Massachusetts, one of the oldest of the original thirteen, was particularly active in the cause of letters. As early as 1635 the public Latin school was founded in Boston, and soon after, every town containing 100 families was required to maintain a school, with a teacher competent to fit youth for the University. Three colleges were subsequently founded in Massachusetts.

The deep-seated respect for learning is evinced by the Constitution and laws adopted by this State. By its constitution (cap. v. sec. 2.) it is made the duty of the magistrates and legislators, 'To cherish the interests of literature and science, and all seminaries of them, and to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings, sincerity and good humor, all social affections and generous sentiments among the people.'

In accordance with the Constitution, the revised statutes provide for a school, to be opened at least six months annually, in each town containing fifty householders; for similar schools, and instruction in book-keeping, surveying, geometry and algebra, in all towns containing 500 householders; and in towns containing 4000 inhabitants, for the continuance of such schools for at least ten months, with masters competent to teach rhetoric, logic, history, and the Greek and Latin languages.

By such statutes (chap. xxiii. sect. 7.) provision is expressly made for instruction in morals; and all teachers are required to 'impress on the minds of the children and youth committed to their care and instruction, the principles of piety, justice, and sacred regard to truth, love to their country, humanity and universal benevolence, sobriety, industry, frugality, chastity, moderation and benevolence, and those other virtues which are the ornament of human society.'

By sect. 8. of the same chapter it is provided that "It shall be the duty of the resident ministers of the gospel, the select men and school committee in the several towns, to exert their influence, and use their best

endeavors that the youth of their town shall regularly attend the schools established for their instruction."

To defray the expenses of education no specified tax is imposed, and it remains optional with each town to raise any amount found requisite. But a school fund has been formed, and no town can participate in the income of the fund unless it raises by tax at least one dollar and a half for every child within its limits, between the age of five and fifteen years; and the spirit of the citizens is evinced by the fact, that the average sum raised by voluntary tax for each child within the age for education, is nearly threefold the amount prescribed by statute.

Boston, the ancient capital of this State, has ever taken a distinguished part in the culture of learning. Its Latin school and other institutions stood high before the Revolution, but have made great progress since.

Before this period, females did not participate in the benefits of the public schools; but in 1789 they were permitted to attend. Down to 1817 pupils were not admitted to the public schools until they had learned to read; but in that year primary schools were opened for both sexes. In 1821 a public high school was established in Boston, which now contains nearly 200 pupils, under four highly educated teachers, and gives instruction in drawing, book-keeping, elocution, the higher mathematics, logic, philosophy, the French and Spanish languages. The public Latin school, with five able masters, and 195 pupils, prepares youth for the Universities.

A normal school accommodating 200 girls, who have completed with success the course of studies in the grammar schools, under the instruction of five accomplished teachers, qualifies every year nearly 100 graduates to perform the duties of teacher in the schools for the younger children.

Reading, spelling, arithmetic, and music are taught in all the primary schools, and to these branches are added in the grammar schools, writing, geography, English grammar, history, and exercises in writing the English language for all the pupils and declamation for the boys. In proportion to her population, Boston expends annually a larger amount of money for public schools than any city in the United States. Boston has now more than 1,200,000 dollars invested in schoolhouses; and with a population of 138,000, has 22,000 in her public schools, employs 350 teachers, and expends annually more than 300,000 dollars for the education of the people. All these schools



are free, and three officers are employed to look after truant and idle children, and to induce their parents to send them to school. And yet Boston is aiming at a still higher standard of popular education, and in order to attain it employs a superintendent who, in the language of the law defining his duties, 'shall devote himself to the study of the school system, and of the condition of the schools, and shall keep himself acquainted with the progress of instruction and discipline in other places, in order to suggest appropriate means for the advancement of the public schools in this city.'

Under these heavy disbursements for education, the city has made rapid progress in wealth, commerce, and population,—has taken the lead in manufactures, railways, the India trade, and the improvement of naval architecture.\* Its progress will appear in the following table based upon official documents:—

	1840.	1850.
Population of Boston	83,979	138,788
Population of Boston and suburbs	185,546	269,874
Assessors' valuation of Boston	\$94,581,600	\$210,000,000
Tonnage of Boston per returns of 1842 and 1851	193,502	343,308

While the capital of the State has been active in advancement of letters, the State government has not been unmindful of its duties under the constitution and laws. Aid has been given by liberal grants to the university and colleges; three normal schools for the education of teachers have been established at the public expense. A Board of Education has been created, composed of the principal officers of State, with a working secretary and two agents who traverse the State, and draw attention by addresses and conference with teachers to school architecture, the best modes of teaching, and the importance of a higher standard of education.

Institutes, or meetings of teachers and friends of education, are held in various parts of the State, under the sanction of the Board of Education, and a corps of professors employed to address them on the best mode of imparting knowledge, and to lecture on

grammar, elocution, arithmetic, music, and drawing. Professors Guyot and Agassiz are now engaged in that duty. Four or five days are devoted to each of these institutes, and so popular and useful are these meetings, that the cities and villages where they are held, provide lodgings for the teachers at their own expense, and are clamorous for their turns.

Under the stimulus thus given to education, we are not surprised to learn, from the report of the Board, that in this small State, with a harsh climate and sterile soil, with but 7,600 square miles of surface, and 1,000,000 of people, there were, in 1851, 3,987 schools, or one for two square miles of surface, and an annual expenditure on schools, including buildings, not far from 1,500,000 dollars, or to learn the facts condensed in the following table:—

## RETURNS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

	1837.	1851.
No. of children in the State from 4 to 16	184,896	
No. of children in the State from 5 to 15		196,536
Number of children in public free schools in summer		179,497
Number of same in winter of all ages		199,429
Average attendance in winter		152,564
Number of teachers	5,961	8,694
Average length of school term	6 mo. 25 days	7 mo. 14 days.
Wages of male teachers per month	\$25 <sup>44</sup> / <sub>100</sub>	\$36 <sup>20</sup> / <sub>100</sub>
Wages of female teachers pr. month	\$11 <sup>23</sup> / <sub>100</sub>	\$15 <sup>25</sup> / <sub>100</sub>
Average tax pr. child of educational age, assessed principally on property	\$2 <sup>59</sup> / <sub>100</sub>	\$4 <sup>17</sup> / <sub>100</sub>
Amount raised for wages, fuel and books, exclusive of repairs and new structures	\$387,184	\$915,389
Population of State per census of 1840 and 1850	737,699	992,499
Assessors valuation of taxable property in the State for returns of 1840 and 1850	\$299,878,329	\$597,936,995
Whole amount expended in public and private schools in Massachusetts — exclusive of buildings, in 1851		\$1,353,700 63
Amount of public school fund		\$1,000,000

\* The Boston clipper, "Sovereign of the Sea," a ship of 2200 tons, with a crew of 35 men, is reported in the New York Journal of May last, to have made her passage from the Sandwich Islands, around Cape Horn, to New York, in 80 days; and in one day to have run 430 miles, or 18 miles per hour. Another clipper, of 4000 tons, to carry four masts, was in May last on the stocks at Boston.

It is easy to draw the inference from this table, that the standard of education has been raised, the quality of teachers and teaching improved, while the State has continued to increase to a remarkable extent in population, and still more rapidly in wealth.

During the period in question, this State, which is devoted in a great measure to manufactures, has absorbed between one and two hundred thousand illiterate emigrants from Ireland.

In the schools of Massachusetts, no instruction is given in the tenets of any religious denomination. The schools are usually opened with reading a chapter of the Bible, and a brief prayer, or address, from the master; but the duty of the master and committee to inculcate morals is by no means forgotten. It is prescribed by the fundamental laws, and the attention paid to it may be inferred from the following passages, which we cite from the report of a school committee to their constituents, in the little town of Winchendon, in Worcester county.

'The object of education is not merely to teach the pupil to read, to learn the news of the day, to write, to cypher, to keep his accounts, but to receive that thorough mental discipline which may prepare him for any sphere in which he may be called to move; that development of the mind which will elevate and ennoble his aspirations; that cultivation of the faculties which will awaken a quenchless thirst for knowledge; that influence on the mental powers which will incline them to the truth, as delicately as the needle seeks the pole. Its object is to make strong minds, courageous hearts, prompt, active and energetic men.'

'In relation to obedience, diligence, stillness, decorum, manliness of manners, respect to superiors, the pupil should be disciplined most thoroughly.'

The committee conclude with this earnest appeal, as applicable to England as to America—

'Shall not we, the moral guardians, the foster-fathers of the children of the ignorant and dependent, see that our wards, whom Heaven has put into our hands, are provided for?'

The report of the town of Cambridge in Massachusetts takes the ground that,—

'Our wealth is in the mines of the intellect that lie hidden in the popular body, and not in gold or silver coin.' 'To make this available, we must labor not only to extend some education to all, but to put the best education within the reach of those who can turn it to the best account.'

'No wastefulness is so mischievous as this, to leave the high faculties to run to waste.'

"Our duty is 'to awake a just conception of what is exalted in feeling and conduct, and an inextinguishable love of moral purity and intellectual culture.'" The great objects of school education, are to give children such habits, tastes, and ideas, as will strengthen them against the temptations to which they are exposed, and form their characters for further progress.'

When such sentiments and views guide the managers of the schools, may not the Catechism be safely left to the religious instructor?

One more extract must suffice. A Boston committee gives us some light on the effect of schools on the population of the city, one half of which now consists of emigrants from Ireland and their children. 'By these schools much has been done to convert the stagnant pools of ignorance and vice into pure and healthful fountains of knowledge, whose life-giving power pervades and penetrates all portions of society.'

A noble library, just founded in Boston by Mr. Bates of London, of the house of Baring Brothers, and a native of Massachusetts, will aid and extend the influence of the schools.

The great State of New York, the most populous in the Union, has since 1825, when the Erie canal was built, paid marked attention to education.

De Witt Clinton gave an impulse to both. New York has gradually been accumulating large funds for the advancement of letters, and annually increasing its appropriations for that object. Under the auspices of the State, several colleges and universities have been founded, eleven of which report to the State in 1851, that 1801 students are in attendance. One hundred and sixty academies also report their pupils as 15,947, their permanent endowments at \$1,694,660. They give the salaries of their teachers as \$247,341, and their libraries as containing 72,568 volumes.

The superintendent of the common free schools reports the entire number of school districts as 11,297, and the entire expenditure for 1849, on the free schools of the State, as \$1,766,668. We have condensed from several reports the following summary.

Population of the State in 1850	3,097,394
ditto 1840	2,428,941
Number of children between the ages of five and sixteen years in the State, 1850	735,188
Number of children of all ages taught during the year	794,500

Whole amount of money expended in common schools, including buildings, salaries, fuel, and books in 1849	\$1,766,668
Amount paid for buildings, fuel, &c., included in sum above	\$398,097
Amount contributed by State from general tax and income of lands	\$906,822
Income of school funds, 1849	\$302,524
Number of volumes in district school libraries	1,449,950
Average length of school term, 1849; eight months.	
Whole amount received and expended in common schools in 1825, but	\$265,720

The State of New York, as will appear from the above, is fast increasing its outlay on schools, and has liberally provided a library for each district. The State has also established normal schools, which are tending to improve the teachers, and raise the standard of qualification for office throughout the State.

Teachers' institutes have been authorized, and will soon be commenced. A school journal has also been established, which serves as the official channel of communication between the superintendent and the officers of the district, and contributes to the improvement of the system of public instruction. The library and journal, as appendages of the common school, are apparently peculiar to New York.

With respect to new sites and structures for school-houses, the superintendent reports that an increased regard to the comfort, convenience, and health both of pupils and teachers and to refined taste, have been manifested. He recommends enlarged sites for school-houses, the introduction of tasteful shrubbery, useful and ornamental plants, and while providing for wholesome exercise, would make some provision for developing those higher faculties of our nature, which can appreciate the beautiful, tasteful and ornamental.

The city of New York, the commercial centre of the New World, is making progress in her schools. A few years since they were inferior to those of New England; but of late years its most able and influential citizens have taken them in charge, and rapid improvement has been made. Normal schools have been established, evening schools have begun to instruct the adult emigrants, who land there from Ireland and Germany without the rudiments of knowledge, and a free academy has been opened to teach the higher branches and the ancient languages to

the most distinguished graduates of the grammar schools. The following table gives the statistics of the schools. We would remark, however, that some deduction must be made from the aggregate number of scholars on the registers of the city and State of New York, as those who remove from district to district during the year, are sometimes twice entered on the register.

Whole number of children in the city between five and fifteen years of age, January, 1850	90,145
Whole number entered on register in schools during the year 1849 of all ages	102,974
Number in free academy	382
Number in evening schools	3,450
Number in private, church, and other schools	18,250
Amount paid for teachers' salaries, 1850	\$274,794
New buildings	\$32,000
Repairs	\$18,660
Sites	\$41,680
Cost of evening schools	\$16,621
Cost of free academy	\$16,270
Entire cost of free schools	\$400,029
Population of city proper, 1850	515,347
Doitto 1840	312,710

In the schools of the city and State of New York, the exercises are usually begun by reading a passage from the Bible; but no favor is shown to any religious denomination. The degree of moral culture afforded by these schools—their influence over the community, and the favor with which they are regarded, may be inferred from the extract we subjoin from the annual report of the superintendent of common schools to the legislature for 1850, page 19.

'The idea of universal education is the grand central idea of the age. Upon this broad and comprehensive basis all the experience of the past, all the crowding phenomena of the present, and all our hopes and aspirations for the future, must rest. Our forefathers have transmitted to us a noble inheritance of national, intellectual, moral and religious freedom. They have confided our destiny as a people to our own hands. Upon our individual and combined intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, rests the solution of the great problem of self-government. We should be untrue to ourselves, untrue to the memory of our statesmen and patriots, untrue to the cause of liberty, of civilization and humanity, if we neglected the assiduous cultivation of those means by which alone we can secure the realization of the hopes we have excited. Those means are the universal education of our future citizens without discrimination or distinction. Wherever in our midst a human being exists with capacities

and faculties to be developed, improved, cultivated, and directed, the avenues of knowledge should be freely opened, and every facility afforded to their unrestricted entrance. Ignorance should no more be countenanced than vice and crime. The one leads almost inevitably to the other. Banish ignorance, and in its stead introduce intelligence, science, knowledge, and increasing wisdom and enlightenment, and you remove in most cases all those incentives to idleness, vice, and crime, which produce such frightful harvests of retribution, misery, and wretchedness. Educate every child "to the top of his faculties," and you not only secure the community against the depredations of the ignorant and the criminal, but you bestow upon it, instead, productive artisans, good citizens, upright jurors and magistrates, enlightened statesmen, scientific discoverers and inventors, and the dispensers of a pervading influence in favor of honesty, virtue, and true goodness. Educate every child physically, morally, and intellectually, from the age of four to twenty-one, and many of your prisons, penitentiaries, and almshouses will be converted into schools of industry and temples of science; and the amount now contributed for their maintenance and support will be diverted into far more profitable channels. Educate every child not superficially, not partially, but thoroughly; develop equally and healthfully every faculty of his nature, every capability of his being, and you infuse a new and invigorating element into the very life-blood of civilization, an element which will diffuse itself throughout every vein and artery of the social and political system, purifying, strengthening, and regenerating all its impulses, elevating its aspirations, and clothing it with a power equal to every demand upon its vast energies and resources.

These are some of the results which must follow in the train of a wisely matured and judiciously organized system of universal education. They are not imaginary, but sober deductions from well-authenticated facts, deliberate conclusions, and sanctioned by the concurrent testimony of experienced educators and eminent statesmen and philanthropists. If names are needed to enforce the lesson they teach, those of Washington, and Franklin, and Hamilton, and Jefferson, and Clinton, with a long array of patriots and statesmen, may be cited. If facts are required to illustrate the connection between ignorance and crime, let the officers' return of convictions in the several courts of the State for the last ten years be examined, and the instructive lessons be heeded. Out of nearly 28,000 persons convicted of crime, but 128 had enjoyed the benefits of a good common school education.

The influence of education in New York is still further illustrated in a report of the Board of Education of the city of New York on the system of popular education, May 28, 1851. The report appears to have been in answer to a message of the mayor on the increase of expense in the police, almshouse, and school departments, which may be as-

cribed doubtless to the great influx of foreign emigrants. The report is a most able defence of a system which has been found in New York to give increased elevation to morals, additional value to property, and higher respectability and safety to the city.

The mayor has associated the department of common schools with those of the almshouse and police. There are near and interesting relations existing between these several departments. So intimate indeed are these relations, and so immediate and strong are the reciprocal influences springing out of them, that the more you cherish and sustain the one, the more you relieve the other, and the more liberal and diffusive your system of education, and the more you contribute for its improvement and extension, the less you will have to pay for the maintenance of the other two departments.

The more you subject all to the elevating, refining, and conservative influences of a wholesome, moral, intellectual, and industrial training, the more you relieve your almshouses and police. Extend education, and you diminish pauperism and crime. Increase the number of schools, and you diminish in more than a corresponding degree the number of those who are otherwise to become the recipients of your charity, or the subjects of your penal code. Between these alternatives you must decide. Can the choice in a civilized and Christian community be either difficult or doubtful, I will not say to the philanthropist merely, but even to the taxpayer?

The city of New York continues to increase its appropriations for schools; and its progress in the arts, commerce, wealth, and population attest their value.

The splendid library recently founded with a bequest of half a million of dollars by Astor, originally a poor German emigrant, will find many readers in New York, and add much to the attraction of the city.

On the southwest, New York borders on Pennsylvania, a rich, central, agricultural State, early settled by the Swedes, Germans, and English Quakers. In 1682, William Penn formed the first constitution of the colony, and incorporated this clause into his frame of government: "Wisdom and virtue are qualities which, because they descend not with worldly inheritances, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth." Although the value of education was thus recognized by the first lawgiver of the colony, his successors appear to have forgotten the policy enjoined by their ancestors, and paid little regard to it until the year 1831, when the system of popular instruction was established in the State.

At the outset, great difficulties were encountered in the apathy of the German pop-



ulation, and the want of competent teachers. These were increased by the pecuniary embarrassments in which the state was involved by the failure of its banks, and the management of the public works; but gradually these obstacles have been surmounted. The State has recovered from its depression, resumed the payment of the interest, and, since 1844, annually appropriates 200,000 dollars in aid of the public schools. The value of normal schools has also been recognized, and several are now established.

The State has been divided into districts, and each is required to assess taxes sufficient, with its proportion of the public fund, to provide instruction for three or four months yearly. We subjoin a condensed table of the population, schools, and school expenses of the State:—

Population of the State, 1850 . . .	2,311,786
ditto 1840 . . .	1,724,033
Number of children registered in schools in 1851 . . .	424,344
Number of children registered in schools in 1835 . . .	32,544
Average length of short term, 1835 . . .	3 mo. 12 d.
ditto 1851 . . .	5 mo. 1 day
Average salaries of male teachers per month . . . . .	\$17.20
Average salaries of female teachers per month . . . . .	\$10.15
Number of schools in 1851 . . . . .	8,510
ditto still required . . . . .	674
Entire expense of schools . . . . .	\$926,447.65
Amount in above items for structures . . . . .	\$253,741.06

In the brief period of sixteen years, the pupils have increased thirteen-fold. The term of instruction has been extended nearly fifty per cent., and provision made to qualify a superior class of teachers in normal schools.

Pennsylvania has not only secured its schools, but has ascertained, by its experience, that the most efficacious plan to educate a community is to train the teachers, enabling them to acquire knowledge, and the most improved modes of imparting what they acquire. The whole State is alive to the importance of institutions affording ample means for teachers to learn their duties before attempting to perform them; and those who have questioned the value of such institutions are now their most ardent friends.

The superintendent of the schools, after dilating on the importance of having good teachers, and giving testimony to the value and popularity of the normal schools, submits to the State a plan for an agricultural college, for the gratuitous instruction of the

most promising youth, and estimates the annual cost at 45,300 dollars.

Philadelphia, the commercial capital of the State, and the second city in the Union, anticipated the action of the State, but did not commence its common school system until 1818, or open its schools to the whole community until 1830. In the last fifteen years, however, it has laid the foundations deep and wide, and is now making progress in its free schools. No improvement escapes its notice. The form, size, and classification of its schools are subjects of study. The most liberal provision is made for preparing teachers in normal institutions.

Females are very generally employed in the primary and grammar schools, with favorable results. This furnishes a most appropriate occupation for women, besides reducing the cost of tuition. A high school has been formed to receive the *élite* pupils of the grammar schools, and the qualifications for admissions have been gradually raised, and the studies advanced, until a collegiate education is now given at the public expense, and degrees of bachelors and masters of arts are conferred on the graduates.

In this high school are employed ten professors and two assistants. Five hundred and five students are on the register. The course is four years, and instruction is given in the classics, French, Spanish, and the higher mathematics, logic, elocution, and philosophy in all its branches; chemistry, navigation, and phonetics; and all who enter are obliged to pass a severe examination in reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, algebra, and geometry. The principal reporters of Congress are phonographic reporters from this institution. We subjoin, in tabular form, a brief view of the state of education in Philadelphia:—

	1840.	1850.
Population of Philadelphia	228,691	408,766
Number of schoolhouses	16	60
ditto teachers	190	928
ditto scholars	19,000	48,000
Expenditures for schools	\$190,000	\$336,000

The rapid growth of the State and its metropolis in manufactures, commerce, buildings, population, and the useful arts, shows that education has not checked their career; while the popular feeling which has been awakened in its behalf, where apathy formerly prevailed, attests its beneficial influence.

We have thus cited three of the leading States, and three of the principal cities of the Union, to illustrate what progress the United States have made, and are still making, in

education. But let it not be supposed that the subject is disregarded in other sections of the Union; although in some of the southern States, where the population is sparse and slavery exists, less zeal is evinced. Even there the influence of the leading States is widely felt, and a spirit of inquiry and rivalry is awakened.

In Richmond and New Orleans measures are in progress to improve their system of free schools. In most of the western and southwestern States, large reservations of land have been made by Congress for the purposes of education, which will soon be, or already are, productive. The remote city of St. Louis, in the border State of Missouri, appropriates yearly 100,000 dollars to the public schools—a sum greater in proportion than the disbursement of New York; and even in Texas, where a few years since the bowie-knife and revolver were used to settle all difficult questions, the *Journal of Commerce* apprises us that schools exist in every county, and nearly 200 churches are in progress. So many States are now embarked in education, and such is the current in its favor, that none can resist the force of public opinion. The school rises in the forest, and is but the precursor of the spire and belfry of the village church. Religion, if it may not guide, is a close attendant upon the schools of America.

On the western frontier of the Union on the bank of the Mississippi lies the frontier State of Iowa, one of the youngest members of the confederacy. The adventurous settlers have but just built their cabins and marked out their shire towns and villages, but they have carried with them the love for learning; and on those prairies where the Indian but yesterday figured in the war-dance, or chased the buffalo, the philosopher now plans a system of moral and intellectual culture.

A superintendent of schools has already been appointed, and education provided for by an organic law. The central government here, with wise liberality, reserved for education a million and a half acres of land, valued at two to three millions of dollars. A portion is already productive. Public provision has been made for the instruction of the deaf and dumb. A treatise by Mr. Barnard on school architecture is circulated at the public expense. Three colleges have been founded. Two normal schools have been instituted; district schools have been commenced; the old theory that the parent and schoolmaster were responsible for the education of the child has been exploded, and the

State is held responsible for the education of its youth.

Such are the state and prospects of education on the very verge of the wilderness, more than 1200 miles from tide water, in a State which numbered but 43,000 people in 1840, and but 192,000 souls by the late census.

After this glance at particular States and cities, the reader will not be surprised at the results which we condense from Mitchell into the following summary. The returns embrace States containing more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of the Union. The others have not yet published their returns:

Number of children in States making returns of educational age	3,723,756
Number of children attending public schools in same	2,967,741
Annual expenditure on public schools in same	\$7,086,693
Number of students in colleges, law, and medical schools	18,260
Number of volumes in public libraries of the United States	3,954,375
ditto college libraries	846,455
Amount of public school funds beside land	\$17,957,652
Population of the United States, 1850	23,256,972
Estimated population, December, 1853	26,000,000

The zeal for education in the United States has passed their borders, already animates Upper Canada, and is gradually penetrating the provinces of Lower Canada and Nova Scotia. Normal schools have been for some time in progress in Upper Canada, and will soon find countenance in the other provinces. The comparative progress of these colonies may be inferred from the annexed table:

Canada, West, 1849, population	803,566
“ “ “ children in public schools	151,891
Canada, West, 1849, paid for salaries	\$330,720
Canada, East, 1849, population	768,344
Canada, East, 1849, children in public schools	73,551
Canada, East, 1849, public grant	\$50,772
Nova Scotia, 1849, population	300,000
Nova Scotia, 1849, children in public schools	30,631
Nova Scotia, 1849, annual expense for same	\$136,286

While the upper province of Canada readily adopts the school which has borrowed from the improved system of Ireland, the French inhabitants of the lower province cling more tenaciously to their ancient usages and

habits. Railways, however, are fast invading the provinces, and will soon bring them in contact with their more mercurial neighbors, and obliterate their prejudices.

Our glance at education in the Transatlantic States leads us to some important results. We glean from it, not only the facts that more than 3,000,000 of pupils attend the public free schools, and that large funds are accumulating for the purposes of education, but we deduce more interesting conclusions. It is obvious that the system of public instruction has taken firm hold of the public mind, and is eminently popular and progressive; that it is pervading the entire country, and assuming a higher tone and character.

There is a determination in America to unite the thinking head with the working hand, and to elicit all the talent of the country. The system of public schools drew Daniel Webster from obscurity to guide and enlighten his country; and more Websters are required. The respect for education displays itself in the embellishment of the grounds of the country schools. In place of the low and comfortless school-room, brick structures are now reared in the large towns, seventy feet in length by sixty in width, and four stories high, well ventilated, and warmed by furnaces. The books are improved, and libraries provided. The local committees give place to able superintendents and boards of control. Music is added to the studies,—schools of design are established,—normal schools to prepare teachers, are provided. Institutions are started to educate the deaf, dumb, blind, and idiotic: all these are at the public charge. Academies and colleges follow, and schools for arts, law, medicine, and divinity succeed; and to stimulate the whole, teachers' institutes, school journals, and agents are employed by the State to disseminate information, and fan the public enthusiasm. Appeals are constantly made to the public to suffer no waste of talent or intellect; to give the luxury of learning to the class doomed to toil, and to counteract the bad influences of the home of the illiterate emigrant by the attractions of the school.

Under these incentives the taxes for schools are cheerfully paid, and education progresses. What are its effects? Do we not see them in the quickened action of the American mind, in its more rapid adaptation of means to ends; in the application of steam, and the great water power of the country, as a substitute for labor; in teaching it to move the spindles, the loom, the saw, drill, stone-cut-

ter, and the planing, polishing, and sewing machines; in replacing the living man and woman by steam carpet looms and artificial reapers; in teaching the locomotive and car to surmount steep acclivities, and wind round sharp curves at trifling expense; in designing new models and new modes of constructing, rigging, and steering ships upon the sea, diminishing the crews while doubling the speed and size of the vessel; inventing new processes for spinning and bleaching; new furnaces for the steam engine, and new presses for the printer?

A few years since, the question was asked by a distinguished divine, 'Who reads an American work?' The question now is, 'Who does not read an American book, journal, or newspaper?' The trained soldier can effect more than the raw recruit, and the skilled artisan more than the rude ploughboy. Disciplined America can entrust the guidance of her mechanism and the teaching of her children to the trained female, and devote the strength and talent of the male to agriculture, navigation, construction, and invention. Temperance seems to follow in the train of education. Thirty years since, spirits were used to excess in many of the States. A marked change has occurred as education has advanced, and now in some States the sale of spirits is almost discontinued. The saving thus effected more than counterbalances the whole cost of education.

The effect of education on morals is well illustrated by the progress of Massachusetts in one branch of manufactures, that of boots and shoes. While in some countries the manufacturer dares not entrust the materials to the workmen at their houses, in this State the artisans are scattered in their rural homes, the materials sent to them with entire confidence, and returned weekly ready for the market. Among other great branches of industry, this now amounts annually, in this little State, to 6,000,000*l.* sterling.

In this same State, in the face of a large immigration of laborers from Ireland, and liberal outlay for their shelter, pauperism has been virtually receding. We learn from Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for June, 1851, that in the twelve years preceding, in that State, population had increased 40 per cent., wealth 120 per cent., and the cost of pauperism but 38 per cent., although 2,880 foreigners were aided in 1847, and 12,334 received assistance in 1850. "Thus in twelve years," the writer remarks, "the cost of maintaining the poor, distributed *per capita* upon the population, has fallen from

44 cents per head to 43, and the percentage on property has been actually reduced one-third. Native pauperism is comparatively diminished, and the principal draft on the charity of Massachusetts is the temporary aid given to the foreign emigrant."

We learn by the census returns lately published, that in 1850 the whole number of churches and meeting-houses in the United States was 36,011, containing 13,849,896 seats, or room for three-fifths of the existing population. In this growing country nearly one-fifth of the inhabitants are under the age of six; and if we deduct those who from sickness, extreme youth, old age, or domestic duties, are unable to worship together, this must be a very liberal provision. By the same returns we find the whole number of foreigners in the country was 2,210,828, or less than one-tenth the entire population; and while the annual expense for paupers was but 600,000*l.*, the permanent foreign paupers were 13,437, and the native 36,947 only. With respect to crime the ratio is still more striking. Of 27,000 crimes in the United States during 1850, no less than 14,000 were committed by foreigners. In a country whose natives are educated, more than half the crimes are traced to illiterate foreigners, forming less than one-tenth of the whole population.

It seems, then, to be established in America, that general education increases the efficiency of a nation, promotes temperance, aids religion, and checks pauperism; while all concede that it diminishes crime. Why should its effects be different in England, and why should we not find in education a cheap and most admirable substitute for prisons and penal colonies? If in America holders of property sustain education, because they insure their own safety, and the security of their fortunes, by the instruction of the masses,

why should not the same results attend education in England?

Again, if America, with all her accessions from natural growth and immigration, cannot afford to lose the mines of intellect hidden in the popular masses; if she is not rich enough in intellect to suffer their faculties to run to waste, can England, comparatively stationary in growth and population, afford such loss?

The future contests of nations will not be confined to warlike encounters. They will be in the field of science and arts, and that nation will attain to the highest distinction which shall excel in the arts of peace. If other nations are cultivating and developing the human intellect, let not England be distanced in the course. She can appreciate the effective force of the skilful artisan, the disciplined soldier, and trained athlete. Will she not appreciate the value of the disciplined mind, of educated labor? Do not her position, climate, and wealth enable her to wield them with the most advantage? If the humble citizen of a village in America considers himself the foster father of the children of the poor, the natural guardian of those Heaven has intrusted to him, and under moral obligations to educate his wards, will the philanthropists of England exhibit less benevolence? And is there any country in which the natural powers of the mind offer a more favorable field for cultivation—in which education is likely to yield a more plentiful harvest—than England? We have so lately given a full consideration to the subject of popular education in this country, that we need not here dwell upon its importance; we will only add our conviction, that whenever the conflicting religious views which now impede its extension shall have been reconciled, no difficulties of a merely economical character will prove insuperable.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—The *Athenæum*, reviewing (with much ability) the literary character of the past year, remarks that France is, for the moment, blotted out from the list of literary nations. "All the muses are silent on her soil. Her poets are exiles—her wits and orators silent. Her historians, with one bold and noble exception, are abashed and idle."

What is true of literary France is true in its degree of almost every other country on the continent of Europe. "In Prussia, the Muses have been gagged—as Freiligrath would tell us, did we need his word for such a fact;—in Austria they have been sent to jail;—in Italy they have been shot in almost every market-place."



From the Retrospective Review.

## POLITICAL SATIRES UNDER GEORGE THE THIRD.\*

THE literature of politics is a very distinct and a very peculiar one, and is not undeserving of our attention; for, though full of exaggeration and falsehood, it alone gives us an insight into an important part of historical knowledge, that of contemporary political sentiment, and it often throws a light on political motives and causes for which we may look elsewhere in vain. It is a literature which, wherever it exists, strongly marks the independence of the people, and the freedom of the press, yet it varies much, according to times and circumstances. In England, under the commonwealth it was a bitter war of controversial pamphlets; after the restoration it degenerated into mere personal slander and defamation; and this character was unfortunately more or less preserved until the commencement of the present century. With George II. political caricatures began to be numerous and influential, and these and political satire took a grand development under the eventful reign of George III. Use breeds familiarity, and we derive a strong argument in favor of the freedom of the press from the contrast between the extraordinary influence of such productions in the age when the government tried to overawe the press, and their utter harmlessness at present, when the press is altogether unshackled. When we cast a retrospective glance over the political writings of different ages, we cannot but feel the great worthlessness of this literature in general, as a literature, but at times—moments of extraordinary excitement—a few political writings

have appeared which deserved to be remembered, and perhaps republished, although even these are too temporary in their allusions to admit of being made very popular at the present day.

The sentiments of George III. were hostile to the Whig party, which had so vigorously supported the house of Hanover on the English throne, and the men who had been accustomed to guide the helm of the state with small interruption since the revolution, were bitterly provoked at the triumph of their opponents. The reign of Bute was assailed in a continual strain of coarse and indecent abuse, which deserved only to be forgotten. The Whigs again obtain a temporary triumph. We pass over the period of the American war, which was followed by the coalition ministry of North and Fox. Then came the India bill, back-stairs influence, the overthrow of the ministry, and the commencement of the long ministerial career of young William Pitt. These events, and especially the Westminster election of 1784, with the political activity of the beautiful and accomplished Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and the defeat of Sir Cecil Wray by Fox, drew forth an extraordinary number of caricatures and political squibs. Many of the latter exhibited more than usual talent, but one among them gained a reputation which has outlived that of nearly all its contemporaries. John Rolle, one of the ministerial supporters, had acted a very prominent part in the vexatious scrutiny set agoing by the court, after the Westminster election, and one of the cleverest of the Whig writers, a young doctor of laws, named Lawrence, conceived the idea of making him the subject of a supposed epic poem, in which his descent was pretended to be traced from Rollo, Duke of Normandy. This supposed epic was only produced in fragments, imbedded in a witty, and often very ludicrous critique, which first appeared in consecutive chapters in the journals, but was subsequently collected together in a volume, and went through rather numerous editions.

\* *The Rolliad, in two Parts; Probationary Odes for the Laureateship; and Political Miscellanies: with Criticisms and Illustrations. Revised, corrected, and enlarged by the Original Authors.* London: Printed for J. Ridgway, York Street, St. James's Square. 1795. (8vo, fourth edition.)

*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin: comprising the celebrated Political and Satirical Poems, Parodies, and Jeux-d'esprit of the Right Hon. George Canning, the Earl of Liverpool, Marquis Wellesley, the Right Hon. J. H. Frere, G. Ellis, Esq., W. Gifford, Esq., and others. New and Revised Edition, with Explanatory Notes.* [Edited by CHARLES EDMONDS.] London: G. Willis, Great Piazza, Covent Garden. 1852. (12mo.)

The subject of the pretended epic is supposed to be the invasion of England, by Duke Rollo, who has a child by the wife of a Saxon drummer, and in a secret visit to London, is indulged by the soothsayer, Merlin, with a vision of the future glories of his descendant, Rolle, in the House of Commons. On this canvass is engrafted a running satire on the Tory ministers and their partisans, which is often exquisitely refined and pungent. The style of banter in which the critique is carried on through page after page, may be best illustrated by one or two examples. The first is an extract from the description of the king's chaplain, Dr. Prettyman:—

"Our author now pursues his hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of Homer, who always takes the opportunity for giving a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a labored, but animated detail of the Doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the doctor is distinguished, he says,

"ARGUS could boast an hundred eyes, 'tis true,  
The Doctor looks an hundred ways with two:  
Gimlets they are, and bore you through and through."

"This is a very elegant and classic compliment, and shows clearly what a decided advantage our reverend hero possesses over the celebrated *ὀφθαλμοδούλος* of antiquity. Addison is justly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he selects and applies familiar words to great occasions, as in the instances:

"—The great, the important day,  
Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome."

"The sun grows *dim* with age," &c. &c.

"This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them. But how inferior is Addison in this respect to our author!

"Gimlets they are," &c.

"There is not such a word in all Cato! How well-known and domestic the image! How specific and forcible the application!"

The following passage illustrates the manners of the young country members of the House of Commons, who lounged in the lobbies, while it strikes sideways at the habits of inebriety of the prime minister:—

"The description of the lobby also furnishes an opportunity of interspersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends there with oranges. Our poet calls her *HUCSTRIA*, and, by a dexterous stroke of art, compares her to Shiptonia, whose amours with ROLLO form the third and fourth books of the *ROLLIAD*.

'Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair,  
As bright SHIPTONIA, late thy amorous care!  
Mark how her winning smiles, and witching eyes,  
On yonder unfledg'd orator she tries!  
Mark with what grace she offers to his hand  
The tempting orange, pride of China's land!"

"This gives rise to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique censure on the indecent practice of our young senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to sleep in the gallery.

'O! take, wise youth, th' Hesperian fruit, of use  
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice.  
With this thy parch'd roof moisten; nor consume  
Thy hours and guineas in the eating-room,  
Till, full of claret, down with wild uproar  
You reel, and stretch'd along the gallery, snore."

"From this the poet naturally slides into a general caution against the vice of drunkenness, which he more particularly enforces, by the instance of Mr. Pitt's late peril, from the farmer at Wandsworth.

'Ah! think, what danger on debauch attends:  
Let PITT, once drunk, preach temperance to his friends;  
How, as he wander'd darkling o'er the plain,  
His reason drown'd in JERKINSON'S champagne,  
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,  
Had shed a premier's for a robber's blood."

The back-stair influence, and the part which the Marquis of Buckingham had acted in it, provoked the following sarcastic passage:—

"It being admitted, that the powers of the human mind depend on the number and association of our ideas, it is easy to show that the illustrious marquis is entitled to the highest rank in the scale of human intelligence. His mind possesses an unlimited power of inglutition, and his ideas adhere to each other with such tenacity, that whenever his memory is stimulated by any powerful interrogatory, it not only discharges a full answer to that individual question, but likewise such a prodigious flood of collateral knowledge, derived from copious and repeated infusions, as no common skull would be capable of containing. For these reasons, his lordship's fitness for the department of the Admiralty, a department connected with the whole cyclopædia of science, and requiring the greatest variety of talents and exertions, seems to be pointed out by the hand of Heaven;—it is likewise pointed out by the dying drummer, who describes, in the following lines, the immediate cause of his nomination:—

'On the great day, when Buckingham, by pairs  
Ascended, Heaven impell'd, the K—g's back-  
stairs;  
And panting, breathless, strain'd his lungs to show  
From Fox's bill what mighty ills would flow;

That soon, its source corrupt, opinion's thread,  
On India's deleterious streams wou'd shed ;  
That Hastings, Munny Begum, Scott, must fall,  
And Pitt, and Jenkinson, and Leadenhall ;  
Still, as with stammering tongue, he told his tale,  
Unusual terrors Brunswick's heart assail ;  
Wide starts his white wig from his royal ear,  
And each particular hair stands stiff with fear.

"We flatter ourselves that few of our readers are so void of taste, as not to feel the transcendent beauties of this description. First, we see the noble Marquis mount the fatal steps "by pairs," i. e. by two at a time; and with a degree of effort and fatigue: and then he is out of breath, which is perfectly natural. The obscurity of the third couplet, an *obscurity* which has been imitated by all the ministerial writers on the India bill, arises from a confusion of metaphor, so inexpressibly beautiful, that Mr. Hastings has thought fit to copy it almost verbatim, in his celebrated letter from Lucknow. The effects of terror on the royal wig, are happily imagined, and are infinitely more sublime than the "*steteruntque coma*" of the Roman Poet; as the attachment of a wig to its wearer, is obviously more generous and disinterested than that of the person's own hair, which naturally participates in the good or ill fortune of the head on which it grows. But to proceed. Men in a fright are usually generous; on that great day therefore the marquis obtained the promise of the Admiralty. The dying drummer then proceeds to describe the marquis's well-known vision, which he prefaces by a compliment on his lordship's extraordinary proficiency in the art of lace-making. We have all admired the parliamentary exertions of this great man, on every subject that related to an art in which the county of Buckingham is so deeply interested; an art, by means of which Britannia (as our author happily expresses it)

'Puckers round naked breasts a decent trimming,  
Spreads the thread-trade, and propagates old women!'"

These extracts will be enough to show the character and style of the famous Rolliad, which must be read through to be appreciated. Unfortunately, many of its allusions are to persons now so entirely forgotten, that it would require a rather copious commentary to make it generally understood.

Several other remarkable political satires came out nearly contemporaneously with the Rolliad. A vacancy in the laureateship, which was filled by the well-known Thomas Warton, gave occasion for the publication of a collection of what were supposed to be "Probationary Odes," written in the names of the ministers and leading men of the ministerial party, in the characters of candidates for the vacant office. Some of them are exceedingly droll, and amusingly characteristic of the pretended writers. The batch of ode writers opens with Sir Cecil Wray, the de-

fented of Westminster, who was accused of childish incapacity, and of having perpetrated some attempts at poetry of a very laughable kind. We need only give the opening lines of the ode here fathered upon Wray:

"Hark! Hark!—hip! hip!—hoh! hoh!

What a mort of bards are a singing!

Athwart—across—below—

I'm sure there's a dozen a dinging!

I hear sweet shells, loud harps, large lyres—

Some, I trow, are tun'd by squires—

Some by priests, and some by lords!—while Joe and I

Our bloody hands, hoist up, like meteors, on high!

Yes, Joe and I

Are em'lous—Why?

It is because, great CÆSAR, you are clever—

Therefore we'd sing of you for ever!

Sing—sing—sing—sing

God save the King!

Smile then, CÆSAR, smile on Wray!

Crown at last his poll with bay!—

Come, oh! bay, and with thee bring

Salary, illustrious thing!—

Laurels vain of Covent Garden,

I don't value you a farding!—

Let sack my soul cheer,

For 'tis sick of small beer!" &c.

The Attorney-General (Pepper Arden), in a truly legal ode, comes out strong on his domesticities:—

"And oh! should Mrs. Arden bless me with a child,

A lovely boy, as beauteous as myself, and mild;

The little Pepper would some caudle lack;

Then think of Arden's wife,

My pretty plaintiff's life,

The best of caudle's made of best of sack!

Let thy decrees

But favor me

My bills and briefs, rebutters and detainers,

To Archy I'll resign

Without a fee or fine,

Attachments, replications, and retainers!

To Juries, Bench, Exchequer, Seals,

To Chan'ry Court, and Lords, I'll bid adieu;

No more demurrers nor appeals;—

My writs of error shall be jud'gd by you."

Major Scott is pre-eminently loyal, and makes choice attempts at the sublime:—

"Curs'd be the clime, and curs'd the laws, that lay  
Insulting bonds on George's sovereign sway!

Arise, my soul, on wings of fire,

To God's anointed, tune the lyre;

Hail! George, thou all-accomplished King!

Just type of Him who rules on high!

Hail! inexhausted, boundless spring

Of sacred truth and Holy Majesty!

Grand is thy form,—'bout five feet ten,

Thou well-built, worthiest, best of men!

Thy chest is stout, thy back is broad,—

Thy pages view thee, and are aw'd!

Lo ! how thy white eyes roll !  
 Thy whiter eyebrows stare !  
 Honest soul !  
 Thou'rt witty, as thou'rt fair !"

The swearing and blustering Lord Chancellor Thurlow is made equally to keep up his character ; and his ode is so absolutely profane, that we can venture no further than the commencement :—

" Damnation seize ye all,  
 Who puff, who thrum, who bawl and squall !  
 Fir'd with ambitious hopes in vain,  
 The wreath that blooms for other brows to gain ;  
 Is THURLOW yet so little known ?—  
 By G—d I swore, while George shall reign,  
 The seals, in spite of changes, to retain,  
 Nor quit the woollack till he quits the throne !  
 And now the bays for life to wear,  
 Once more, with mightier oaths by G—d I swear !  
 Bend my black brows that keep the Peers in awe,  
 Shake my full-bottom wig, and give the nod of law."

The weight of literary talent was now certainly on the side of the Whigs, and for several years their opponents smarted bitterly under these satirical attacks. At length the French revolution broke out, and the atrocities which accompanied it, and the sanguinary wars that followed, produced a reaction in public sentiments in England. Still the Tory ministers winced under the force of satirical talent which was bent against them, until, in the autumn of 1797, George Canning started the 'Anti-Jacobin Review,' which was edited by Gifford, the author of the 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad,' and which was written by a knot of young Tory writers, of no mean talent. Its object was to turn into ridicule the French republicans, as well as those in England who were supposed to favor their sentiments, which the ministerialists insinuated, included the whole liberal party. These writers (including, besides Canning and Gifford, John Hookham Frere, Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool), George Ellis, Lord Clare, Lord Mornington (afterwards Marquis of Wellesley), and Dr. John Whitaker) "entered upon their task with no common spirit. Their purpose was to blacken their adversaries, and they spared no means, fair or foul, in the attempt. Their most distinguished countrymen, whose only fault was their being opposed to government, were treated with no more respect than their foreign adversaries, and were held up to public execration as traitors, blasphemers, and debauchees. So alarmed, however, became some of the

more moderate supporters of ministers, at the boldness of the language employed, that Mr. Pitt was induced to interfere, and, after an existence of eight months, the 'Anti-Jacobin' (in its original form) ceased to exist."

These are the words of Mr. Charles Edmonds, to whom we owe a very nice edition of the only part of the 'Anti-Jacobin' that will bear reprinting, its poetry. The poetry of the 'Anti-Jacobin,' which comprises some of the best effusions of the witty writers mentioned above, was reprinted in a collective form soon after the 'Review' was discontinued ; and, always sought after with interest, the original edition had become a rare book. Mr. Edmonds's reprint is not only very carefully edited, but it is rendered intelligible to readers at the present day, by a tolerably copious addition of illustrative notes ; and this celebrated, though small, collection is now placed so far within the reach of every reader, that it is quite unnecessary for us to enter into any detailed account of it. We need only say, that it contains one or two of the most celebrated pieces in our language, such as Canning's 'Friend of Humanity' and the 'Knife Grinder,' the song of 'La Sainte Guillotine,' and others. The 'Loves of the Triangles,' and the 'Progress of Man,' written for the purpose of ridiculing Dr. Darwin's 'Loves of the Plants,' and Payne Knight's 'Progress of Civil Society,' are among the cleverest parodies of modern times. Tom Moore has said of the two works to which we have been more especially calling attention :—"The 'Rolliad' and the 'Anti-Jacobin' may, on their respective sides of the question, be considered as models of that style of political satire, whose lightness and vivacity give it the appearance of proceeding rather from the wantonness of wit than of ill-nature, and whose very malice, from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fire-works, explodes in sparkles." The poetry of the 'Anti-Jacobin' deserved a reprint ; and we rejoice to hear that Mr. Edmonds's first edition is already sold, and that he is preparing another, to be made more complete, by the addition of new notes, and of an appendix. We would recommend to him, afterwards, the 'Rolliad' itself, which is, in many respects, superior to the 'Anti-Jacobin' poetry, and a new edition of which, with explanatory notes, would, we think, be equally successful. We believe, indeed, that a 'Select Political Library,' of a few of the choice works of this class, would not be an unsuccessful undertaking.



From Francis' Annals, &c., of Life Insurance.

## WAINWRIGHT, THE MURDERER.

IN 1830, two ladies, both young and both attractive, were in the habit of visiting various offices, with proposals to insure the life of the younger and unmarried one. The visits of these persons became at last a somewhat pleasing feature in the monotony of business, and were often made a topic of conversation. No sooner was a policy effected with one company than a visit was paid to another, with the same purpose. From the Hope to the Provident, from the Alliance to the Pelican, and from the Eagle to the Imperial, did these strange visitors pass almost daily. Surprise was naturally excited at two of the gentler sex appearing so often alone in places of business resort, and it was a nine days' wonder.

Behind the curtain, and rarely appearing as an actor, was one who, to the literary reader, versed in the periodical productions of thirty years ago, will be familiar under the name of Janus Weathercock; while, to the student of our criminal annals, a name will be recalled which is only to be remembered as an omen of evil. The former will be reminded of the "London Magazine," when Elia and Barry Cornwall were conspicuous in its pages, and when Hazlitt, with Allan Cunningham, added to its attractions. But with these names it will recall to them also the face and form of one with the craft and beauty of the serpent; of one too who, if he broke not into "the bloody house of life," has been singularly wronged. The writings of this man in the above periodical were very characteristic of his nature; and under the *nom de guerre* of Janus Weathercock, Thomas Griffith Wainwright wrote with a fluent, pleasant, egotistical coxcombry, which was then new to English literature, a series of papers on art and artists. An *habitué* of the opera and a fastidious critic of the *ballet*, a mover among the most fashionable crowds, into which he could make his way, a loungeur in the parks and the foremost among the visitors at our pictorial exhibitions, the fine person and superfine manners of Wainwright were ever prominent. The articles which he

penned for the "London," were lovingly illustrative of self and its enjoyments. He adorned his writings with descriptions of his appearance, and—an artist of no mean ability himself—sketched boldly and graphically "drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the borders of the indelicate;" and while he idolized his own, he depreciated the productions of others. This self-styled fashionist appears to have created a sensation in the circle where he adventured. His good-natured, though "pretentious" manner; his handsome, though sinister countenance; even his braided surtout, his gay attire, and semi-military aspect, made him a favorite. "Kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock," wrote Charles Lamb. No one knew anything of his previous life. He was said to have been in the army—it was whispered that he had spent more than one fortune; and an air of mystery, which he well knew how to assume, magnified him into a hero. About 1825, he ceased to contribute to the magazine; and from this period, the man whose writings were replete with an intense luxurious enjoyment,—whose organization was so exquisite, that his love of the beautiful became a passion, and whose mind was a significant union of the ideal with the voluptuous—was dogged in his footsteps by death. It was death to stand in his path—it was death to be his friend—it was death to occupy the very house with him. Well might his associates join in that portion of our litany which prays to be delivered "from battle, from murder, and from sudden death," for sudden death was ever by his side.

In 1829, Wainwright went with his wife to visit his uncle, by whose bounty he had been educated, and from whom he had expectancies. His uncle died after a brief illness, and Wainwright inherited his property. Nor was he long in expending it. A further supply was needed; and Helen Frances Phœbe Abercrombie, with her sister, Madeline, step-sisters to his wife, came to reside with Wainwright; it being soon after this that those extraordinary visits were made at

the various life offices, to which allusion has been made. On 28th March, 1830, Mrs. Wainwright, with her step-sister, made their first appearance at an insurance office, the Palladium; and by the 20th April a policy was opened on the life of Helen Frances Phœbe Abercrombie, a "buxom, handsome girl of one-and-twenty," for 3000*l.*, for three years only. About the same time a further premium was paid for an insurance with another office, also for 3000*l.*, but only for two years. The Provident, the Pelican, the Hope, the Imperial, were soon similarly favored; and in six months from granting the first policy 12,000*l.* more had been insured on the life of the same person, and still for only two years. But 18,000*l.* was not enough for "kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock;" 2000*l.* more was proposed to the Eagle, 5000*l.* to the Globe, and 5000*l.* to the Alliance; all of whom however had learned wisdom. At the Globe, Miss Abercrombie professed scarcely to know why she insured; telling a palpable and foolish falsehood, by saying that she had applied to no other office. At the Alliance, the secretary took her to a private room, asking such pertinent and close questions, that she grew irritated, and said she supposed her health, and not her reason for insuring, was most important. Mr. Hamilton then gave her the outline of a case in which a young lady had met with a violent death for the sake of the insurance money. "There is no one," she said in reply, "likely to murder me for the sake of my money." No more insurances, however, being accepted, the visits which had so often relieved the tedium of official routine ceased to be paid. These applications being unsuccessful, there remained 18,000*l.* dependent on the life of Helen Abercrombie.

In the meantime Wainwright's affairs waxed desperate, and the man grew familiar with crime. Some stock had been vested in the names of trustees in the books of the Bank of England, the interest only of which was receivable by himself and his wife; and determined to possess part of the principal, he imitated the names of the trustees to a power of attorney. This was too successful not to be improved on, and five successive similar deeds, forged by Wainwright, proved his utter disregard to moral restraint. But this money was soon spent, till everything which he possessed, to the very furniture of his house, became pledged; and he took furnished apartments in Conduit street for himself, his wife, and his sisters-in-law. Immediately after this, Miss Abercrombie, on pre-

tence or plea that she was going abroad, made her will in favor of her sister Madeline, appointing Wainwright sole executor, by which, in the event of her death, he would have the entire control of all she might leave. She then procured a form of assignment from the Palladium, and made over the policy in that office to her brother-in-law. Whether she really meant to travel or not is uncertain; it is possible, however, that this might have been part of the plan, and that Wainwright hoped, with forged papers and documents, to prove her demise while she was still living, for it is difficult to comprehend why she should have voluntarily stated she was going abroad, unless she really meant to do so. In this there is a gleam of light on Wainwright's character, who, when he first insured the life of Miss Abercrombie, might have meant to treat the officers with a "fraudulent," and not a positive death. Whatever her rôle in this tragic drama, however, it was soon played. On the night which followed the assignment of her policy, she went with her brother and sister-in-law to the theatre. The evening proved wet; but they walked home together, and partook of lobsters or oysters and porter for supper. That night she was taken ill. In a day or two Dr. Locock attended her. He attributed the indisposition to a mere stomach derangement, and gave some simple remedies, no serious apprehension being entertained by him. On the 14th December, she had completed her will, and assigned her property. On the 21st she died. On that day she had partaken of a powder, which Dr. Locock did not remember prescribing; and when Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright—who had left her with the intention of taking a long walk—returned, they found that she was dead. The body was examined; but there was no reason to attribute the death to any other cause than pressure on the brain, which obviously produced it.

Mr. Wainwright was now in a position to demand 18,000*l.*, from the various offices, but the claim was resisted, and being called on to prove an insurable interest, he left England. In 1835, he commenced an action against the Imperial. The reason for resisting payment was the alleged ground of deception; but the counsel went further; and so fearful were the allegations on which he rested his defence, that the jury were almost petrified, and the judge shrunk aghast from the implicated crime. The former separated, unable to agree; while the latter said, a criminal and not a civil court should have been the theatre of such a charge. In the following December,

the company gained a verdict; and as the forgery on the Bank of England had been discovered, Wainwright, afraid of apprehension, remained in France. Here his adventures are unknown. At Bologne, he lived with an English officer; and, while he resided there, his host's life was insured by him in the Pelican for 5000*l*. One premium only was paid, the officer dying in a few months after the insurance was effected. Wainwright then left Bologne, passed through France under a feigned name, was apprehended by the French police; and that fearful poison known as strychnine being found in his possession, he was confined at Paris for six months.

After his release he ventured to London, intending to remain only forty-eight hours. In an hotel near Covent Garden he drew down the blind and fancied himself safe. But for one fatal moment he forgot his habitual craft. A noise in the street startled him; incautiously he went to the window and drew back the blind. At the very moment "a person passing by" caught a glimpse of his countenance, and exclaimed, "That's Wainwright the bank forger." Immediate information

was given to Forrester; he was soon apprehended, and his position became fearful enough. The difficulty which then arose was, whether the insurance offices should prosecute him for attempted fraud, whether the yet more terrible charge in connection with Helen Abercrombie should be opened, or whether advantage should be taken of his forgery on the bank, to procure his expatriation for life. A consultation was held by those interested, the home secretary was apprised of the question, the opinions of the law officers of the crown were taken, and the result was that, under the circumstances, it would be advisable to try him for the forgery only. This plan was carried out, the capital punishment was foregone, and when found guilty he was condemned to transportation for life.

The career of Wainwright is instructive. From the time that he quitted the simple rule of right, he wandered over the world under influences too fearful to detail, and he died in a hospital at Sydney under circumstances too painful to be recapitulated.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## THE COST OF INIQUITY.

It is a fact, in the history of Prussia, that Frederick II. would never have inflicted upon his country the evil of farming out his revenues, had it not been that, while he had them in his own hands, he was cheated so extensively by his subjects. For the same reason, about the same time, the government of the king of Great Britain in Hanover was obliged to adopt the same oppressive measure. If we call to mind the anecdote of a party of Frenchmen trying which could bring the blackest charge against human nature, when Voltaire, commencing with, "There was once a farmer-general," was admitted by common consent to have already carried the day—we may form some idea of the severity of a punishment which consisted in farming out a nation's revenues. But the anecdote is merely a type of a class of trou-

bles which men are continually bringing upon themselves by false doings and appearances.

Why is it that merit has such difficulty in obtaining preferment? False pretension stands in the way. Why is it that a truth is so long in forcing its way amongst mankind? Because it is so difficult to obtain sound evidence in its favor, and distinguish it from the hundreds of falsehoods which are constantly contending with it for notice. We know it as a certain fact of society, that a man may come forward with the design of offering his fellow-creatures some great benefit, and yet he will be received with distrust, and checked at every turn, as if he were a knave aiming at some sordid advantage for himself. And the reason, we can all see, is that selfish aims are so often concealed under a philanthropic guise, that so

ciety is compelled to be upon its guard against even the fairest appearances of benevolence, until time has given a guarantee for their genuineness.

Fictitious literature has no more favorite point than that furnished by the claims of virtuous poverty treated with coldness, and left to neglect. Its heroes, manly but out-at-elbows—its heroines, amiable but outcast—are always turned away from in an unaccountable manner, to the indignation of all readers of sensibility. People living in comfortable cottages are mysteriously addicted to the unchristianlike practice of refusing admission to vagrants, just as the heavens are about to break forth in a snow-storm. Country justices are invariably harsh towards the respectable persons who come in equivocal circumstances before them. These descriptions, we can have no doubt, are a reflection of what passes in actual life—only in actual life there is never any reason for wonder about the causes. Shabby vagrant people, and people who appear in equivocal circumstances and without good credentials, are there so commonly found to be bad, that no one stops to think of possible exceptions. The few good suffer because of the prevalence of iniquity in connection with those appearances. Were there no transgressors of any kind in the world, fiction would be entirely deprived of this important province of its domain; for the wretched, under no suspicion, would then be everywhere received with open arms, succored, and set on their feet again. Even the superintendents of Unions would in that case become genial, kindly men, quite different from the tyrants which they always are in novels; or, rather, there being no longer any human failings, there would be no longer any poverty calling for public aid, and Unions would go out of fashion.

Every one acquainted with business must have occasion to observe how many transactions of hopeful appearance are prevented by the want of confidence. And even where transactions take place, we constantly see that something must be sacrificed, or some inconvenience incurred, in order to guard against possible default. Were there, on the contrary, unlimited confidence between man

and man, no bargain or barter, great or small, tending to mutual advantage and convenience, would ever be prevented; and all such arrangements would be conducted on a footing of the utmost economy. We cannot doubt that the general happiness of society would thus be greatly increased. Even those transcendental blessings which are dreamed of by the votaries of Socialism, what is to prevent their being realized but the one little unfortunate fact, that men are not yet prepared to act upon perfectly upright and unselfish principles? They require to put all their industrial operations into the form of a conflict, rendering themselves at the best good-humored enemies to each other, and entailing frightful misexpenditure of means, simply because no one can entirely trust his fellows. If men were disposed each to do his utmost for the commonwealth, not caring for special benefits to himself, it might quite well be that the enjoyments of all would be increased, and earth rendered only a lower heaven. But how to bring them to this disposition—and how to keep them at it!

As all the losses, inconveniences, drawbacks, shortcomings of expected good, and miserable failures and disappointments experienced in life from these causes, are capable of being viewed in a positive aspect, it does not seem at all unreasonable to speak of them as forming an Iniquity Tax. There is, it may be said, an Excise from the happiness of us all, through the operation of our moral deficiencies and misdoings, although it is not possible to state in any one instance its exact amount. It is very hard that the faithful here suffer for the unfaithful, the wise for the foolish, the sober for the profligate; but that is only accordant with the great law of society—that we are all more or less compromised for each other. The Iniquity Tax may be viewed very much as we view what are called War Taxes. As these are strong reasons for maintaining peace, so is the Iniquity Tax a powerful motive for our doing whatever is in our power to improve the national integrity and advance truthfulness in all things. An improved civilization is an improved economy, with increased blessings for us all.



From the Retrospective Review.

## GILLRAY'S CARICATURES.\*

THE history of the plates engraved by Gillray, as given in the octavo volume thus entitled, is not a little remarkable. For many years, this celebrated artist resided in the house of Mrs. Humphrey, the well known publisher in New Bond Street, and afterwards of St. James's Street, to whom he was under a positive engagement, that all his works should be exclusively her property; this engagement, however,—for the sake of his insatiable desire for drink—he avoided, by selecting new subjects, successfully disguising his usual style and manipulation, and upon such occasions he disposed of his engraved plates to Mr. Fores, of Piccadilly.

Times went not well with Mrs. Humphrey in latter years, and upon the plates that she possessed, she obtained a loan of one thousand guineas; unable to redeem them, an offer of five hundred pounds had been refused,—that offer made by Mr. Bohn. A few years more and Mrs. Humphrey died,—the plates still unredeemed, and her executors, no doubt in ignorance, disposed of them as useless copper. They were, however, saved, thanks to the present publisher, who, by the merest accident, rescued them from destruction, and then procuring whatever else he could, formed the extraordinary collection now before us.

In early life, the father of James Gillray was a soldier, born at Lanark, in Scotland, in 1720; he lost an arm at the battle of Fontenoy; on his return to England he became an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, and for forty years held the office of sexton at the Moravian burying-ground there, where his remains were deposited in 1799.

His son, young Gillray, made his first appearance in this world in the year 1757, and like the illustrious Hogarth, began his career as a letter engraver. It may be presumed,

the monotony of such employment was ill fitted to a temperament like his, for he deserted his employer. He is next heard of as one of a company of strolling players, undergoing various hardships,—such as this course of life invariably entails, and made it even much more precarious at that period than now;—this he quitted, and we find him a student of the Royal Academy,—where he must have pursued his studies with great diligence, for at the age of twenty-seven, many plates had left his burin, of great pictorial effect and freedom,—“resembling,”—says his biographer, “much of the earlier manner of Stothard.” The ‘Village Train,’ and the ‘Deserted Village,’ dated as early as 1784, are not the works of promise, but of maturity in art, exceeding well engraved; and about this time also are his two admirable portraits of William Pitt; he also engraved from Lady Spencer's drawings,—from some caprice,—it might be with the idea of mystifying, or misleading, but he adopted fictitious names, often in his early caricatures using J. S. interlaced—the monogram of Sayer; and he might thus unconsciously have been of great service to Sayer in assisting him to his pension; for Sayer was either liked or feared by Pitt sufficiently to obtain of that minister a pension from the civil list for life.

Although his own caricatures were eagerly sought for, Gillray ceased not his labors in engraving from the works of others, as the large plates of “The Delivery of the Prisoners from the Bastille,” and the Marquis Cornwallis Receiving the Royal Hostages, at Seringapatam (after Northcote), prove; though the latter may be considered the last production of this class. Gillray knew the art of lithography, and exercised it with considerable ability; he could also engrave on wood, of which, specimens like the lithograph of the “Musical Party” are extremely rare; one other power he acquired in an eminent degree—he could draw: a quality most of the engravers of the present day deem needless, and hence their inferiority. Well would it be for the student in the art to remember that the freedom we so value in the works of Sir Robert Strange, Bartolozzi, and of Ven-

\* The Works of JAMES GILLRAY, from the Original Plates, with the addition of many subjects not before collected. Imperial folio. Bohn.

Historical and descriptive account of the Caricatures of JAMES GILLRAY, comprising, a Political and Humorous History of the latter part of the reign of George the Third. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., F. S. A., and R. H. EVANS, Esq. 8vo. Bohn. VOL. XXX. NO. I.

dramini, is the result of this same quality, each having left him brilliant examples of his skill, especially the latter, which seem not of late years to be held at their proper value.

That Gillray possessed poetical feeling as well as delicacy of treatment, we would instance the allegory of "Britannia between Scylla and Charybdis;"—of refined sentiment and exquisite finish, the charming full length portrait of the Duchess of York is evidence enough;—for grandeur of conception, that crowded emblematical panorama, called the "Apotheosis of Hoche,"—is singularly successful; it is neither more nor less than a grand historical picture displaying the horrors of the French Revolution; seated midway on a rainbow, and surrounded by a halo, is the figure of Hoche, playing upon the guillotine, as though it were a lyre; over him and guarded by monsters, are the tables of the commandments perverted—as, *thou shalt steal,—thou shalt commit murder, &c.*; upon the right are thousands of headless beings kneeling before the commandments; on the opposite side are groups, in vast multitudes, bearing copies of blasphemous works, and representing the vices and crimes of the National Assembly; below are plains deserted—cities given to the flames, murder, suicide, duelling, and carnage; while plague, pestilence, fire, and famine are dispersed throughout the picture.

But it is with Gillray, as a caricaturist, we have most to deal; and it is only when compared with all others who ever made it a profession, that we see how infinitely superior he rises above them. It is while wading through a pile of those produced by Sayer, the elder Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others, that we can form a true estimate of Gillray, and a consciousness that he stands alone. It should also be remembered, that under the first three monarchs of the house of Hanover, politics drew into its vortex art as well as literature; the very passion for caricature tended in a great measure to debase art. Although Hogarth believed himself a great historical painter, yet he escaped it not; Gillray, as great as Hogarth, was drawn into it, and he, it may with truth be said, was a great artist thrown away upon politics; nevertheless, it is to that very greatness we owe the high artistic qualities so prominent in all of them. He it was who first gave John Bull personal identity; we trace the old fellow through various forms and phases of character, until he settled down into the jolly top-booted old gentleman we now recognize at once. "There is no species of humor,"

says Washington Irving, "in which the English more excel than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations or nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated not merely individuals, but nations; and in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared even themselves. Thus have they embodied their national oddities in the figure of a corpulent old fellow, with a stout oaken cudgel." True it is, there is scarcely a person in actual existence, more absolutely present to the public mind, than that eccentric personage John Bull, esquire.

One of Gillray's settled objects, and which he prosecuted with great energy, was to render the French revolution and the National Assembly atrocious and disgusting in the eyes of Englishmen, and at the same time to make Napoleon the detestation of the British people; to effect the former purpose, he pictures the sans-culottes as a hideous set of fiends, cooking and gorging upon the bodies of their murdered victims; he illustrates the execution of the French king under the title of *The blood of the murdered crying for vengeance*,—and a fearful picture he makes of it; he gives a state banquet to Dumouriez, with Fox in attendance serving up the decapitated head of Pitt on a salver for the repast. The exquisite care and finish of the plates give additional force and value to such satire. There are four plates also, showing the consequences of a successful French invasion, and in them we find all that an Englishman can love or cherish being destroyed or given to the flames;—the House of Lords dismantled, busts of the regicides made prominent, the throne broken and cast aside, and in the place of it the guillotine, St. Paul's on fire, the king butchered; the queen, ministers, and judges hung at the lamp posts; and in all the invaders rioting in plunder and in murder. No wonder then that the prejudice which such productions were intended to excite should soon communicate itself to the populace.

Anything that could foster a hostile feeling he had recourse to, and thus we find twelve plates of leading politicians, costumed as though they were members of the National Assembly, simply because they dared to sympathize with the French people. No opportunity was neglected to ridicule Napoleon, or to make him figure in a contemptible light; to this end are the whole events of his life grossly exaggerated, and the wars with France and Spain made fertile subjects for the pencil of the satirist. The short peace of 1802, and the war which followed, with

the fear and defiance of the Addington administration, caused a vast number of caricatures to be issued, and these certainly some of the most humorous. *The Destruction of the French Colossus* is an extraordinary conception.

Pitt he first treats as a *Political Fungus*, grafting itself upon the crown, and though he does publicly flog him in the marketplace for increasing the debt and taxation of the country, he afterwards, as if to make amends, produced those beautiful allegories—*Light expelling darkness—Scylla and Charybdis*, and the *Destruction of the Faithful*.

Gillray seems to have allowed himself no respite from lampooning Burke, Sheridan, Priestley, and Fox—the former of whom he designated *Fox's Martyr*, but the latter he travestied into a revolutionist, often into a villanous unshaven assassin, fit only for murder; and the prime mover of what it pleased Gillray to call the seditious meetings at the Crown and Anchor,—always in ecstasy at our reverses, always in grief at our success. When the news arrived of the victory of the Nile, Pitt and Dundas are intoxicated with delight,—and wine; but poor Fox has hung himself in despair. When the king's carriage was attacked, "*Fox and his gang*" are the instigators and the doers,—no employment too vile for them. That the pencil is at times more powerful than the pen or oratory, there can be no question; and Fox felt it. "He acknowledged," says Wright, in his 'England under the House of Hanover,' "that his India bill received its severest blow in public estimation from the caricature of Carlo Khan's Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall Street." In illustration of object teaching, or the force of such squibs, it may be remembered, that until a few months ago, no man ever went to have his hair cut, but the operator was sure to inform him it was "*getting thin on the top*;" at length there came a day, when a sleek-headed member of the comb and scissors, in an unlucky and ill-timed moment, ventured the same suggestion to a choleric old gentleman; at which the said old gentleman, full of indignation, jumps off his chair, exclaiming, "How dare you, sir, make any impertinent remarks upon my personal deficiencies?—thin on the top indeed! if you dare to say another word, sir, I'll thin *your* top for you!" Well, the barber fears to jeopardize his skull, so now we "hear it not."

Gillray was in the zenith of his power while the impeachment of Warren Hastings was pending, and the rapidity with which he

supplied the town with incidents that grew out of the discussion is really astonishing; and, as might be expected, the king, the queen, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, and Thurlow play important parts; the facts and the course pursued are thus briefly stated by Mr. Wright:

"Hastings, who was supported by the whole strength of the East India Company, and who was understood to enjoy the king's favorable opinion in a special degree, had calculated on the support of his ministers, and everybody's astonishment was great when they now saw Pitt turn round and join his enemies. Hastings felt this desertion with great acuteness, and it is said that he never forgave it. Some accounted for it by supposing that Pitt and, more especially, Dundas were jealous of Hastings' personal influence, and feared his rising in court favor; and a variety of other equally discreditable motives were assigned for this extraordinary change. The return of the ex-governor's wife had preceded his own, and Mrs. Hastings was received at court with much favor by Queen Charlotte, who was generally believed to be of a very avaricious disposition, and was popularly charged with having sold her favor for Indian presents. The supposed patronage of the court, and the manner in which it was said to have been obtained, went much further in rendering Hastings an object of popular odium, than all the charges alleged against him by Burke; and they were accordingly made the most of by that class of political agitators who are more immediately employed in influencing the mob. . . . The supporters of the impeachment represented Hastings as another Verres called upon by a modern Cicero (Burke) to answer for his oppressive government of the provinces entrusted to his care. A bold sketch of the orator was published on the 7th of February, 1787—the day on which the proceedings against Hastings were resumed in the House of Commons, under the title of Cicero against Verres. Fox and North are seen behind the eloquent accuser. In 1788, the year of the impeachment, the caricatures on this subject became more numerous. One by Gillray, published 1st of March, under the title of 'Blood on Thunder fording the Red Sea,' represents Hastings carried in safety on the shoulders of Lord Chancellor Thurlow through a sea of blood, strewn with the bodies of mangled Indians."

The volumes are full of evidence to show the advantage taken of this state of affairs, and also show how he labored, like Dr. Wolcott, to bring royalty into contempt, and has constantly portrayed the undignified personal appearance of both George the Third and his queen; he makes them perform the most mean, contemptible, and servile offices for the sake of saving money. By the following extract from the work already quoted, the prevailing opinions will be gathered:—"The ex-

treme frugality of the king and queen in private life, and the meanness which often characterized their dealings, had already become subjects of popular satire, and contrasted strangely with the reckless extravagance of the Prince of Wales. As there was no visible outlet by which so much money could have disappeared, people soon made a variety of surmises to account for King George's heavy expenditure. Some said the money was spent privately in corrupting Englishmen, to pave the way to arbitrary power. Most people believed their monarch was making large savings out of the public money, and hoarding it up either here or at Hanover. It was said that the royal pair were so greedy in the acquisition of money, that they condescended to make a profit by farming, and the royal farmer and his wife figured about rather extensively in prints and songs, in which they are represented as haggling with their tradesmen and cheapening their merchandise. Pictures represent them as visiting the shops at Windsor in person. Such being the popular feeling, the satirists of both pen and pencil certainly fostered it to the uttermost, as the repeated allusions testify. Parsimony and avarice were the favorite themes.

The way the lash was laid upon the princes is certainly something more than would be permitted now-a-days; the Prince of Wales, for instance, without one redeeming point,—ever the associate of gamblers, drunkards, and extravagance,—ever a voluptuary, and the companion of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lady Jersey, Mrs. Robinson, and others; his prodigality ever contrasted with the grasping avarice of his parents, until, at last, we find him soliciting alms, and retiring as the *Prodigal Son*. The Duke of York is little better than a poltroon, with his inglorious return from Flanders,—the Duke of Clarence with his Wouski and Mrs. Jordan. Such prints, however, are not at all consistent with our present notions of decency; and the wonder is, so short a time ago as sixty years since, they could have been exhibited in the windows of the printsellers. The publisher has wisely placed them in a volume by themselves. It is with satires as with old plays, they hit the vice and follies of the times; and if they truly hit, its truth is often that which we deplore. As the man no more retains the feelings that he knew in boyhood, than he retains the form, but changes with his garments; so is it with society, its manners go with costume: we know a certain vice was fashionable with such or such a

dress—for vices have their fashion, be it said—and we can no more, however hard we try, dis sever gambling from patches and from powder, than couple chastity with the costume of Sir Peter Lilly's time.

In a short notice of the life of Gillray prefixed to the explanatory volume, his biographer states, "That Gillray was unfortunately an example of the imprudence that so frequently accompanies genius and great talent. His habits were in the highest degree intemperate." Full fifty years ago, when Gillray wrought, drunkenness and debauchery were the prevailing vices of the period, into which vice Gillray himself fell, notwithstanding his continual delineations of its worst features. Indeed, to such an extent did he carry his carousal, that his mind became a wreck, and insanity usurped the place of reason. To him, to Morland, and a few others of the same time, are we indebted, as far as art is concerned, for the vulgarism—"all men of genius are drunkards." At that period no class in society escaped the prevailing rage: intoxication became the delight and ambition of most. The Fox Club and the six-bottle men are notorious, and "as drunk as a lord" passed into a proverb. But to suppose drunkenness is a necessary attribute to genius, is simply a slander upon the greatest gift the Deity bestows upon mortality. Vulgar and narrow minds up to the present hour will espouse that cause, forgetting, in their limited notions, the bright phalnx of glorious and illustrious names that must rise up in judgment against such falsehood. Great men in some few instances have been drunkards, and that's the easy part of greatness lesser minds could imitate.

The historical and descriptive account by Wright and Evans is of great value, as a key to the folio volume. Compiled with much judgment, it gives a brief and careful summary of the political events for nearly thirty years, with short biographical notices of men who played the most important parts during that memorable and exciting period, as well as a full explanation of every plate. The least that can be said of the plates and the volume to which reference is made, is that they are good historical lessons. It informs us, "Gillray had recently (1792) accompanied Louthembourg the painter into France, to assist in making sketches for his grand picture of the siege of Valenciennes. After their return, the king, who made great pretensions to taste, desired to look at their sketch. He was already prejudiced against Gillray for his political caricatures, and not,



withstanding the rough style in which he had made his spirited sketches of the French officers and soldiers, he threw them down contemptuously, with the more hasty observation, 'I don't understand these caricatures!' while he expressed the greatest admiration at Louthembourg's more finished and intelligible drawings of landscapes and buildings. Gillray, who was mortified at the neglect shown towards himself, and was not at this time pensioned by the court, revenged himself by publishing the picture of the monarch contemplating the features of the great enemy of kings, who was an object of particular abhorrence to George III., and observed, 'I wonder if the royal connoisseur will understand this.' The king is examining Cooper's portrait of Oliver Cromwell; the parsimonious manners of the monarch are satirized in the save-all, by means of which he uses up the last fragment of his candle,—the face of the king is a highly-finished miniature, as, indeed, a vast number of others are; the instance of the candle end is only another instance of Gillray's attention to accessories and allusions which are at all times so expressive and significant. Personal peculiarities and actions never escaped him. No wonder, then, that the king should dislike a man who had used his utmost ability to make the public believe he was an avaricious fool, and who at that very time had rendered the queen little less than odious, by drawing a revolting picture of her in the character of Sin, which had given great offence to the court. We find as a peculiarity but few parodies of other men's pictures throughout his works; he had no need to borrow who knew no poverty of invention.

Whatever was uppermost in the public mind was food for our caricaturist, costume, coalition, or Catholic emancipation, music or ministers, gout or gambling, for which latter offence he places the Ladies Archer and

Buckinghamshire in the pillory, and is unceasing in his onslaught. Judging from his productions, our naval victories afforded him great delight: like many others in the collections, they are not caricatures. The issue of paper money during the administration of Pitt, and the split between Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, are also fertile subjects with him; but every new incident, political or otherwise, seemed to give birth to some new ideas. About this period a caricature was published, illustrative of the encroachments of Russia upon Turkey—as in our own day; England offers her aid, and as it was doubtful what the policy of France would be, a member of the House of Commons is made to ask, "*where's France?*"—this print by some accident found its way into the hands of a small self-sufficient orator in Devon; London papers then were very rare. The custom was upon the Sunday afternoon to meet upon the green before the village inn, and so discuss the little news they had. Our orator began, "Well! so you are going to have more taxes put upon you—that's Pitt's doing, that is—and you may pay them if you like, mind, I sharn't, that's all I've got to tell you, that is. And what's it all for, I'd like to know?—to keep off the French—the war with France!—with France, by the Lord!—with France! *Now d— me if I believe there is such a place!*" This was rather a startling assertion, and so new, besides, that his hearers were what he called "flabbergasted"—they'd "neur thought o'that;" perhaps there wasnt after all—at length one standing by said, "Oh! yes; but there is, though." "Is there?" said our demagogue. "You seem to know a good deal about it, John; *where is it?*" Why, that John "coudent tell;"—so now, out came the new imported print, and the blacksmith was triumphant. There is no such place as France.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

## THE LADY NOVELISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ENDLESS have been the theories which writers in different periods have broached respecting the proper work of women; it is, we believe, generally considered now to be a very tiresome subject. We do not think many men, or women either, doubt the distinctive character of the female mind—that it is not made to do every sort of work that man can or may do, at least not in the same manner; but we cannot help suspecting that the sooner all these nice questions—as questions, as matters of argument, of limitation, rule, and dictation—are dropped, the better. Men are never so near being morally and divinely right as when they content themselves with enjoying and ministering to what is good with no theoretical reference to sex at all; and woman is surely most womanly in the highest sense, most gentle, fervent and sincere, when she is thinking least about the matter.

So with respect to the question of *which* among women should write, and *what* they should write, we have heard and read a large amount of fluent nonsense, as it has appeared to us—such as that wives and mothers may write novels, but single women may not; and that, in short, all women whose position in society is, in the one respect of being unmarried, isolated, should not increase that isolation by such a self-centering thing as authorship of any kind. On these and other similar discussions we have only one remark to make—that they really are very useless; that whenever a woman feels she has something to say which may do good, even to the lower extent of giving pleasure, she will generally find means of saying it, and had much better not be hindered. Mere cessation of authorship, we suspect, will do but little in correcting those tendencies of which authorship is a sign. Let the novel, poem, or essay be written, and let the public criticize it freely. Our conclusion still is that the grandest, wisest, simplest thing man or woman can do is to obey any strong, clear call of duty towards God or man; to express that which has been brought home to the mind in a truthful, un-

exaggerative way, if it be a case in which writing seems the most natural instrument for the conveyance of what they have to say; to hope, humbly but firmly, that a few words of theirs may be the inspirers of deeds—to look indeed upon the smallest self-sacrificing deed as worth more than many books—but still not to disparage any vocation—spoken, written, or acted out.

As a general rule, we do not much wonder that men have come to look with distrust on woman's championship of social questions in the way of argument. They do often, certainly, go beyond the mark. They are apt to bring prominently forward all those mere offsets from the main subject which a sound lawyer or moderately wise man would leave out of the discussion as apt to divert attention from the main point, and put clear logic out of court. And then the bravery of women, allied though it may be to many noble qualities, is against them. When they talk, as sometimes they do, in the most irritating manner of man's cowardice, it ought to be noted how often they themselves provokingly carve out new and hard work for him by their own rashness and one-sidedness. Taking willingly a credit—which men are rather too ready to resign—of being more religious than their brothers or husbands, they do and say more things that put practical religion in jeopardy than those brothers or husbands would ever dream of. In fact, in matters of reasoning, they are really harder upon their friends than their foes, for the magnanimity of woman's nature makes her peculiarly anxious to be generous and candid to antagonists. Hence we often find her more liberal towards works of dangerous tendency than towards those which, having a much securer foundation, are a little straitened and narrow in their outward form.

One cannot but be struck, meanwhile, with the great increase in quantity, and general improvement in the quality, of novels written by women. We are quite aware that every sort of evil may steal into our houses under the guise of an interesting fiction; that broad,

coarse novels of the Fielding and Smollett kind are not what we have to dread, but rather the insidious poison of false sentiment or the novelties of great assumptions, passing unquestioned because of the glare which surrounds them. Nothing, however, of this kind moves us from our belief that novel-writing is quite one of the legitimate occupations of women. They cannot, indeed, fetch up materials from the haunts into which a Dickens or Bulwer may penetrate. They may in vain try to grapple with the more complicated difficulties of many a *man's* position and career; but, as far as they go—and often they can and do go far—they are admirable portrayers of character and situation. They know—there is no denying it—a great deal about men. Brothers, friends, husbands, open to them widely, in many cases, the doors of their hearts. They are allowed to see much of that inner life. They see what is merely small and conventional, but also what is lofty and simple. And then how much is the store of woman's ideas enlarged by the mingling of other literatures with our own! The grave old Roman culture we never wish to see neglected; we feel its value to the mind; but an Englishwoman must now, to some extent, be also European, American, Asiatic, nay Australian. Nor can she shut herself up here at home, except by violence, in the Church-woman's, or the Dissenter's, or the Catholic's circles of thought.

With all these facilities—with the means of high religious and moral cultivation within her reach—with a public ready to read, thankful to be amused—with no more than a fair share of criticism to apprehend—why should not woman write fiction admirably well? Bear witness to a woman's power, most wonderful Consuelo! Stand forward, earnest, inspired, duteous, magnanimous "Uncle Tom," and say what there is, what long-standing system of wickedness, that may not be shaken to its centre by the touch of a woman's hand!

Nor can we agree to stop our ears against the voices of the past. We remember the beauty and deep pathos of Mrs. Inchbald. We remember Jane and Anna Maria Porter, who, when they left ordinary life behind, and treated of characters safely removed from the *then* English public by time and distance, made the prettiest romances about them imaginable. The general strain of Mrs. Opie's novels we are compelled to own was feeble, but she surely worked up some of her scenes with an even *terrible* power, as in "Murder will Out," "The Russian Boy," and the ma-

niac scene in "The Father and Daughter."\* Mrs. Radcliffe, surely, that great dealer in mysteries, was not useless in her day. Admirable indeed is the adaptation from age to age of outward supplies to man's inward wants; admirable the provision, in every period, of material out of which imagination may shape that which is needed to supply the real want of a period; and we should say that in nothing is this shown more strikingly than in the gradual clearing away of the unknown, in proportion as the known world becomes more various, more rich in stirring interests, more likely to stimulate mental enterprise, and strongly to influence the moral energies. Mrs. Radcliffe's material world is gone;

For now where may we find a place  
For any spirit's dream?  
Our steps have been on every soil,  
Our sails on every stream.

In her day, castles and convents, and mighty nobles and wicked monks and abbesses, could be planted in fiction all over Switzerland and Italy; tyrants might be torturing vassals, and women might be buried alive every day, for aught that could be demonstrated to the contrary; and peasants were always dancing on the vine-covered hills. Even nature had a trick or two played with her. It was always full moon in Mrs. Radcliffe's pictures; she never did things by halves. Now we should say that the then living world of England was, on the whole, the better for these things; and that, judging by those novels of the time which portrayed actual English domestic life, it was better that fiction should withdraw men and women out of their own realities, and take its materials from a romantic and comparatively little known world. Clara Reeve, and Mrs. Radcliffe, and the authors of the *Canterbury Tales*, did not merely shun polluting things, but were themselves poetical and elevating.

We are half unwilling to mention Miss Burney, whose talent we allow; yet we must confess that, in spite of applauding Dr. Johnson and plain literal George the Third, we never can read a chapter of *Evelina*, or even *Cecilia*, without disappointment and disrelish.

\* One of those dearly beloved sisters of ours in America, of whom we have recently been hearing so much, *haa*, we find, given death and burial to our bright, kindly, happy friend (never so happy and kindly as now), Mrs. Opie. The spire of her native town's cathedral scarcely carried itself more erectly than she when we saw her last, not so very long ago. May she live on, unaffected by all premature obituary articles, for some peaceful years yet!

The common run of her characters is not merely a local and conventional one, but it seems to us divested of those touches of truth and nature which in the hands of higher writers often dignify what is in itself mean. Her portraits are portraits with little of soul; they are hopelessly low in tone, and deficient in the higher traces of imagination. There are exceptive passages in *Camilla*, though the importation of Johnsonian sentences quenches our dawning pleasure; but the character of Sir Hugh Tyrold, booby as he is, has in it some very beautiful touches.

Time would fail us were we to enter on the religious novels—on *Cœlebs*, and the productions which followed, from the pen of Miss Hawkins, Mrs. Brunton, and several others. In quite another strain, Miss Ferriar had exceeding great merit; and we need not do more than mention the names of Miss Edgeworth and of Jane Austen.

Let us move on to our own times. Here the field is so extensive that our difficulties of selection increase. Only to enumerate the principal female novelists who have been at work for the last twenty or twenty-five years is something startling. In that time we have had at least three or four able novels per annum, not to mention others of respectable promise. We have had Lady Dacre, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Gore, Miss Martineau, Lady Georgina Fullerton, Lady Ponsonby, Mrs. Norton, Miss Mulock, Mrs. Gaskell, Currer Bell, Mrs. S. C. Hall, the authoress of Mrs. Margaret Maitland and of *Adam Græme*, Miss Jewsbury, Miss Kavanagh, and the unknown author of *Rose Douglass*. As English we may not lay claim to Mrs. Stowe—and yet how much of Saxon origin in *Uncle Tom*, and also in the clever novels of Elizabeth Wetherell and her sister!

We could wish, however, that some of our lady writers were not so damagingly rapid and frequent in their gifts. Mrs. Marsh, for instance, most of whose first volumes are generally good, but who is so apt to fail as she proceeds.

May we not venture to add that, as all authors have power over their own works till they are malleable over for good or evil to the trader, they would be doing a good deed if they would inform themselves beforehand of the manner in which their productions are to be sent into the market? It cannot, we are sure, be a matter of indifference to a sensitive woman whether her name is to usher forth a fair or a scanty allowance, in quantity and quality, in proportion to price. It must surely be painful to her if she knows that the

eyes of readers are angrily wandering over a wide margin, a straggling mode of printing, and those other devices of which the public is often made to complain, while remarkable and very pleasing contrasts are occasionally exhibited. Not wishing to make any invidious remarks on what we dislike, we will only give one instance of what we think commendable generosity to the public, in a tale entitled "*The Heir of Redclyffe*," recently published in two volumes. We are not now noticing its literary ability, and are quite uninstructed as to its authorship, whether male or female—it would do honor to any pen; but also it deserves to be singled out for its generous allowance of matter—it contains as much as four volumes of our ordinary novels, furnished at less than half the price.

Every one knows that the last glowing summer inspired several of our best lady novelists to write, and that we, in the past winter and present spring, have been profiting by their labors. Among the rest we should have liked to read the name of the authoress of "*Deerbrook*;" for though Miss Martineau wanders widely (too widely) abroad, we know that she loves and appreciates fiction, and we feel the great, though somewhat peculiar, merit of what she has accomplished in that department. Looking in vain for her, however, we must thankfully (though not unquestioningly) receive what has been given us by others.

The authoress of *Jane Eyre*, of *Shirley*, and now of *Vilette*, stands in our minds very much where she did. She may have become a little more cautious—she does not so deeply offend—but we cannot with truth say that we think her tone higher. She does not rise, as we hoped she would; she is as fresh, as suggestive, as full of originality as ever—and an original book is rare enough in these days to be highly prized. There are parts of *Shirley*, the least popular of her works, which show that she has more feminine perception of character than either *Jane Eyre* or *Vilette* betokens. Nevertheless, in *Shirley*, even more than in the others, the predominant impression is that it is unwomanly. Can the authoress live among wives and mothers?

Miss Mulock also has appeared again. Of her no complaint can be made similar to that we have just uttered; all she writes is not merely pure, but purifying. We do not think she is possessed of the talent of Currer Bell, but she is a beautiful, engaging, elevating writer. Her first novel, "*The Ogilvies*," did not, we think, promise very much; but in "*Olive*" there are noble scenes and exquisite



touches. In the whole range of our fiction, nothing seems to us more beautiful than the picture of the artist and his unselfish, devoted sister, or of the improving, gentle Mrs. Rothesay, in this book; and in "The Head of the Family," Ninian Greame and his Lindsay, their guardian care of the young family committed to their charge, the contrasts in their position, as, one by one, their pleasures and cares are withdrawn, are surely delightful pictures. Miss Mulock errs, however, we think, in dealing too much and too long in secret loves and needless restraints. She makes deep and silent attachment too much the burden of her song; and this is the more curious, as she deprecates the false morality thus induced, in "The Ogilvies." A novelist should take care not to remind the reader too often how soon and pleasantly a tale *might* come to an end, but for these foolish scruples and overstrained sacrifices on the part of the heroes and heroines. In "Agatha's Husband," the scrupulous concealments of moneyed difficulties by a husband from his wife, have the effect, we think, of almost destroying the interest of both characters.

There are two or three other novels of last year, written by women, of which, had we time, we should like to say something. The American ladies, in particular, are coming out delightfully in this department; for instance, "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," and "Glen Luna," are promising books. The most striking of our English female novels seems to us, however, to be "Ruth," by the authoress of "Mary Barton."

It is impossible to deny that many good people are aggrieved by "Ruth." There is no disguising that a girl who has taken her place among the fallen is finally raised to the level of a real and most exemplary heroine. This is the fact lying at the foundation of the novel. By what management can this have been made bearable to strict and severe readers?

By no *management* at all, we should say. It must, we think, be allowed to every woman, be she novelist, or simply wife, mother, and housekeeper, to have formed some sort of opinion on cases of this kind which may have come before her; cases in which she may have witnessed various shades of better feeling—have known of more or less extenuating circumstances—have been more or less convinced of the evil consequences of unmitigated exclusion and severity. Now, if one who has received a strong impression on

these points be, like Mrs. Gaskell, prompt to clothe her thoughts in language, to tell out her feelings (because nothing seems to her so directly to the purpose) in the form of a *tale*, she does no more than give simple utterance to her own aspect of a truth—she does not exclude other views, other sides of a question—she merely presents one real living picture, which she justly thinks the world, in its great purity and wisdom, may, if it is true to nature, be the better for knowing. A strong conviction of the evil of putting aside the once frail, as beings who can scarcely be named without danger of contamination—a certainty that this swells the number of sinners, and tends to corrupt society more and more—is the one idea present to her mind, and under it she writes. That some, and those among very true lovers of their kind—very excellent, admirable people, by no means overstrained in their general views of moral questions—should recoil from both the subject and Mrs. Gaskell's way of treating it, does not surprise us; but we think their views somewhat narrow and oppressive.

There is another part of the subject which is very painful: from it, however, we may not shrink; and, happily, there are good and strong men who allow the injustice of merely punishing the delinquents of one sex, however repentant, however desirous of return, with perpetual exclusion—while not the betrayer only, but the actual deserter of the betrayed woman is scarcely less welcomed by society *after* than *before* his offence. Here again then Mrs. Gaskell has strongly felt a deep and painful truth, and has written under its influence.

This is the sum of the whole: the tale tells by implication the author's views of the evil of closing summarily the doors of mercy and hope; it points out the danger of driving merciful people into falsehoods, and, at the same time, the author shows, with all her might, the short-sighted, confusing, evil nature of all such expedients—how they detract from the merit of a generous act, and by fixing the censor's eye upon the *means*, steal away for a time sympathy with the *end*. As for the execution of the work, nothing really can be more beautiful. Mrs. Gaskell's language is the perfection of easy, simple, womanly grace; her wit is irresistible. Nevertheless, we do not think her always alike successful in the management of the story. We think that it would have been more true to paint Ruth as both more alive and less simple. She ought not to have gone astray from stupidity or from fear, but with all her poetic

love of beauty should have been less passive, more enkindled—more of the woman, in short; ensnared from within as well as from without, though still possessed of a young heart's delicacy. At the same time we are far from inaisible to Mrs. Gaskell's difficulty. Had Ruth erred from passion rather than from ignorance, scenes must have been constructed in accordance with that view, and then we should have had the usual objectionable draggings through dangerous mazes of sentiment and suffering, which a pure writer would of course much prefer shunning altogether.

Passing to the more lengthy process of poor Ruth's misery and recovery, if we were asked to point out that part of the succeeding narrative which we could decidedly wish had been otherwise framed, it would be the continuance of the deception on Ruth's part, after the scene on the sea-shore, in which her seducer reappears. From this moment must be dated her own independent mental and moral efforts; till then she has been a passive instrument in the Bensons' hands, but now a new life is breathed into her. She herself resists temptation—she herself from this time takes her destiny into her own hands; and growing out, then and there, with that new existence, should have been born, we think, an abhorrence of the lie, and a determination to have the truth known at all cost. How the story might have been told it is not for us to say; we have faith in the authoress, in her rich resources and dramatic powers, and believe she would have wrought out her conclusions with triumphant power; as it is, though nothing can be more masterly than the scene on the actual discovery of the deception, the character of Ruth is not raised as it might have been if the disclosure had been voluntary. She bears the treatment she receives nobly; but one cannot forget that it is a compulsory endurance, however accepted and improved.

It is impossible to notice all the opposing opinions we have heard and read on other parts of the narrative—we shall merely advert to one. It has been gravely said that Ruth should not have rejected her seducer's late and desperate offer of marriage. From that opinion we give our unqualified dissent; no *such* woman, we think, could ever have accompanied *such* a man to the altar, there to plight her solemn vows before God and man.

Much exception has been taken to the characters of both Benson and Bradshaw. We have little sympathy in the ordinary objec-

tions made to either of them. They are fine studies, and deserve most careful examination. Thurston Benson is a man of whom many good people say that it is nearly impossible such a one could have been a party once on others have early been nourished in to deceit. They cannot surely have taken into account all the antecedents. He appears at no part of his career to have been a strong, well-exercised man. With a weak, ailing frame, habits of dependence, and a studious, contemplative, poetical turn of mind has been fed by his way of life; of the kindest possible nature, the sterner parts of religion do not lay hold on him; mercy and tenderness are all his thought. The harshness he has both witnessed and experienced in Mr. Bradshaw, the great man of his mighty small world, yet further drives him to the side of loving-kindness. Then, as a minister, let his real position be fairly stated. Mr. Benson conducts the worship of a dissenting congregation, and is looked upon with respect and regard; but, as is generally more or less the case among such congregations, with great familiarity and considerable contempt for his judgment in worldly matters. He is not, except by the already civilized and softened, a man to stand in holy awe of. He is far more what we might call a class-leader, than an appointed, ordained minister of God's word. Such a man, so placed, if he has extraordinary gifts, may awaken a wide and strong interest; his people may be proud of him. He is *their* minister—their Mr. Benson. But, take an ordinary, average case; suppose too that ill health both lessens his chance of a change, and sheds languor over the frame; this minister will grow passive, and get into the habit of being tutored. Portions of his independence will be lost—particularly sister or wife will be infected with the fear of espionage, and this will reflect on himself. He grows nervous and cowardly; not probably in the matter of preaching and proclaiming his religious views, for *there* the perpetual habit of acquaintance with his Bible, the service to which he is vowed, the immediate end of his life—will keep him awake and alive, and we do not think his error would be that of faithlessness to his convictions. On the contrary, were you to test love of truth by some kinds of trial, to place before him a false object of worship, a creed which his conscience disowns—though martyrdom were on one side and every worldly advantage on the other—you would find him firm and upright. But should he meet with a

very singular call for the exercise of his benevolence, and thereupon the image of his congregational leader arise also clothed in its stern terrors, what will be in all probability his course? In many cases, in *most* in which the character has been what we have portrayed, we suspect that the result would be that which Mrs. Gaskell depicts. Not inevitably, of course; there are strong and patient men who would have dashed away the temptation in a moment. There are men who would instantly have felt that "God does not need our sinful acts," who would have taken the poor, suffering, fallen thing by the hand, and given her shelter and aid without the smallest sacrifice of truth. But they would have been the exceptions, and it behoves us to say that their venture would have been tremendous, their faith very rare. Take the case of Ruth. Benson was risking all upon a hope. He had never known her previous to her fall. Position, friendship, pecuniary means, were all to be thrown up for the possibility of doing good to an unknown and erring creature. Another suggestion would come—"If the secret remains my own, on *my* head will all the risk fall; if Ruth proves unworthy, *my* trusting heart only will feel the pain of disappointment." Moralists! mortal men and women! which among you will "throw the first stone" at this failing man?

But is Benson's error varnished over in Mrs. Gaskell's story? Surely not so. To say nothing of the augmented troubles and tangles which arise out of the false position in which he has placed himself and Ruth, the evil is shown most strongly by the second and far more inexcusable transaction into which he is led. This, too, alas! is sadly life-like; and here the power of the narrator is not more marked than the depth of her moral feeling. It is a noble thing to carry the sympathies of the reader from the winning, attractive Benson to the unamiable and repulsive Bradshaw, simply through the force of right and truth—and this she has done most triumphantly. Who is there that does not feel Bradshaw's indignation to be on the whole righteous? Who, building up in his own mind the image of such a man, does not regard the wrong done him by Benson as a cruel and a cowardly deceit? The power of exercising his own judgment on a matter when its exercise was peculiarly his pride and delight, to be thus clandestinely taken from him, was an injury which writes itself upon our minds more strongly than any

burst of passion, however coarse, and however unjustifiable when applied to Ruth herself.

Our readers will see that, deeply as we admire this beautiful work, we do not think it faultless, and are by no means inclined to underrate the amount of difficulty and disapprobation which must adhere to any such attempt as Mrs. Gaskell's. Nevertheless, we reiterate our opinion that often where it has been censured it has been least understood. We think it a beautiful poem, full of lovely lights and refreshing shades, ministering to the best part of our nature, rising into the region of our highest contemplations. Whether it has done or will do good—whether any actors on this strange, complicated stage of life will be stimulated to look into cases of departure from the strict path of virtue, with a view to arrest the downward course—whether (still better and more promising course) they will be led to study the causes which most directly lead to vice, with a view to their removal, we cannot and probably never shall know. That it is not an ill-timed work, at least, we believe. At this day there is a strong prevailing disposition put forth, not before it was needed, to look after our outcasts of all sorts, trusting that the ninety and nine will hold their safe ground meanwhile. Something there may be of sentimentality, something of the love of excitement, in this; but let no one neglect or throw contempt on the impulse which leads the higher classes—high whether in the social or the moral scale—to communicate freely with the lower. It is not as flatterers of the people that we say this, and heartily agree in the opinion of those who think that our literature and our morals require more and more for their basis a sound increasing knowledge and sympathy between all orders of men. Mutual comprehension—mutual understanding of each other, how inestimable a privilege it is! This is what woman can especially forward; and those other ministers of the people—our physicians, watching over their bodily health—our clergymen, laboring after their spirituals—how much may they do to promote this great object of mutual good understanding! Scarcely less important is the novelist's part. Of all men, the novelist should not divide, but unite. We have recently had a very beautiful example of the harmonizing process, and few things, we think, can be more profoundly just and conciliatory than some of the truths put by the author of "My Novel" into the mouths by his practi-

cal squires and time-taught philosophers. Well has it been said by a charming writer and wise thinker of our day, "Every great poet (or novelist) is a 'double-natured man.' He is not one-sided; can see the truth which lies at the root of error; can blame evil, without hysterically raving against every doer of it; distinguishes between frailty and villany; judges leniently, because by sympathy he can look on faults as they appear to those who committed them—judges justly, because, so far as he is an artist, he can regard the feeling with which he sympathizes from without; in a double way realizing it, but not surren-

dered to it."\* Be such forever the spirit of our English fictions! Vivid, life-like, yet large and humanizing; while, on the other hand, a more execrable aim can hardly be than his who calls up the spirits of discontent, insubordination, and revenge, while affecting to recreate the tired mind. But we cannot enter upon this chapter of perversions. From all participation in such may Heaven keep women, and especially the women of England!

\* Rev. F. W. Robertson, *Influences of Poetry*; Two lectures delivered at Brighton. Hamilton and Adams.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE principal issues of the Press, at home and abroad, are noticed in the following list, with indications of the opinions pronounced of them by the leading literary journals:

Mr. Ruskin's new volume of the *Stones of Venice*, entitled the *Sea Stories*, elicits general praise. The *Literary Gazette* says: "It is not often, in these days of rapid action and superficial thought, that we are called upon to notice books which embody the fruits of such long and earnest study as those of Mr. Ruskin. He writes at all times with the force of earnest conviction, and the ardor of a strong but tempered imagination gives dignity and relief to a style of unusual richness and brilliancy. In the volume before us we have the results of years of deep and passionate study of Venice, with all its marvels in history, in architecture, and in art, on which the author's mind has brooded until all the past has become vivified anew, and the stones of the wondrous City of the Sea have become eloquent of the master minds under whose direction they rose out of the plashing waters of the Adriatic. His descriptions are the perfection of word painting, and there is this additional charm in them, that the intellect and heart are sure to be gratified, as we follow them, by profound thoughts and noble veins of sentiment." The *Spectator* thinks that "Mr. Ruskin, by this second instalment of his important labors, adds to his reputation as a vigorous and original critic, a high-toned man, and a writer of the first order. His exposition continues lucid, his eloquence earnest and dignified, his description pictorial and highly wrought." The *Athenæum*, on the other hand, pronounces it,—"As a rhapsody, it is charming,—though as a piece of reasonable teaching, it is anything rather than impeccable."

Classic and Historic Portraits. By James Bruce. 2 vols. "Instead of meeting," says the *Athenæum*,

"with a mere catalogue, filled with the well-known names and well-worn anecdotes, yet wanting in color, novelty, and interest, we find in these pages the liberal outpourings of a ripe scholarship, the results of wide and various reading, given in a style and manner at once pleasant, gossiping, and picturesque. Mr. Bruce does not appear to be the man to tell old stories, or take respectable traditions on trust. On almost every subject he contrives to say something new,—to bring in fresh illustrations, or to correct some ancient error."

Mount Lebanon. A Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852. By Colonel Churchill, Staff Officer on the British Expedition to Syria. The *Literary Gazette* esteems this "the fullest and best account that has yet appeared of the mountain district of Lebanon."

Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski. By Lieut. W. H. Hooper. The Tuski are a tribe of people inhabiting the north-eastern corner of Asia, bordering Behring's Straits, and Lieut. Hooper was an officer of the *Plover*, sent out in 1847 to join the *Herald*, in an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. Having reached Behring's Strait without meeting its intended consort, the *Plover* wintered in Emma Harbor, at the southern extremity of this comparatively new land, and ten months were spent in feasting, dwelling, trading, and sledging among its sociable and interesting natives. They are located principally along the coast line in tents of walrus skin, and penetrate into the interior only so far as may be gained by an occasional dog or deer-sledge excursion. The book, though not without literary defects, is readable and instructive.

Recollections of a Three Years' Residence in China; including Peregrinations in Spain, Morocco, Egypt, India, Australia, and New Zealand. By W. Tyrone Power. This, the *Athenæum* pro-



nounces "one of the most lively and entertaining books of travel which has lately appeared. Mr. Power is in the Commissariat Department, and in his varied scenes of service he has made observations which he now records for the instruction and amusement of the public."

Thackeray's *Humorists* attracts general attention, the papers speaking well of it. The *Literary Gazette*, however, thinks it not up to the measure of the subject, or the author's powers.

The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its own Liege Subjects, By F. W. Newman. As in everything that comes from Prof. Newman's pen, there are earnestness of tone, weight of reflection, and knowledge of the subject on every page of this terrible little volume. Dynastic stories are seldom such as the minds of moral, moderate men can linger on with pleasure:—Tudors and Stuarts, Bourbons and Bonapartes, Hohenstaufens and Romanoffs, all the regal families of the modern world, have, each in turn, furnished their full share of crime, intrigue, and treason to the archives of human history. Prof. Newman sees this clearly:—"All great empires," he admits, "have been born in crime." But he believes that in "the lowest depths" there is a deeper still,—that among great offenders against civilization there is a greatest; and he goes, in successive chapters, over the tale of Hapsburg rule in Castile—in Valencia and Aragon—in Bohemia—in Protestant Germany—in the Hereditary States of Austria—in the Netherlands—in Belgium—in its dealings with the Protestants and Moors of Spain—in Austrian Poland—in Hungary—in Servia and Croatia—in Austrian Italy, and in Sicily,—showing in a few pregnant words, fortified by references of good authority, what history has to plead at its calm and impartial bar against the good faith of this imperial race.—*Athenæum*.

Essays on Various Subjects. By Cardinal Wiseman. After noticing the polemical character of this volume,—made up of contributions to the *Dublin Review*,—the reviewer in the *Athenæum* thus speaks of its literary merits: "Of the literary merits of these volumes we must, with all our dissent from much that the author esteems more essential than their literary merits, speak very highly. They display a mind naturally powerful, trained to a subtle and laborious use of itself, stored with very various learning, and cultured to a high degree of taste and refinement. There is much striking thought in the volumes, much rare and exact scholarship, much eloquent and beautiful writing, and much ingenious and pungent criticism. It must be allowed, too, that, with all his severity as a controversialist, the author maintains the courtesy of high literary breeding. On the whole, on the evidence of these volumes we should pronounce Cardinal Wiseman to be a man of powerful, masculine mind, great learning, fine culture, and strong consistent purpose,—but wanting in the crowning element of 'genius,' which places a man among the first-rate. Even in the department of speculation he is inferior to some other writers, with whom, in certain respects, he may be very fitly compared. He always thinks strongly:—but he makes no deep incisions, penetrating to the marrow of what is under discussion,—and there is always a very obvious limit to the range of his generalizations."

The Story of Mont Blanc. By Albert Smith.

This is called by the *Examiner* as "sincere and pleasant a little book as we have lately looked into; and it will not surprise us if its popularity keep pace with that of the Exhibition to which it may be called a supplement. The style is unaffected, the matter is neatly brought together and arranged, and the impression produced is that of a subject treated by one who knows it well, and to whom the treatment of it has been a delight,—not a task."

Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr. Henry Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich. By his daughter, Mrs. Thistlethwayte. The *Literary Gazette* prefaces its review of this work by the following estimate of the subject of it: "Few English bishops of modern times have left a name more justly and more universally respected than Dr. Henry Bathurst of Norwich. Joseph John Gurney, a man of kindred spirit, thus spoke of his venerable friend and neighbor a few days before his death: 'I cannot well express the warm regard and affection I feel for him. His liberality and absence of prejudice were noble, and his Christian courtesy delightful.' Such was the impression made by Dr. Bathurst's character on all with whom he came in contact. Those who least liked him had no fault to find but one, which leaned to virtue's side, and which in a bishop of the last generation could not fail to be conspicuous."

Mr. Thomas Lynch, whose "Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student," attracted much attention some time since, has published a course of lectures on various literary subjects, delivered at the Royal Institution, Manchester, under the title of *Essays on some of the Forms of Literature*. The titles of the lectures are—1. Poetry; its sources and influences. 2. Biography, autobiography, and history. 3. Fictions and imaginative prose. 4. Criticism, and writings of the day. There is much ingenious and philosophical thought, united with good and genial feeling, in Mr. Lynch's essays.

The Evangelist of the Desert: a Life of Claude Brousson, from Original and Authentic Records. By H. S. Baynes. The Claude Brousson whose story is here told was an advocate of the provincial Parliament of Toulouse, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth; subsequently, he became a preacher of the Reformed Church of France, and ultimately a martyr to the doctrines which he had embraced. The biography is carefully and ably executed. Mr. Baynes has had access to manuscript and other documents of great rarity for the purposes of his work, and he has written the life of Brousson with earnestness of feeling. The two volumes, sequent in subject as they are in appearance, constitute a trustworthy and popular guide for the English reader to the secret annals of the Protestant Church in France:—one of the most romantic, and at the same time most neglected episodes in European history.

Celebrated Jesuits. By the Rev. W. H. Rule. "Mr. Rule has produced in these two volumes," says the *Athenæum*, "a popular and acceptable contribution to the library of Jesuit story. The work contains six biographies,—those of St. Francis Xavier, Diego Laynez, Henry Garnett, Cardinal Bellarmine, John Adam Schall (the famous Tam-yo-vam), and Gabriel Gruber. Much of the ground

here trodden is little worn. With the exception of Xavier, Bellarmine, and perhaps Garnett, little is popularly known in England of these men or their doings. The story of Schall and his astronomical mission in China is extremely interesting:—and we do not remember any other account of him accessible to English readers. But the chief interest for present readers will be found in the last chapter, headed 'Gabriel Gruber.' There is, to most men, a mystery in this secret existence of the order, which Mr. Rule's account of 'Gabriel Gruber,' the visible providence of the 'institution,' will help very materially to dispel."

Select Letters and Remains of the late Rev. W. H. Hewitson. Edited by the Rev. John Baillie, of Linlithgow. A memoir of Mr. Hewitson was recently published by his friend, Mr. Baillie, to which these volumes are supplementary. They contain selections from his correspondence, and from his manuscript papers. The selections from the sermons and the theological notes, and the fragments and aphorisms, are very interesting and profitable reading, and sustain fully the high impression of the acuteness and learning as well as the piety of the author, as derived from the memoir of his life.

Indications of the Creator; or, the Natural Evidences of Final Cause. By George Taylor. Originally published by C. SCRIBNER, New York. The *Athenæum* calls it "the best American book on the evidences of natural religion with which we are acquainted. With science in its various departments the author shows himself familiar, and he makes judicious application of his knowledge to the illustration of theology. The work is divided into five parts, in which the Nebular Hypothesis, Astronomy, Geology, Comparative Physiology, and Physical Geography, are severally treated. On geology he enters into most details, and gives a very interesting and instructive review of its principles and discoveries in connection with the evidences of design, and in illustration of the divine attributes of power, wisdom, and goodness. It is a well-argued and well-written treatise, equally to be commended for its scientific information and its literary style."

Mr. Everett's Address, delivered before the New York Historical Society, with an introduction by the Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, has been published in London, and it is thought by the *Critic* to give "a graphic sketch of the leading points of American progress from the earliest times to the recent European immigration.

A little treatise on The Body, Mind and Spirit; or, the Life of Nature, of Reason, and of Heaven, describes human life in its physical, intellectual, and spiritual relations. The style is somewhat mystical, but there are curious facts and ingenious and intelligent reflections and remarks in the work.

Of the celebrated Confessions of an English Opium Eater, a new edition appears. We have read the book over again with undiminished zest, and feel how great must be the attractiveness of the style and subject to those who listen for the first time to Mr. De Quincey's strangely interesting confessions.

An Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question has been republished, in which Mr. Thomas Carlyle utters some characteristic extravagances on the subject of slavery. The *Literary Gazette* thinks it "difficult to make out whether shrewdness or absurdity most marks the discourse. Amidst what in the author's own words may be called 'dark, extensive moon-calves, unnameable abortions, and wide-coiled monstrosities,' there occur some striking and sensible remarks, well formed and forcibly expressed thoughts and sentiments."

History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes down to our own days. By M. Ch. Weiss. 2 vols. This important work is reviewed at length in *Blackwood*. The *British Quarterly Review* says of it: "Among the works which have been issued, owing to the revived interest felt for their religion by the Protestants of France, this, by Mr. Weiss, may be reckoned among the most important and the most interesting. Indeed, these volumes are full of instruction, and frequently possess a dramatic interest. The author traces the men whom the bigotry of Louis XIV. and his courtisans drove from their hearths, and their native land, into the several places of their exile, and describes the establishment of their colonies in Germany, in England, in Holland, in Switzerland, in America, and even in Denmark, Sweden, and Russia; speaking of the edicts of the governments of those countries in their favor, the services which they rendered to the nations by whom they were welcomed, as much in relation to politics as to agriculture, industry, commerce, literature, and religion; and showing the extent to which they contributed to the greatness, the riches, and the liberties of those lands; and, finally, their successive fusion with the natives, as well as the actual condition of their descendants."

Our countryman, Dr. Coleman's work, *Ancient Christianity Exemplified in the Private, Domestic, Social, and Civil Life of the Primitive Christians*, is warmly recommended by the *British Quarterly Review*. It says: "Our brethren of the United States have profited more by German industry and learning than we Englishmen. We have men among us who get reputation by using up materials collected by the toil of our German neighbors, but the class is more limited with us than on the other side the Atlantic. Mr. Coleman has gone to the best sources of information, and produced a work alike instructive and reliable, relating to a subject with which every intelligent Christian, and especially students for the ministry, ought to make themselves familiar. Besides treating of all subjects which ordinarily enter into the general class of Christian antiquities, this volume contains an account of the rites of the Armenian Church, also a sketch of the Nestorian Church, and a chapter on the Sacred Seasons of the New England Puritans, together with a detailed index of authorities, and index of councils, a chronological index, and a general index; the whole forming a complete and very useful book."

The Maid of Florence; or, Niccolò de' Lapi. By the Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio. Translated from the Italian by W. Felgate, M. A. This historical romance is worthy of the reputation of the enlightened and accomplished statesman by whom it is written. Our only fear is that the work is too

philosophical to be popular. With historical incidents are mingled profound reflections and political comments, which ordinary novel readers will only consider hindrances to the development of the story, and to the flow of the narrative. But for intelligent and educated readers few books of fiction of such a kind are provided, and they will value the work accordingly. The story is one of the time of the famous siege of Florence, when the city defended itself, unaided, against the arms of Clement VII. and Charles V. The Emperor, to give effect to the treaty of Barcelona, concluded with the Pope, wished the Florentines to submit to the Medici. Niccolò de' Lapi, the father of the Maid of Florence, the son of a citizen who had died in exile, had from infancy conceived a hatred against the Medici, and the party of the Palleschi. Having returned to Florence, and obtained immense wealth, he was one of the chief defences of the city. Round the family of Niccolò the principal events and characters of the siege are grouped.

New Novel of Political Life, entitled "Charles Delmer," by a distinguished writer, is pronounced by the *Spectator* to be "a remarkable book, exhibiting a wide acquaintance with the biography and personal traits of public men, the result of considerable thought on parties and politics. Disraeli figures favorably as Jacobi. Lord Palmerston, who is admirably drawn as Lord Tiverton, Graham, rather harshly painted, as Sir John Everard Grimstone. Peel is not disguised at all, and Lord John Russell scarcely."

Correspondence of the American Revolution. Edited by Jared Sparks. 4 vols. The twelve volumes of the Washington Letters are necessarily incomplete without the letters which replied to the questions asked, or to which they were themselves replies. Hence these volumes. We do not see that Mr. Sparks, once committed to his task, had any choice in the matter; but neither can it be denied that the result is somewhat formidable. Sixteen ponderous volumes of ponderous letters—each volume containing about five hundred and fifty pages—are enough to alarm even a lover of big books. The *Athenæum* says of this work: "A correspondence so extensive, were it as luminous as it is voluminous, could scarcely hope to obtain a large popular acceptance. Still it was a useful thing—a necessary thing in its way—to gather at the present time, while papers are in existence, all the documentary and authentic memorials of the War of Independence. The days of Washington were the heroic times of America. Washington himself is the hero of a great continent:—a hero, all of whose proportions are noble, and whose figure grows in the love and reverence of mankind with every passing year. With the sole exception of Napoleon, he is the most conspicuous personage in modern history:—and he has the vast advantage over his Italian rival in fame, that his genius was essentially moral, so that he could rule himself as well as he could sway the mind and direct the energies of his countrymen. Of such a man the memorials are infinitely precious. They concern not only the country which he served by his genius, but the world to which he left the example of his moderation and his virtues."

## ITEMS.

Sir Henry Ellis and Mr. Panizzi have made their

customary annual Return to Parliament about the Library of the British Museum. The estimated number of volumes now in the Library is 510,110. Mr. Panizzi's New General or Supplementary Catalogue (of which only three copies exist, and those in MS.) has run to 305 volumes!—containing, it is estimated, the titles of 135,000 volumes of printed books.

Mr. Hugh Miller, the Geologist, in a leading article in the *Witness* newspaper, of which he is editor, has written an able and ingenious reply to Mr. Macaulay's assertion, in his late Indian speech, of the superiority of distinguished university men for the practical affairs of life. The instances adduced by Mr. Miller, if they do not refute Mr. Macaulay's statements, at least show how much may be said on the other side of the question. "Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School,—John, ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Baillie John, of Hunter Square, Edinburgh; and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the Universe." "Oliver Cromwell got but indifferently through college; John Churchill spelt but badly, even after he had beaten all the most accomplished soldiers of France; and Arthur Wellesley was but an uninformed and vacant young lad for some time after acquiring his first commission." In literature, besides Scott, the instances of Goldsmith, Cowper, Dryden, Swift, Chalmers, Johnson, and others, are cited, to show that excellence is often attained after the absence of precocity. Mr. Miller's own case is one in point, where highest scientific and literary eminence has been gained without juvenile scholastic distinctions. Mr. Macaulay's rhetorical paradoxes must, therefore, be received with great mistrust.

Thackeray has a new serial in preparation.

Mr. Samuel Warren's works will shortly be republished in a cheap form, in weekly and monthly parts, commencing with the *Diary of a Physician*.

Mr. Prosper Merimée has been named by the French Emperor a member of the Senate. This nomination gives him a salary of £1200 a year. M. Merimée is favorably known in modern literature.

His Majesty the King of Hanover has conferred on Mr. S. W. Fullom, the author of *The Marvels of Science*, and their Testimony to Holy Writ, the Hanoverian medal of the Arts and Sciences, to mark his approbation of that work.—It is not generally known that the King of Hanover exhibited powers as an author which might have enabled him to attain distinguished eminence in literature, had not the ordinary and most urgent motives for their exertions been neutralized or excluded by his exalted rank. In 1839 his Majesty, then Crown Prince, published anonymously at Hanover, a little work in German, entitled, *Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Music* (Ideas and Reflections on the Properties of Music), which was reviewed in the *Quarterly Review* for September, 1840, in an article beginning thus: "This little work is the well known, although not openly avowed, production of Prince George of Hanover; and it is with unfeigned pleasure that we refer to it, as incontestably establishing his claim to rank as the most accomplished amongst contemporary scions of royalty."

The Great Industrial Exhibition is making the

tour of the world. The *Frankfort Journal* states, that the Bavarian Government has resolved on the erection of an edifice, on the model of the Hyde Park Palace, for the Zolverein exhibition,—at a cost of 300,000 florins.

It is the intention of the Prussian Government to hold next year in Berlin a general Exhibition of the Arts of Germany. The plan is, to assemble the most remarkable works and products which have appeared within the last five and twenty years, a period which goes back to the revival of German art. The various German States will shortly be invited to co-operate.

From a return just issued it appears that there were eleven pensions granted between the 20th of June, 1852, and the 20th of June last, charged upon the civil list, amounting to £1200. To John Russell Hind, the astronomer, £200; Gideon Algernon Mantell, the geologist, £100; Caroline Southey (widow of the late poet laureat), £200; Nancy Taylor, (widow of Colonel Taylor, killed at Sobraon), £100; Francis Ronalds, for discoveries in electricity, &c., £75; Charles Richardson, author, £75; Louisa Stuart Costello, authoress, £75; Jane Pugin, wife of R. W. Pugin, architect, £100; Elizabeth Hester Colby, wife of Major-General Colby, £100; Wm. Jerdan, "in consideration of his services to literature for many years, and his distressed circumstances at an advanced period of life, £100;" and Elizabeth M. Dunbar, widow of the late Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, £75, and her three daughters, for the survivors or survivor of them.

A tribute has been rendered to the memory of Dr. Mantell, in a memoir read by a Member of the Council of the Clapham Athenæum, in the welfare of which institution, Dr. Mantell took an active interest. An obituary notice, written in the '*American Journal of Science*,' by Professor Silliman, is appended to the Clapham memorial, the whole presenting a flattering and agreeable portrait of Dr. Mantell's personal and scientific character.

MR. CHARLES BLOOMFIELD, eldest son of the author of '*The Farmer's Boy*,' died on the 26th inst. in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was formerly connected with the press, but the last fifteen years of his life were passed in the office of Messrs. Weir and Smith, solicitors, Basinghall street.

The submarine electro-telegraphic communication between Great Britain and Ireland has at length been successfully completed.

An interesting palæontologic discovery has just been made at Villefranche, near Lyons in France, in the execution of some railway works, consisting of the remains of some huge antediluvian animals. They are in a fair state of preservation. Amongst them are a tusk, which though broken is about two and a quarter yards in length, and two jaw-bones of such monstrous dimensions, that it is said to have required twelve men to carry them.

#### GOSSIP.

A GRANDSON of William Wilberforce is preparing a book of travel in Brazil, including some remarks on slavery there.

Hurst and Blackett have in the press *Memoirs of*

*Dr. Abernethy, with a View of his Writings, Lectures, and Character*, by George Macilwain.

Professor Faraday's explanation of the mystery of table-turning has been translated into all the newspapers in Paris, and has excited very great attention.

The Sultan has conferred the Order of Medschitche on Rossini, as a reward for his having composed two military marches for Turkey.

M. Francis Arago, whose death has been more than once reported, is dangerously ill at Persignan, where he went from the baths of the Pyrenees.

The Chair of Botany at the Jardin des Plantes, vacant by the death of M. Ad. de Jussieu, has been abolished, and one of Palæontology has been substituted, to which M. Alcide d'Orbigny has been appointed.

"Between the 11th December, 1851, and the 11th December, 1852," wrote Alexandre Dumas a few days ago to the editor of one of the principal journals, "I have written a work in five volumes, called *Conscience l'Innocent*; another in twelve volumes, called the *Comtesse de Charny*; another in six volumes, called the *Pasteur d'Ashbourn*; another in six volumes, called *Isaac Laqueden*; another in two volumes, called *Leone Leona*; and, in addition, eight volumes of the *Memoirs of my Life*. Adding to these about a volume of other writings, which I do not take the trouble to recapitulate, I arrive at a total of forty volumes, which comprise something like 120,000 lines or 8,000,000 letters. Such has been my year's work."

The young men of Edinburgh have petitioned Parliament in favor of an extension of Mr. Ewart's Act to that country.

The select committee of the House of Commons recommend that free libraries, mechanics' institutions, and other public institutions be supplied with Parliamentary papers. The committee recommend that a committee be appointed at the commencement of each session to consider all applications made for Parliamentary papers.

The House of Commons Committee on Decimal Coinage have concluded their inquiries; and it is reported that the members are of one opinion in favor of its adoption,—taking the pound as integer, divisible into a thousand mills or farthings.

A case of specimens of Swedish porphyry from the royal quarries at Elfdal has arrived in England. These specimens include fifteen distinct varieties, some of great beauty. They have been presented to the Crystal Palace Company by Mr. Charles Henry Edwards.

Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalene Hall, has offered an exhibition of 20*l.* per annum, for three years' residence, to any body educated at the Stratford-on-Avon Grammar School, whom the master may select as fittest for the University. Lord Delawarr and Mr. J. R. West have each given 100*l.* towards the fund, and other sums have been subscribed to the amount of 425*l.*

The Geographical Society of Berlin, in its last sitting, was informed that the Russian Government intends to measure the degrees of the meridian from Cape North (latitude 72° north) to the mouths of the Danube (latitude 45½° north.)







ENGRAVED BY SARTAIN.

*Henry Hallam*

ENGRAVED FOR THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

